The Fiona Five

by SailorJane

Five high school girls make up the Fiona Five (the most popular group in school). They are known for their glamorous styles and matching long gloves. But when there is vacancy for their fifth member, an apartment dweller named Kelsey is considered, and may develop a romance with one of the members, causing friction in the group. This a lesbian story with adult content.
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Chapter 1

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

STORY NOTES:

So this is a new original novel I'm writing about five high school girls who make up the Fiona Five (the most popular group in school). They are known for their glamourous styles and matching long gloves. But when there is vacancy for their fifth member, an apartment dweller named Kelsey is considered, and may develop a romance with one of the members, causing friction in the group.

Obviously there is lesbian content in this story, so keep that in mind. While there will be some sexual content and glove fetish material, I don't plan to make it overly graphic at the moment (that may change).

Each chapter will have a different narrator, a character from the story, and the timeline may jump around a bit.

There are two people I want to give a shout-out to: Janey Egerton, who gave me some ideas for the story, and also inspired me with her spectacular "Family Business" novel. Be sure to give that a read.

And also Glee-Chan's story "The Love-Letter Lovelies" which gave me inspiration. Give that a read as well.

Please be sure to review and like each chapter. This will be written on my tumblr account, and also on "FictionPress."

Chapter 1 - Kelsey

I pulled the first glove on my hand. I had never felt such soft gloves before. Who would have thought that long leather gloves would feel so sensuous? When my fingers pushed against the end of the fingers, the cuff coming up to my elbow, I let go and stared at the beautiful purple garment on my hand; the three-stich pattern on the palm. It looked so strange, like someone I would have worn around Halloween. I gently massaged the leather glove against my cheek. WOW! That felt so good. Knowing I didn't have a lot of time before I had to get to school, I quickly pulled the other glove on. Well, maybe not quickly. I took my time pulling it on, loving the feeling of the soft leather against my skin. Once it was on, I looked at myself in the mirror, rubbing my leather hands. Forgetting that I had terrible eyesight, I put my glasses back on. Now seeing the clear picture, the gloves looked weird. Maybe if I had a nice dress to compliment them like Fiona's friends had, they would look glamourous. Some jewelry would help too. However, against my tacky plum purple dress, as well as my cheap white pumps, the purple leather gloves just looked strange. They didn't really match either.

I had no choice; if I wanted to be a member of the Fiona Five, the long awaited fifth member of the group, I had to wear the gloves.

Plus, Ayla had vouched for me. I couldn't let her down.

The minute I stepped into the living room, I was greeted by puzzling looks from my father. He scratched his head at my outfit. He was going to drop me off at school on his way to work, on-time for once. After all this time hiding gloves from him, he finally saw me in them.

"Are you really going to school like that?" He asked.

"Daddy," I replied, "This is what Fiona and her friends all wear."

Dad handed me my backpack. He continued to lecture me as I pulled the straps over my shoulders. It actually felt easier grabbing the handles with these gloves on. It's like they protected my hands. Well, that's what gloves are for, after all. The only other times I ever wore gloves in the past were cotton ones in the winter and rubber gloves to do the dishes. These gloves were more used for fashion, but they still worked as protection for my hands.

"Just remember Kelsey," Dad pointed to me, "You should never change who you are for anyone. I remember back when everyone was wearing those neon jackets. I of course, didn't have the money for one-"

I sighed dropping my hands to the ground listening to my father ramble on about a story I had already heard a hundred times before. See, this is why I was always late for school.

"So I was picked on mercilessly for it. But I didn't let it get to me. I wore my salvation army clothes with pride everyday, because I was proud of who I was. It was-"

"Dad," I looked at him pointing at the clock, "I have to be on time today. I told you a thousand times."

"Oh," He grabbed his own backpack and lead me out the door.

He continued to ramble on as we took the apartment elevator down to the lot. I got in the car, an old used Ford, but I pulled out my cell-phone to distract me from my

father's old stories. I found it was actually quite difficult to use with the gloves on. I didn't want to take them off, so I just put my phone away. It's old anyway.

Everything we have is old.

So he dropped me off, I gave him a kiss goodbye and I stood by the east building waiting for my new friends. I checked my cell-phone: right on time to meet them. I was nervous, practically hugging my arms with my gloves. People were definitely staring, but some nodded to me thinking I might have been a Fiona Five sister. Perhaps word was already circulating that I was the new member. It felt good actually. I've always wanted to be recognized as something more than just plain old poor Kelsey Greenberg. I checked my phone, we only have five minutes until class started. Mr. Dawson would get on my case again if I was late. Where were they?

"Oh my God! Kelsey?"

I looked up from my phone and saw my friend Ashley standing before me looking puzzled.

"Hey Ashley," I smiled and waved, forgetting I had the gloves on.

"You got the gloves," She was shocked.

"Well," I said softly, "Between you and me, Ayla helped me pick them out."

"I see," Ashley nodded knowing that they would cost a lot, we went shopping for them one day together, "So I guess," She sighed, "You're gonna be one of them now, huh?"

I chuckled, "C'mon Ashley, Just because I'm gonna be a member of the most popular group in school doesn't mean I'm gonna act any differently."

"We'll see about that," Ashley laughed and started walking towards her first period class, "Don't forget about us little people now that you're a big shot."

"I'm not a big shot," I yelled at her laughing.

No sooner had she left me did I see the four girls walking towards the East building. They all walked in a row, synchronized, with their trademark gloves and matching outfits. It was like they belonged in a different decade:

The Fiona Five

On the left was Jessica Perez. She was of Mexican decent with brown hair, big brown eyes, ruby lips, covered with red lipstick, and a smile that was to die for, complete with noticeable dimples. Her hot bod was more curvy than the others. Normally she dressed more casual, but today she had a dazzling red dress, a swing-style skirt, a brown belt across her waste, and black ankle strap heels; not to mention several gold necklaces across her neck, and a matching pair of earrings. Her bright red leather gloves were accompanied by rows of bracelets and rings. Like mine, her gloves only went up to her elbows. She completed her look with a red bow in her hair. I could see why Jessica was referred to as the sex symbol of the group.

The girl walking next to her, Olivia Caldwell, definitely emitted a posh attitude, like she was too important for anyone else, but she was still gorgeous. Her hair was dyed blonde, almost looking organ, and her brown roots showed. Her skin was very pale, her eyes were green, and her nose was pointy. She wore a similar sunbeam-yellow gown with a

greenish-brown belt across her skinny waste. Her shoes were the same color, she had a gold locket around her neck. Of course, her long yellow opera gloves stood out: opera-length leather gloves, meaning they went past her elbow. She looked my way with a scowl on her face.

Next to Olivia was the Goddess herself, Fiona Winston. Everyone in school knew who she was, the daughter of real-estate tycoon Ralph Winston. She was the living embodiment of beauty, a walking Barbie-doll. Boys wanted her, girls wanted to be her (or wanted her as well), she was just breathtakingly beautiful. She walked tall with her chest sticking out and her chin up, like she was above everyone. Her long legs were perfect. An angelic face was complete with natural blonde hair that was the envy of every girl on campus, probably even by Olivia.

Today she had on a knee-length rose-pink dress, similar to the other girls, and a white scarf, not covering the necklace of white pearls around her neck. She also spotted pink sunglasses, and her feet were dressed in white ankle strap heels. While her outfits changed on a daily basis, the one garments that never changed were the Marilyn Monroe style rose-pink leather opera gloves. She wore them all the time. They fit her arms and hands like a second skin. Nobody had ever seen her not wearing them. Actually, few had seen any of her posse not wearing the gloves. For Fiona, the gloves were a symbol of their upper-class status, their sophistication.

Oh, to be like her…

The last girl on the right was Ayla Zhen, practically the reason I was standing here about to meet with them. Ayla was Asian-American, her mother was from Korea, her father of European decent. Out of all the girls, Ayla was the least

wealthy of the four, though her father owned a successful chain of restaurants. One of their original members, Brenda, had originally brought her in. She still walked with a great amount of confidence, but she stuck out to me. Maybe it was because I knew so well by this point. She was a funky-looking chick, but that's what I liked about her. While Fiona, Olivia, and even Jessica to a certain extent, were all beautiful in the traditional sense of the word, Ayla had a very unique presence about her. Every time I saw her, I felt as light as a feather. I wanted to hold her.

Ayla was so skinny, a lot of people thought she was anorexic, though in reality, she ate at a lot. Her thin brown eyes were covered by round pink glasses (and I mean real glasses, not shades). Her hair was dyed blue and kept in a ponytail. Her blue dress was similar to the others, except that her skirt was so short, like a mini-skirt. She almost looked like something out of an anime. She had a silver necklace around her neck, light blue heels, and blue opera length leather gloves.

I was quite familiar with those gloves.

They were walking closer, Ayla gave me a subtle nod. I smiled back at her wanting to wave, but I decided to stand tall and wait motionless; had to act cool. Before I knew it, they all surrounded me. I felt like a small child compared to them, being shorter than everyone, except Ayla. Nervous shivers enveloped me.

Fiona was silhouetted by the morning sun. She slowly held her gloved hand up, showing off the small wrinkles in the leather, and removed her sunglasses. She smiled and spoke to me:

"Kelsey Greenburg!"

Chapter 2

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

CHAPTER NOTES:

So just to be clear, that last chapter featured Kelsey Greenberg as the narrator. This chapter will be narrated by Ayla Zhen, the blue-haired asian girl from the last chapter. Also the timeline is much earlier than in the past chapter.

Chapter 2 - Ayla

I never had desire to be in the so called "Fiona Five." That changed when I met Brenda.

In middle school, I was an outsider; a weirdo. I dyed my hair, I wore weird outfits, I listened to old rock music, watched art-house films, and pretty much kept to my studies. That doesn't mean I didn't have any friends or didn't go out with them, but I wasn't exactly the life of the party anywhere I went.

At some point in my last year of junior-high, I befriended Brenda Corbat in my math class, or perhaps she befriended me. She wasn't a math-wiz and was definitely looking for someone to help her, but I was okay with it. At first, I perceived her to be some complacent daughter of aristocrats, but over time, her benevolence shone through. All this time I thought my fashion sense was weird, I find a girl who dresses like it's the 1950s, with her long purple gloves. I liked gloves myself. Aside from winter-wear, I used

to wear white gloves when I took dance classes as a kid, and now had a pair of elbow-length black gloves that I wore to school occasionally. However, Brenda wore those purple gloves all the time, even in the summer! I found her intriguing, after a while I started wearing my black gloves to class as much as possible.

As our friendship developed outside the classroom, I became aware that she was a member of this exclusive group that followed Fiona Winston. I remember the look on her face when I first said, "Who's Fiona Winston?" I didn't pay attention to gossip, so I knew nothing about her, or why I should care about some spoiled heiress. I met her posse a few times when I was with Brenda, but my conversations with them never lasted more than a couple words. I had seen them walking around school occasionally, wearing their gloves, but I was completely surprised to discover that all of them wore long gloves and never took them off. It was fascinating. Suddenly, I was curious to get my hands on a pair of long leather gloves… or rather get my hands INTO a pair.

I always thought my family lived in a nice house. It wasn't huge, but we lived comfortably and my dad could afford to spoil my brother and I slightly. The first time I went to Brenda's house, mansion as it were, my jaw dropped. I have to admit, I was jealous at the time, but then Brenda told me she was jealous of Fiona's mansion, or several mansions as it were. She invited me to the opera, brought me along on these grand trips to exclusive beaches and nature parks, and started dressing me up in more fitting clothing, loaning me long satin gloves and matching dresses. At the time, I had dyed my hair blue, which remains the same color to this day; so she like dressing me up in matching colors. I had dresses of my own, but they were all weird colors and

patterns. I guess by hanging out with Brenda, I was slightly losing my identity.

To be honest, I really liked wearing gloves. I loved the feeling of long satin gloves encompassing my arms, but Brenda wanted to see me in leather gloves. That would come later. It was strange at first wearing gloves constantly. Fortunately, Seattle weather was never warm enough to where the gloves got uncomfortable, so I got used to them. Before long, I was wearing the gloves all the time.

Brenda and I became very close. We shared virtually no similar interests outside of wearing gloves, but maybe that's what I liked about her: opposites attract.

Before long, I was becoming a fifth member of Fiona's group. It was like being the fifth Beatle, I was suddenly elevated with this high-class group, though it took me a while to warm up to them. I had to wear my long satin gloves with them at all times. And my black gloves were not enough. I had to be wearing light-colored gloves, or Fiona wouldn't be seen with me.

I got along with Jessica Perez right away. Her parents were successful lawyers, meaning she was also loaded. However, her likable personality and smart sense of humor made her the most fun to talk with. That's partially the reason she was the group's elected diplomat. (Funny, I say diplomat like this group was some sort of political organization or even a mob, but it was just a bunch of rich friends that hung out together. Fiona obviously took it more seriously than she needed to.) Jessie had met them later in middle school; Fiona, Brenda and Olivia had been friends since they were children.

I never really got along with Olivia Caldwell. Her father was the CEO of a Savings and Loans organization, same as Brenda's. Maybe that's why she and Brenda were always arguing with each other, their families were in competition with one another. While Olivia could be fun to hang out with at times, she always had a chip on her shoulder, and was very protective of Fiona. Even to this day, she can get on my nerves.

I didn't know what to think of Fiona at first. She was very taciturn, hiding behind those oversized sunglasses she rarely took off. It seemed like only Brenda could get her to come out of her shell. Even by the end of middle school, I knew very little about her. People would always come up to her wishing to talk, mostly hoping to befriend the most popular girl in school, but Fiona acted like she couldn't be bothered with such peasants. They would try to talk to me, but I never knew what to say.

There was one thing she asked me: To buy a pair of opera-length leather gloves. After discussing it with her fellow members, they agreed that I should wear blue to match my hair. She was very much into color coordination with our gloves. Brenda was super excited about it. I was open to it, however, Fiona told me it was group policy that every member buy their own gloves. That was quite irritating; I wasn't about to go to my parents and plead for them to buy me a pair of expensive gloves just so I could join some group. I even considered declining their offer.

However, Brenda took me shopping and we found a perfect pair of light-blue unlined opera-length leather gloves, with those three stitches on the back of the hand. When I tried them on, they felt unlike anything else I had ever worn before: soft, but sturdy. So thin, yet I felt like they would protect my hands. Stylish… oh so stylish! Such a funky

accessory, why didn't I ever buy something like this? Because they were so expensive, Brenda decided that she would buy them for me and I would pay her back over time. But I couldn't tell Fiona this.

I was so moved that she bought them for me I ended up kissing her on the lips, unintentionally. We stared at each other, shocked by what had happened. Even some of the customers and sales clerks were staring at us. Here we are, two fourteen year old girls kissing each other in public. "Let's get out of here," Brenda told me.

We were closer to my house, so Brenda followed me home for the first time. I was nervous bringing her to my home, knowing it wasn't nearly as nice as her's, but she didn't say anything derogatory. I could tell she wasn't impressed. Regardless, we went to my room and talked about what had happened. She flat out asked me:

"Are you a lesbian?"

"What?" I said, "No!" Truth be told, I didn't know what I was. I had never thought about girls, or boys for that matter, but now my orientation was being questioned. Was I gay? Whatever the reason, I couldn't let Brenda know this. "I'm sorry about back there, I was overly excited about these gloves."

I help up my hands and realized they were still on. I loved the feeling.

"I know," Brenda told me making a fist with her purple gloves, "The gloves almost make us think differently."

"Well," I reminded her, "I wouldn't go that far."

"You know," Brenda hesitated, "If you are a lesbian-"

"I'm not!" I lied.

"That's okay," Brenda assured me holding my hands, "I'm okay with it."

I didn't know to respond, but it didn't matter. Soon enough, the two of us just started making out with each other. It was actually my first real kiss. We kissed for over an hour and felt eachother's skin with our gloves on. I was about to take mine off, but Brenda said no. I had to leave them on, so I did.

And I never took them off.

Brenda and I didn't go too far, barely making it to second base, but it was so sensuous and invigorating. We promised not to tell anyone, though I wondered if the others knew at the time. Brenda and I were always holding hands, touching each other, it must have seemed pretty obvious. Fiona and Jessie actually thought it was cute but I remember Olivia being annoyed by our showing of affection.

By the time we got into high school, I became the fifth member of what Fiona now referred to as the "Fiona Five." I got used to wearing my gloves all the time, though when the other girls weren't around, I would take them off to give my hands time to breathe. By Sophomore year, they all knew about me and Brenda. Jessie was actually very supportive and went off on this long speech about how the world needs to become more tolerant and whatnot. Olivia was weirded out by it, wanting us to save our show of affection for the bedroom. I remember Brenda chewing her out about it often. I was never sure what Fiona thought about us, though supposedly, she supported our relationship. Still, there always seemed to be some sliver of

resentment she had for us, which I would discover more later.

The five of us always hung out together. There were rarely any outsiders. Only Jessie seemed to socialize outside the group often. We always ate lunch together, met up after school every day, usually at Fiona's house, we went on vacations together, and most of the time we all had classes together. Yes, we were close all five of us, but Brenda and I even more so.

We had gone all the way, both physically and emotionally. When I was with her, I didn't take my gloves off, and she didn't either. Even if we slept in the bed together naked, our gloves were still on. I loved her. I wanted to marry her, but I always felt like she didn't feel quite the same. She would constantly reassure me saying "I love you."

Then came the end of Sophomore year, days before summer vacation.

There was a knock at the door one Sunday morning. Without having planned it the night before, I had slept with my blue leather gloves on. I kept them on as I opened the door to find Brenda standing there with tears in her eyes. I hugged her and begged that she come in, but she refused. I felt tears in my eyes also, I didn't even know what was wrong. I was holding her gloved hands when she abruptly stated:

"I'm leaving Ayla."

There was a long pause before I responded, "What?"

"I leaving," She explained, "My family and I have to move."

I was at a loss for words, I couldn't formulate the sentences in my mind, "W-What?"

"I'm sorry," She was crying heavily now and kissed me deeply, "I love you!"

God-damn it, I thought to myself, Speak! Ask questions!

But before I could say anything, Brenda ran back to her limo.

"Wait! Brenda!" I finally managed to yell out and run after her car. But the driver hit the gas and before I knew it, she was gone. I stood in the middle of the street stone faced. I didn't even cry. Slowly walking back to my door, I looked at my gloves. At that moment, I wept uncontrollably.

From that moment on, I never took the gloves off. Only to bathe. When I cleaned them, I wore a pair of satin gloves that she had given me. In fact, a lot of her stuff she had left at my place, dresses, bags. It took a long time to get over her. I couldn't take the gloves off anymore, they were all I had left of my love.

When I met up with the other members, they were all affectionate towards me, even Olivia. But Fiona in particular, actually in tears, gave me a long hug that lasted for five minutes. I could tell it was tough for her, she and Brenda had been friends almost their entire lives. Jessie told me nobody knew for sure what had happened, but word around the campfire was that Brenda's father got into legal trouble, and they were escaping for their lives. I couldn't even bring myself to read all the media attention that came up regarding her father's company. It was a horrible feeling. Nobody ever got back in contact with Brenda. We never saw her again.

Fiona took me aside and told me that I was a still a member of the Fiona Five and they would remain by my side. For the

first time, I felt like I could really rely on her as a friend, Jessie and even Olivia too.

That summer, they took me on this long epic vacation across the world:

Montreal, New York, Stonehege, Paris, Barcelona, Morocco, Rome, Greece, Zurich, Nepal, Japan, New Zealand, Hawaii, Peru, Puerto Vallarta, and ending with Disneyland, not to mention a couple of nearby destinations.

By all means, this should have been the experience of a lifetime, seeing the world, six continents, exotic locations, first class flights, shopping for exotic outfits (including many gloves) being able to smoke and drink like I was an adult, something I never would've been able to do on my own. But my mind was still on Brenda the whole time. In fact, the girls kept trying to fix me with someone in each city. I did have a couple one-night stands, but nothing could get me to forget about her.

However, by the end of the trip, I was starting to feel better and before we knew it, school was about to start. Oh, why did school have to begin again after this adventure of a lifetime? But back at school, Junior year, we were still rulers of the campus. I was sad to discover that we would be separated for our first period class. It almost felt foreign to be without my friends.

As fate would have it, I was seated, and paired up with a cute girl for my first period chemistry class. She had run into the room just as the bell ran, much to the teacher's annoyance, and took an open seat next to me without thought. As the morning announcements came on, she emptied her bag, short of breath. The girl was thin, but short; had an adorable face, but covered with black

rectangular glasses. Her black hair was quite short. She wore a tomboyish outfit, that almost looked like it had been purchased at a thrift store, yet somehow it made for a quirky style.

Soon enough, she began staring at me, probably realizing I was a member of The Fiona Five. Without even looking at her, I could tell she was staring at my gloves.

She pulled out a notebook, and I saw her name written on it:

Kelsey Greenberg

Chapter 3

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

CHAPTER NOTES:

So I realize that writing this story in a non-linear timeline and shifting narration between characters might be a little jarring. You can blame Quentin Tarantino for warping my mind… don't worry there won't be too much blood in this story. Hopefully it will make more sense as we go along here, but please review and let me know your thoughts. Constructive criticism is always appreciated.

Chapter 1 was sort of an introduction with Kelsey (a glimpse to what will happen in the future), Chapter 2 focused on Ayla's backstory (they'll be a few of those backstory chapters coming up) Chapter 3, we're back with Kelsey and about to see the events that will lead up to Chapter 1. Hope this clears things up.

Please review after reading.

Chapter 3 - Kelsey

I couldn't believe it!

Ayla Zhen, of the Fiona Five, was sitting right next to me!

You would have to be living under a rock not to know who the Fiona Five were. Since elementary school, I stood in awe of Fiona Winston and her entourage. It was like going to school with Katy Perry, Fiona just had that kind of presence.

She certainly didn't have any kind of known talent as far as I knew, but her reputation was all she needed. When they all strode across the campus in their glamorous dresses and long gloves, everyone stepped back. I had the gaul to say hi to her or a member of her group several times over the years, but I doubt they acknowledged my existence. After all, I was just a poor apartment dweller, why would they care to be associated with me? That didn't stop me from wishing I could be part of their crew. To wear such elegant clothes, live in such lush housing, travel the world like they must have, and to get all the attention, it must have been heaven!

I didn't know a lot about Ayla Zhen. Not a lot of gossip had reached my way, or I just wasn't paying attention. She had joined them later, probably to make them a quintet. Sitting next to her was intimidating. Just by looking at her, you would have thought she was an anime character, with her blue hair and mini-skirt. Where did she get that dress from? She must have had it custom made. It fit her perfectly, showing off her breasts, and her long naked legs were covered by a pair of short blue boots, going slightly up the ankle. I couldn't help but stare at her gloves; blue leather gloves that went up past her elbows. No sane woman would ever wear gloves like that on any other day other than Halloween, but the Fiona Five could get away with it. They looked so tight on her, I could almost see her nails. It was like the gloves were just a part of her skin. I had a sudden impulse to pull them off of her and wear them myself.

Stop thinking crazy, I told myself. And stop staring, she might be on to you.

Ayla actually did look my way. She even cracked a slight smile. Oh wow, I thought. My eyes must have been bulging

out of my head. I was trying to think of something to say until I heard the teacher call my name:

"Kelsey Greenberg?"

I immediately reacted, "Here!"

"Class starts at 8am Ms. Greenberg, please be on time from now on."

"Sorry sir," I felt embarrassed. How would Ayla react to this. I couldn't help it, my dad got stuck in traffic driving me to school. I wish I lived closer.

As the teacher continued on with his rollcall, I saw her chuckle. Was she laughing at me or with me?

Ayla's name was the last called, to which she responded, "Present." The teacher didn't seem very impressed with her presence, but rather perplexed by her fashion sense. Rather than question her about it, the teacher introduced himself as Mr. Dawson, a slightly chubby, clean shaven, grey-haired, middle-aged man with glasses. He didn't strike me as an overly strict but you may not want to test his patience. He told us that the person we were sitting next to would end up being our lab partner for the rest of the semester. Ayla and I looked at each other silently. I felt a shiver coming down my spine.

"I hope you know your science," She whispered, smiling at me.

I didn't know how to respond.

"To start with," Dawson spoke with an amiable voice, "I thought today we'd do a simple experiment."

Some groans echoed throughout the classroom.

"Now now," Dawson reassured his class, "No whining in this class. Chemistry can actually be quite enlightening."

He explained the experiment we would be doing with basic elements. Knowing the basic chemistry I knew, it would be an easy assignment for me. I wasn't sure if Ayla would feel the same.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dawson," Ayla raised her hand, showing off her blue glove. Her voice had a high timbre to it, but it was a pleasant tone. Contrary to what I expected, she didn't speak in an entitled sort of way either, "Will we be using latex gloves?"

Dawson turned to her, slightly surprised by her interruption, "No, you don't need latex gloves for this experiment. You're not going to be working with anything toxic or harmful. School budget demands we not waste gloves."

"Well," Ayla held up her gloved hands, "Be that as it may, I don't want to get MY gloves dirty, so I'd still like to cover them with latex ones."

I was quite taken aback by her demands, looking back to Dawson who stared at her incredulously. The class sat waiting to see who would blink first. "Why don't you," Dawson spoke slowly and somewhat patronizingly, "Just take your gloves off?"

Ayla sighed. It seemed like she had to have this conversation with all her science teachers, maybe all teachers. She still attempted to explain herself in a diplomatic way: "I never take my gloves off, sir. Can I please have a pair of latex gloves? Small size if you have them."

Dawson looked like he was about to chew her out, but another student spoke up:

"Mr. Dawson," A boy up front got his attention, "That's Ayla Zhen, of The Fiona Five. Fiona Winston's group!"

Ayla put her hand to her face feeling embarrassed by the comment.

Suddenly, Dawson's demeanor changed. He looked scared, "Oh, my apologies Ms. Zhen. I didn't know." He ran into the back closet and came out with an entire box of small latex gloves. He simply put it on our table and almost bowed to her, "Here take the entire box. It's an honor to have you in my class."

"Thank you," Ayla responded almost unimpressed.

"You're very welcome," The teacher went back to addressing the class.

Ayla immediately pulled out a pair of latex gloves and slowly pulled them over her leather gloves. I was enticed by this action; layering these very tight white latex gloves over her leather ones. She wiggled her fingers trying to pull the glove all the way on until she let the latex cuff go with a snap. Ayla made a fist admiring her double gloved hand. Repeating the process for the other hand, she looked to me. I tried to look away like I wasn't staring.

Now having both layers of gloves on, Ayla took out another pair of latex gloves and offered them to me, "Here, you can wear these?"

My eyes practically bulged out seeing Ayla Zhen offer me gloves. I smiled stupidly and, in a mousy voice, muttered "Thank you."

I nervously took the latex gloves from her as she said, "Don't mention it." My nervousness was really showing because I couldn't even get the glove on my hand, I was shaking so much. I practically whimpered trying to get it on.

"Here," Ayla grabbed the glove with both hands and pushed it onto my hand. It felt so tight, but in a good way. She did the same thing with the other glove. A number of students were watching us. I think some of the girls in class were jealous of me. I felt so proud to have Ayla as my lab partner. I stared at my gloves. I had worn latex gloves before, also in previous science classes, but not ones that fit this well. Being gloved along with Ayla Zhen made me special.

As soon as Dawson finished speaking, also handing out the materials, it was time to start our experiment. The ambience became much busier as lab partners got to work. Ayla looked to me and pulled out the first experimental items. We had to take notes on the reaction between elements. I had done these experiments before, so I knew what the outcome would be. Ayla seemed to know what she was doing as well. Gloves were definitely not needed for this, but I was glad to have them on anyway.

"Can you mix the chemicals?" Ayla asked handing me the materials, "I'll take notes."

"Sure," I agreed as I prepared the experiment, "I can already tell what it will be."

"Ah," Ayla smiled, "You know your chemistry then."

"Chemistry nothing," I laughed, "These are experiments I used to do in the kitchen. Or rather what happens when my dad makes dinner."

Ayla laughed, "Sounds like a delicious meal."

I shook my head, knowing full well that my father was rather poor when it came to cooking, "You have no idea."

"Ms. Zhen," A high-pitched voice asked. We both turned to see a group of girls with their hands together in a pleading position. They seemed very nervous speaking to Ayla. "Can we borrow some of your gloves? We don't want to get our hands dirty either."

Dawson was looking our way rather distressed.

Ayla simply pushed the box to the edge of the table and looked back to her notes, "Have em."

"Oh," the girl shivered, "Thank you so much Ms. Zhen." They both took a pair of latex gloves, "You look lovely by the way."

"Thank you," Ayla quickly smiled at them and looked back to her notes.

"I just want you to know," The fangirl continued as she pulled gloves on, almost hyperventilating, "I think you're amazing. Fiona too. Can you tell her-"

"Margie," One of the other girls pulled her away, "Don't bother her too much!"

They slowly walked away pulling on their gloves.

I looked back to her, "You must get complimented a lot?"

"Constantly," Ayla responded.

"Must be nice," I hesitated mixing the chemicals together, "Getting all that attention."

"Uh," Ayla was still scribbling notes as she explained, "Actually, it gets kind of tiring after a while."

How could people coming up to you and worshiping you get tiring after a while? I guess I wasn't one to judge, I'd never experienced it.

"But I guess I can't complain," She smiled.

"I wish I could be as popular as you." Oh God, I thought. Why did I say that? I sound like a complete loser.

Ayla laughed at me, though in a friendly manner, "Well maybe it'll happen. You're cute."

My heart stopped. Did Ayla Zhen just call me cute? One of the most popular girls in school actually called me cute! I could die right now.

Fortunately, Ayla focused our conversation back on the experiment which went without a hitch. We ended up becoming good lab partners, with me doing the experiments and her taking notes. Truth be told, I don't know why she put the latex gloves on since she wasn't touching the chemicals, but I was glad to wear mine. Some laughs were shared, a few corny jokes, we ended up having a fun time. A couple other girls came up and asked for gloves. Ayla would always respond in the affirmative and they would compliment her or even try to start up a conversation. One girl whispered to me, "You are SO lucky!" Well yeah, I guess I was.

As we came to the end of our experiment, I just couldn't stop staring at Ayla's double gloved hands. I had to ask her, "Is it true that you never take your gloves off?"

Ayla looked at me curiously. What was she thinking? What she trying to psychoanalyze me or something? "It's true," Ayla smiled as she responded, "I never take my gloves off." She held her double gloved hands up and wiggled her fingers.

"In public," I correct myself. I figured the gloves were some sort of status symbol for Fiona and her friends. "You take them off at home, right?"

Ayla thought about the question, her eyes vacillating, before she raised her eyebrows and responded, "No actually, not really."

I was surprised by this, "You wear them at home?"

"Yes."

"Do you sleep with them on?"

"I do," Ayla corrected herself, "Sometimes I wear satin gloves instead, can be more comfortable while I sleep."

"Oh," I chuckled, "So you DO take them off."

"Oh of course," Ayla laughed, "I have to bathe, don't I?"

"Right," I smile.

"No," Ayla held her gloved hands up, "I do take them off, though very rarely. Just to bathe, use the bathroom, change into a different pair of gloves, that's about it."

I couldn't believe she left her gloves on all the time. There was something so enticing about this: "You eat with them on?"

"Everyday," she answered, "If I have to eat pizza or something dirty, I'll wear gloves like these over my leather ones," She held up her latex gloves, "I probably should start keeping a few pairs in my bag. Usually Fiona or our friend Oliva carries disposable gloves."

I knew who Olivia was, but it was intriguing to hear Ayla describe her. I had to find out more, I was so interested in this glove thing:

"So is it the same for all the Fiona 5 members? You all wear gloves all the time?"

Ayla hesitated, giving an awkward smirk and returned to her notes, "I'm afraid that's classified information." She picked up her pen and wrote some more.

"Awww come on," I nudged her shoulder.

She slowly turned to me, staring in an agitated state. I gasped, what had I done?

"I- I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!"

Her angry stare seemed to last forever…

Until she chuckled, "I'm just messing you with you." She gave me a friendly nudge as well.

I laughed so hard people turn around started staring.

"I'm so sorry," Ayla looked embarrassed, "I completely forgot your name already."

"It's okay," I wasn't surprised, "It's Kelsey, Kelsey Greenberg."

"Kelsey," Ayla smiled, "I'm glad I met you." She shook our gloved hands together.

For the moment, I felt like I was high… or maybe I was high from those noxious fumes that escaped from the beaker.

"Shit," Ayla whispered as she grabbed the beaker from me, which was in fact smoking from the chemical reactions.

"Oh," I reacted, "I'm sorry."

"It's all right," Ayla put the beaker in cold water. Her latex gloves were getting wet. "See, this is why I wear gloves."

"I don't blame you," I answered.

After class had ended, I walked with Ayla downstairs. I wasn't sure what her plans were for nutrition, but was hoping we could spend more time together. I was really enjoying getting to know her.

"Are you really going to walk around campus," Ayla pointed to my hands, "With those latex gloves on?"

I had changed out of my dirty latex gloves into a fresh pair just before leaving class. I don't know why, I just wanted to keep them on. Ayla had obviously taken off her latex gloves, still wearing the blue leather ones.

"I have to keep up with you," I chuckled, "Besides I like wearing these gloves." I looked at her with a wrinkle on my forehead, "Do I look weird?"

"I've always liked weird fashion choices," Ayla said and held up her hands, "As you can tell, but those gloves aren't really working. Hold on a sec."

We had arrived on the ground floor of the building as Ayla reached into her bag and eventually pulled out another pair of short white gloves. These were not made of rubber, but shiny satin, like ballroom gloves. Did she want me to wear these?

"I want you to wear these. It's a spare pair I always keep with me."

I didn't know how to react. Ayla was giving, or loaning me, a pair of her own gloves. They looked so stylish and classy. I couldn't speak. My new friend helped me pull off the latex gloves and draw on these new satin gloves. She did one hand at a time. The gloves felt so nice, so soft, so sensual.

"Wow, Ayla I don't know what to say?"

"Just don't lose them," She pointed at me, "You can borrow them for the day, though you should get your own pair. They're not that expensive."

I wasn't particularly sure her definition of "Not that expensive" was in line with mine, but I was glad I could wear gloves with her.

"Thank you Ayla," I immediately gave her a hug, which she was slow to react to. Her tender gloved arms eventually wrapped around my back and I could feel her cheek pushing against mine. I couldn't see her, but I could swear she was smiling. Holding her felt so soothing. The hug seemed to last a good long while before she quickly broke the hug with a serious look on her face.

"I see someone's making friends," A voice came from behind me, it sounded familiar.

I turned around shocked to see Fiona and her fellow members looking straight at us. All of them were wearing their trademark color-coordinated dresses and long leather gloves. My jaw dropped. I was frozen like a deer in the headlights being surrounded by all members of the Fiona Five.

Ayla held my shoulder and spoke up, "This is Kelsey, she's my chemistry partner." She pointed each one of them out to me, "Kelsey, this is Olivia, Jessica, and I'm sure you know Fiona."

Jessica was to her left, chuckling. Olivia looked at me with confusion. I couldn't tell Fiona's reaction behind those thing sunglasses of her's, though her mouth was smirking.

I drubbed my breath and spoke up to Fiona, "Oh, we've met before, uh, briefly, I said 'hi' to you in the hallway like, a year ago, or maybe two years ago, uh… hi!"

Trying to maintain my composure, standing up straight, I held my gloved hand out for Fiona to shake it. With her hands still to her side, she very slowly looked down at my hand, almost inspecting it. Her eyes seemed to inspect every inch of my body. I was getting nervous feeling I was committing a faux-pas. Fiona eventually turned to Jessica, who immediately shook my hand in a very friendly manner.

"Nice to meet you Kelsey, or meet you again," Jessica had a smile that would melt any boy's heart (or any girl for that matter). She had a sliver of a mexican accent in her voice, though spoke in a clear cadence like she was a professional announcer. She ended up leading quite a lot of school spirit events as a result. "Any friend of Ayla's is a friend of The Fiona Five." As she was shaking my hand she noticed my white gloves and commented, showing a sense of false

interest, "Ooooh, nice gloves. We always love seeing fellow students wearing formal gloves. It's very rare to find these days." Jessica laughed quietly.

"Actually Ayla loaned them to me," I answered. I noticed Ayla looking to Fiona. They didn't utter a word, but it almost seemed like they were communicating telepathically. It was very strange. Maybe it was the heels, but Fiona towered over Ayla.

"Well they suit you," Jessica let go of my hand, "Kelsey, if you'll excuse us, we have very important business to attend to. I hope you don't mind us whisking away your lab partner."

I looked to Ayla. She didn't say a word. I considered asking if I could join them, but I figured that would be improper. Plus I didn't want to come off as clingy to Ayla. So I simply said, "Of course."

Fiona took Ayla by the shoulder and slowly led her out of the building. Olivia was right by her side.

"Excellent," Jessica began walking towards them, "I'm sure we'll see each other again soon. Here's to a wonderful Junior year!"

"Nice to meet you all," I waved to them, "See you tomorrow Ayla."

Ayla slowly turned around, almost with a sad look on her face, held her gloved hand up and uttered a soft, "Bye."

I watched the Fiona Five, or rather Fiona Four, walk out of the building, side by side. Students, teachers and faculty alike were stepping back to give them room. It was like they owned the entire school, I suppose in many ways, they did.

"Oh… My… God!"

I recognized that voice. It was my best friend Ashley. We'd known each other since middle school and had been practically inseparable since. She was cute, but not a true beauty. She wore glasses like me, had long straight brown hair, and often dressed in plain, casual clothes. Today was no exception. I turned to see her standing, amazed, with our mutual friend Tom standing next to her. The best way to describe Tom was to describe Shaggy from Scooby Doo with a fuller goatee and longer hair.

"You were talking with the Fiona Five!" Ashley stood with a stupid smile on her face.

"Aren't there only four of them?" Tom interjected.

Ashley ignored him. Running up to me, she held my hands, and started jumping up and down like a child, "How did this happen?"

"Ayla Zhen," I explained, "Is in my chemistry class. She's my lab partner."

"Oh my God," She was like a repeat button, "You are SO lucky!"

"Like," Tom spoke up, "What's so lucky about having one of those stuck-up princesses as your lab partner!"

"Okay Tom," Ashley looked to him, "You obviously don't understand what a BIG deal this is." She suddenly looked down at my hands realizing that I was wearing white gloves this whole time, "Where did you get these gloves at?"

"Ayla's," I smiled. It was amazing all the attention I was getting from Ashley from just having spent one day around

Ayla Zhen.

"Oh… My…"

"God," Tom finished for her.

"These are so pretty," Ashley was rubbing my hands, "Can I try them on?"

"No!" I laughed, "Ayla gave them to me."

"Oh come on!" Ashley jumped up and down.

"Why would anyone in their right mind wear gloves like that?" Tom brought up a valid point.

Ashley rolled her eyes, "I gotta go use the ladies room, just wait here okay?" She ran off to the ladies room as I was left with Tom.

"I know Tom," I looked right at him, "I'm sure you think it's ridiculous, but I'm really excited about it. And she's not that stuck up. Ayla's actually very nice and personable. I think we'll get along splendidly."

"You know she's a lesbian right?" Tom told me.

I stared at him suddenly feeling like a burdening secret had fallen on me. "What?" I asked.

"Remember when I had the summer job at Maxie's Burgers a couple years back?"

I nodded in the affirmative.

"She and one of those other Fiona chicks, the one who left, they used to come in a lot and make-out in the back booth."

I couldn't believe it. Ayla Zhen of the Fiona Five was a lesbian? And she was in a lesbian relationship with Brenda Corbat? "Are you making this up?" I asked, "You sure you didn't hallucinate this."

"No," Tom answered, "I mean I was still high, but it's true. You can ask anybody who still works there."

I didn't know how to react to this. I never had a lesbian as a friend before. Nobody would have known the truth at that time: I was very happy to learn this news.

Chapter 4

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

This chapter features Jessica as the narrator. I had a lot of fun writing as her character, though I feel like a tool being a white Jewish girl writing from the viewpoint of a Latina woman. At least I'm not hiding it like that white woman from the NAACP. Don't even get me started…

Now on the subject, there is a conversation regarding ethnicity in this chapter, that I straight up heard in high school. It's nothing racist or discriminating, at least that wasn't the intention, more has to do with the subject of political correctness. So please do not be offended by it. (I have a bad feeling I'm gonna get a lot of comments about it anyway).

Chapter 4 - Jessica

I'll interrupt this touching story for the moment, because you're probably wondering about my involvement with the so-called, "Fiona Five," which I always found to be quite a misleading name, certainly self-aggrandizing on Fiona's part. She is blonde, after all.

Yes, my parents own the Perez Family Law Firm, one of the best in the country. My grandparents immigrated from Mexico and made a life for themselves in Washington, paying their kids to go to college to have a better life. And they did. My family opened up this amazing company and have fought hard to win cases for oppressed minorities and

majorities alike. I'm proud of my family. They deserve every penny they earned, and I can only hope to leave the same kind of impact they've left on our community.

I have always fantasized becoming an important figure when I grow up: A congresswoman, a senator, howabout the first female latina president of The United States? Hey, a girl can dream, can't she?

So I'm not gonna lie, I grew up in a wealthy neighborhood, traveling the world, dining on the finest cuisine, spending time on our yacht, but my parents never made me forget our ancestry, our native language, or how hard working people must be respected. That's probably why they sent me to charter schools rather than exclusive private schools; better to be around students of working-class people. I was class president at the end of elementary school, which I grew tired of rather quickly. However, I suddenly became very popular amongst my fellow peers, advocating on their behalf.

This followed me to middle school, but I found I wasn't the most popular girl on campus anymore. You could say I was in direct competition with some wealthy guar named Fiona Winston. The students looked up to her like she was a queen. She certainly dressed like one with her long pink gloves. I used to think they looked ridiculous, but grew to admire them over time. For the beginning of the first year, we never spoke to each other, and we would be in the same classes. It really did feel like we were rivals, like we were both running for office. But over time, we began to speak to one another, and I became more aquatinted with her friends, Olivia and Brenda. My parents especially became friendly with Fiona's parents. Fiona eventually invited me to join her "Exclusive club," which only had three people at the time. I think she invited me to do away with the competition

so she could reign queen as most popular girl in school: "If you can't beat em, join em" kind of thing.

She told me I had to wear gloves, not just for formal events or rallies, but ALL the time, at least in public, and also a dress. It also had to be color coordinated. I was completely against this at first. I managed to get out of wearing a dress everyday. I still sometimes wear jeans and a t-shirt to school, though very stylish at that, often accessorized with jewelry. They have to match my gloves which is always a challenge. I don't think Fiona really likes that I skimp on wearing dresses, she's constantly scolding me for it, not that I listen. But the gloves were nonnegotiable. If I was to hang out with them, I had to keep the gloves on. My condition was that I got to wear red gloves; because… well what can I say, red is just my favorite color. It's sexy! Fiona was fine with that. When I got them, they were elbow length gloves, rather than opera-length, which almost caused Fiona to have a heart-attack over. But I held my ground and said I wasn't getting another pair, so Fiona passive-aggressively accepted my elbow-length red gloves. Overtime I grew to like them. They're tight enough that they don't bother me so much, and I've actually learned to use my smart phone with them on.

So since then, we've been a group. Ayla joined us later, Brenda left us, and now we were in Junior Year discussing the next course of action for making us The Fiona FIVE again.

If only Ayla would join in on the discussion:

"Ayla!"

She took off her headphones, lying on a sofa bed in the teacher's lounge, to find Olivia standing over her, scowling

at her. Olivia was in one of her moods. She could be like that. Over the summer, when we vacationed all across the world, she was relaxed, smiling, funny, just an overall joy to be around. But once we were back in school, she wasn't a happy camper. I can't say I blame her, Junior year was going to be tough, but you wouldn't see me whining about it or taking it out on others.

"What?" Ayla asked with an attitude under her breath.

"You can listen to your hipster music later. Right now, we need to have a group meeting." Olivia's voice was unusually nasally and irritating.

Ayla sighed and put her headphones away. Fiona stood at the front of the teacher's lounge. I was leaning against the counter. We were the only ones there, having taken over the space for nutrition. At first, I thought it seemed unfair to take the teachers' space away, but we did need a space to discuss our business. After all, sometimes we needed to discuss school related matters. We were almost like the unofficial student body cabinet.

Now don't judge us for this, but Fiona and I were smoking cigarettes. I had found a pack of smokes in a nearby cupboard and shared them Fiona. We got into smoking at the beginning of high school, but developed a stronger taste for them while we were vacationing in Europe, especially in Paris. I know, it's bad for you, and we needed to set an example, but sometimes we needed to relieve the tension of being a high school student too. Smoking helps. Olivia protested this, one of the few things she argued with Fiona over. Ayla considered taking a cigarette for herself, but declined the offer. She tried smoking in Europe, but ended up having a coughing fit. Fiona and I took a liking to them.

We especially liked smoking with our gloves on. It made it seem more classy.

"Sisters, I know," Fiona spoke like a valley girl trying to sound sophisticated, almost doing a Marilyn Monroe impression, "Nobody wants to hear this, but I think it's time we started looking for a possible fifth member. We can't be the Fiona Five if it's just the four of us."

I would have been fine carrying on as a quartet, but if that's what Fiona wanted, that's what it was going to be.

Ayla sighed heavily and rubbed her eyes with her blue gloves.

"What now?" Olvia asked now seated by Fiona.

Ayla was still lying on the sofa when she explained myself, "We're really going to replace Brenda?"

I knew Brenda meant a lot to her, she meant a lot to all of us.

"Nobody's replacing Brenda, Ayla," Olivia reassured her, "Nobody can ever replace Brenda. But we need to look into finding a fifth person."

Sometimes Olivia never made sense.

"Uh," I spoke up taking another puff of my cigarette, "How is that not replacing Brenda?"

"What do you mean?" Olivia asked.

I looked to Fiona who simply took another puff annoyed.

"Instead of Brenda," I clarified "We're going to have a different fifth member, right?"

"That's what I just said," Olivia answered.

"So how is that not replacing her?" I raised my red gloved arms.

"I think," Olivia raised her yellow gloved hand, "All that smoke is destroying what's left of your brain."

I really wanted to smack this pandeja. If only I wasn't a civilized person...

"At least I still have one," I walked up to her and blew smoke in her face. Olivia looked at me like she wanted to eat my face.

"That's enough," Fiona took charge.

I walked away, as she requested, back to the counter.

"Now let's think about this," Fiona held her gloved hands up. She gave me her cigarette to put out in a nearby sink, destroying the evidence. Why was I doing this for her? "Who could we possibly get?"

I had my shortlist ready:

"What about Samantha Sterling?" I answered with her cigarette dangling from my mouth. Samantha Sterling was a beautiful, popular girl who often expressed interest in joining our group. Also, her name ended with an 'A'. Fiona liked the fact that each one of our first names ended with an 'A'. I know this seems like a non-issue, but that's just where Fiona's head was at. Didn't matter anyway:

"No way," Fiona answered.

"Why not?" I pulled my cigarette away.

Fiona gestured for Olivia to pick up for her, "Because two years ago, Samantha made a snide comment at one of her exclusive parties. That was, as Fiona would say, Totally not cool. Besides, we shouldn't have anybody in this group who's prettier than her."

Well, I thought, there goes my short list.

"Excuse me," Fiona shook her head in a typical valley-girl way, "NOBODY is prettier than me!"

"I beg to differ," I said.

"If I may," Olivia suggested. I looked angrily at her, she was just irritating me today, "I have a friend named Melissa-"

"You have friends?" I teased her.

"Shut up," Olivia kinda laughed at my comment before going on about her so-called friend, "I could see her being a sister. She's also blonde, so we go back to having three blondes again!" She smiled sweetly.

"You're not a real blonde," I took another puff.

Olivia sighed and rolled her eyes.

"I don't know," Fiona spoke up, "If I want to go back to having another blonde in the group. Actually, since we started this group, it's so cool that we now have a Latino member, an Asian member-"

I rolled my eyes at that comment but didn't speak up. Ayla looked to me, out of Fiona's eyesight, with a look of annoyance. I don't know how Ayla felt about it, but sometimes I did feel like the token hispanic of the group, which was not what I wanted to be known for. I'm proud of

my heritage, but I wanted to be known for my own personality, my own accomplishments, not just for being hispanic.

Not to mention that Fiona didn't know the difference between 'Latino' and 'Latina'.

"To further diversify ourselves," She continued, "Maybe we should have an African American in our group?"

I started laughing uncontrollably. Even Ayla was chuckling at that stupid comment. I always loved hearing these two wedas discuss diversity and political correctness with such ignorance.

"What's so funny?" Fiona asked.

"What are you Captain Planet all of a sudden?" I told her.

I heard Ayla chuckle at my joke, but Fiona and Olivia looked me annoyed. I knew exactly what Fiona was thinking, we'd been over this so many times. Looks like I had to educate them again:

"No offense Fifi," That's a nickname I made up for her, which she hated, "But black girls don't like you. And latinas aren't exactly fond of you either."

Of course I was generalizing, but I couldn't honestly think of too many chicanas who wanted to be associated with Fiona; at least none that I knew personally, and certainly none that would fit Fiona's irrational standards.

"What are you talking about," Fiona snapped, "I have plenty of black friends."

"Name one," I took another puff of my cigarette.

Fiona thought about the question, but was unable to come up with an answer.

"I hate you," Fiona sulked.

I smiled, feeling a sense of satisfaction proving Queen Fiona wrong. Olivia was about to open her big trap, but someone beat her to it:

"What about that girl," I turned around hearing Ayla speaking, "Kelsey?"

Before I could speak up, Fiona did it for me:

"Who's Kelsey?"

"The girl you met five minutes ago," Ayla seemed annoyed by Fiona's short-term memory. Though to be fair, nothing about this Kelsey girl stood out for me either.

"That dark-haired girl," Olivia patronized Ayla, "Who's dressed like it's the 1990s?"

"Oh her," Fiona finally spoke up. She seemed to be considering the idea, but was obviously waiting for one of us to decide for her.

Olivia was already on that: "She's not Fiona Five material."

"Why not?" Ayla seemed offended by her remark.

"Why not?" Olivia spat out, "She isn't glamourous at all. Aside from those gloves, which you probably lent her, she looks like she gets her wardrobe out of a garbage disposal. Those glasses she was wearing were so tacky."

"I wear glasses!" Ayla took hers off to show to everyone.

"Yeah," I interrupted speaking to Olivia, "Plus you were talking before that we don't want to get anyone prettier than us?"

Talk about contradictions.

"Yeah," Olivia put her gloved hands up, "But not some ugly girl!"

"She's not ugly!" Ayla seemed very defensive.

Before she and Olivia could get into it, Fiona spoke up, silencing everyone:

"No," She spoke slowly, "I think she's kinda cute."

All of us turned shocked to hear Fiona compliment the girl like this. She rarely gave out compliments to anyone, even us.

"In a," Fiona hesitated looking to the ceiling, "Diamond in the ruff sort of way. However," She began to speak like she was making a speech from the royal palace, "I do share Olivia's concerns. I've never heard of this young lady before. What do her parents do for a living? What are her aspirations?"

"I don't know," Ayla explained, "I just met her."

"Well," Fiona was didactic, "These things need to be taken into consideration."

I honestly understood where Fiona was coming from. She had an image she wanted to uphold and bringing anyone in the group was a big decision… even if their standards were ridiculously high.

"She seemed pretty shy," I said, "Though to be fair, most people are shy when they speak to us. Why don't we invite her to something and find out more about her."

"I think," Olivia timidly pointed to Ayla, "Ayla should find out more about her on her own."

"I agree," Fiona spoke up.

"All right then," I agreed with the two guars.

Ayla didn't say anything. Fiona walked towards her and held her hands, "Ayla, take this girl out and get as much information as you can about her. You know the kind of questions to ask."

"Yeah," Ayla responded.

Fiona walked back towards me, "In the meantime, let's keep looking at other options. Now if you excuse me, I need to use the ladies' room." She looked to her other blonde friend, "Olvia?"

"Coming," Olivia came to her side and escorted her out the door.

"Don't fall in," I spoke up. Normally, I would have made a lesbian joke about them, but I knew Ayla was gay, and didn't want to insult her. I actually went right up to her, placing my gloved hand on her shoulder: "Ayla, do you like this girl?"

Ayla looked at me curiously, "Jessie, I just met her."

"Just," I explained, "For what it's worth, if you like this girl and want her to be part of our group, I'll back you up."

"Thanks Jessie," Ayla smiled. She could be so cute. There was a time during our vacation I debated asking her out, but it just would have been weird. And I'm really not a lesbian, not even all that bi-curious. But I could see Ayla being a wonderful girlfriend as Brenda had confessed so many times.

My only wish was for her to find someone that made her happy. Hopefully it wouldn't cause friction amongst the group.

Chapter 5

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter Notes:

I think by now you should be getting the hang of the POV style. The narrator's name is always next to the Chapter number. This is of course Kelsey's point of view. These chapter notes will probably start getting less frequent.

Chapter 5 - Kelsey

Why did I have to be late every single morning? Why couldn't my dad just leave earlier? That way I wouldn't have to run for class just praying I could get there in time before Dawson chewed me out.

I may have made it today, but just before I was about to follow my dad out the car, I remembered I forgot my white gloves. I couldn't go back to Ayla telling her I left them home. So I ran back in my room, my gloves were on the nightstand. I decided not to put them on in front of my dad, wondering what he would think about me wearing white gloves. But the minute I ran out of the car, I haphazardly pulled the gloves on. It was hard to do so while running, but by the time I made it to first period, they were on. The only problem was, the bell had already run by the time I got inside. All the other students laughed at me. Ayla wasn't laughing. In fact, as I sat down breathing heavily, she rubbed her gloved hand on my back. She was wearing the same pair of gloves and very similar attire to what she had

on the day before, but this dress was green with a blue collar.

"Ms. Greenberg," Dawson looked angrily at me, "That's two tardies in a row, on your first two days!"

I was shaking, still trying to catch my breath, "I'm sorry Mr. Dawson, my dad couldn't leave on time-"

"No more excuses!" He snapped at me.

I could see Ayla looking angrily at him. I didn't even notice that the morning announcements hadn't come on yet.

"I don't think you should be partnered with Ms. Zhen either. I'm switching you out with a more responsible student."

Oh no! I thought. I wanted to plead with him to let me stay partnered with Ayla, but I was too tired to speak up.

"Now," Dawson looked to the class, "Who wants to partner up with Ms. Zhen?"

Practically every single person in class raised their hands screaming, "Me me me!" The girls were practically climbing over each other to be noticed, though most of the boys were showing slightly more restraint. I think they just wanted a chance to go out with her. If they only knew that Ayla preferred women…

"Mr. Dawson," Ayla commanded attention when she spoke up, holding her gloved hand up. Suddenly the entire room went silent as everyone looked back to her and me, "I'd prefer to keep Kelsey as my lab partner."

Dawson was surprised by her request, "With all due respect Ms. Zhen," He explained in a diplomatic fashion, "I think

you'll be better paired with-"

"I want her as my partner," Ayla interrupted, "She and I work well together."

Wow, I thought, Ayla Zhen is standing up for me! I smiled at her. I wanted to kiss her right then and there for her kindness… not kiss in a romantic way or anything, just kiss as in… nevermind.

Dawson was silent for a good ten seconds before he finally gulped and answered, "As you wish Ms. Zhen."

"Thank you," Ayla looked back to her notes.

All the other students turned back groaning.

"But if you need to change-" Dawson started in again, but was interrupted by the morning announcements.

"Good morning students," The principal's voice came on the PA, "Forgive our tardiness, we had some technical issues. Apparently some pranksters thought it would be real funny to leave a skunk in my office! When I find out who did this, I'm going to expel them… or make them wash out the skunk smell… which is probably worse!"

While most of the students were laughing at the morning announcements, I could hear some of the students muttering strange things about me and Ayla. "How does she get picked by Ayla Zhen?" "Why not me?" "You think Ayla has the hots for her?" Stuff like that. I don't know if Ayla picked up on it, but she didn't seem to care either way. Instead she whispered to me:

"Hey, what are you up to after school?"

I wanted to think of something cool to say, but I had nothing, "Uh," I stuttered, "N-nothing. Why?"

"Wanna grab a burger afterwards? There's a place I go to downtown?"

Wait, I thought to myself, is Ayla Zhen asking me out on a date? I felt my heart skip a beat! As I thought about it though, I wasn't sure if going to get a burger constituted a date. I would imagine a classy woman like Ayla would take a date to a fancy five-star restaurant for some crazy French duck dish or whatever. Or maybe she figured I wasn't into fancy stuff, she was trying to appease my less sophisticated tastes. Gee, that's actually kind of disheartening the more I thought about it.

"I mean," she spoke up after a period of silence, "If you're busy, it's fine-"

"Yes," I immediately interrupted her. Wait, was I saying yes to her offer or say yes I'm busy? "I mean no," I clarified feeling extremely nervous, "I mean, I've love to go on a date," I was almost panicking at my tied-tongue, "I mean, get a burger with you! I love burgers, I eat them all the time!" That was a lie.

Ayla chuckled and looked down at my waistline, "Looking the way you do, I find that hard to believe."

I laughed too. Ayla Zhen thinks I'm skinny… is that a good thing or a bad thing?

"Okay, let's meet in front of the auditorium after school," She explained.

"All right," I whispered holding my hands up and clenching my fists like a little child. Then I maintained my composure

and spoke in a more solemn voice, "Yes Ms. Zhen."

She laughed and picked up one of my hands, "I'm glad you kept the gloves on."

I blushed so hard she held my hand.

After that, class went without a hitch. It was mostly Dawson's lecture, without any experiments. So Ayla and I never got to wear our latex gloves. I was kind of looking forward to it. I even wanted to try double gloving over my white satin gloves.

Just as class was over, Ayla and I were walking out.

"Ms. Greenburg?" Dawson called out to me.

I stopped in my tracks, my eyes clenched nervously. I slowly walked towards his desk. Ayla waited for me folding her arms.

"Yes Mr. Dawson," I hung my hand, holding my gloved hands as I approached him.

He sighed, "Now listen to me. Look at me!" He commanded.

I looked him in the eye almost shivering.

"Now listen," He calmed down, "You seem like a nice girl, and Ms. Zhen seems to believe in your academic ability, which I'm not so sure about. But from now on, I expect you to be on-time, and I certainly don't want you driving Ayla Zhen down with you."

"Yes sir," I answered him.

"You know who she is, I'm sure you know who Fiona Winston is. Just because you put on a pair of tacky white gloves

doesn't elevate you to a higher status. The last thing Ms. Zhen needs is a possible trouble-maker like yourself bringing her down to your level."

"Mr. Dawson," Ayla came right up to his desk putting her hand on my shoulder. She looked very annoyed. Suddenly, Mr. Dawson seemed to lose his commanding presence, "I don't appreciate the way you're patronizing Kelsey. She's my friend, and for your information, I can take care of myself. Her being late is not going to drive down my education. I'm not a baby!"

Did she just call me her friend?!

"And for your information," Ayla held my gloved hands up, "These gloves are mine. I loaned them to her. You call my fashion tacky?"

Dawson tried to speak up, but remained silent. Clearly Ayla scared the hell out of him.

"I'll help her start getting to school ontime. Maybe we can carpool?" She looked to me.

Carpool? With Ayla Zhen? I felt my heart skip a beat.

"Good?" She looked back to the teacher.

Dawson stuttered before waving his hand in a respectful manner, "As you wish Ms. Zhen."

Ayla grabbed my hand and led me out the classroom. She didn't say a word, but all I could think of was, Oh my God, I'm holding Ayla Zhen's hand! Sure we were both wearing gloves, but it still counted!

The day went so slowly. I just couldn't wait for school to be over so I could hang out with Ayla. The possible events of the date, yes I was still calling a date, played in my head over and over again. I was practically daydreaming, enjoying the feel of Ayla's white gloves. Having them on was like always having her beside me. Of course, I got a lot of stares throughout the day, a lot of questionable looks from teachers and students alike. I didn't know what to think of them.

When that final bell rang, I ran for the auditorium as fast as possible. I stood out front, but she wasn't there. No worries, class only ended a minute ago. Ayla was probably getting her books, talking to friends, she must have had a lot of them. Of course, she may have been hanging out with Fiona and her friends. I stood patiently waiting. Practically every student I knew passed by. Even Ashley and Tom walked by.

"Hey," Ashley said, "There she is!"

"What's up Ashley?" I smiled at her.

She immediately walked right up to me holding my hand. I think she just wanted to hold my gloves.

"Disney called," Tom folded his arms, "They want their gloves back."

Ashley didn't even seem to acknowledge his comment this time, "You waiting for someone?" She smiled asking, "You waiting to hang with the Fiona Five?"

I felt embarrassed, but also flattered to be associated with them, "Just Ayla," I answered.

"Oh my God!" I was starting to wonder if Ashley was trying to make a catchphrase out of those words, "Can we hang

out with you guys?"

"I wouldn't mind," Tom butted in, "Watching you two make out."

Ashley sighed angrily letting go of my hands. I wasn't really sure how to respond to that comment. For all I knew, maybe we would be making out later on. Probably not, but it was in the back of my mind; a fantasy if anything. I didn't want to let them know this.

"Tom," Ashley looked to him, "Don't you have a dealer to meet up with?"

"Oh shit, I forgot!" Tom ran out of sight.

I laughed, "Well we're supposed to meet up here, I haven't seen her yet. To be honest with you, I'm a little nervous."

Ashley got closer to me trying to get more gossip, "Is Tom right? Are you two going out on a date?"

How to answer this question. I trusted Ashley, but even she could loose lips from time to time, and I didn't want any unwanted rumors coming back to Ayla's ears. I just told her the truth, "We're just going to get a burger."

"A burger?" Ashley sounded doubtful, "Is she taking you to Maxie's? Didn't Tom say he used to see her there all the time?"

"Oh yeah," I remembered his talking about that. I guess that's where we were going. Not that I minded, Maxie's Burgers was pretty good. "Well, she should be here any minute," I pulled out my cell-phone, "So Uh…" I was hinting that I wanted to be alone when Ayla came around.

"All right," Ashley looked disappointed, "I want to hang out with her too you know!"

"Maybe," I answered, "When I get to know her a little better, we can all go out together."

"I don't know," Ashley smirked at me, "Next thing I know, you'll be hanging out with the Fiona Five. You'll be a big shot, leaving us behind." Her cadence became more and more theatrical.

I laughed at Ashley's cynicism, "I doubt that."

"Oh my God," Ashley's eyes shot out at me, "You could be their new fifth member!"

Their new fifth member? I was about to respond, but I stopped. I hadn't pondered the idea of becoming the fifth member of The Fiona Five. If I was good friends with Ayla Zhen, would she bring me in as the fifth member? No, no, no, I shot the idea down in my mind, why would they pick me? Fiona's probably already getting some hot bombshell as their new member as we speak. I'm just some poor, unglamorous nothing. I should consider myself lucky to even have Ayla as a friend. That's enough for me.

"I don't think so," I finally answered.

Ashley noted my hesitation. She finally looked back and gave me a hug saying goodbye, "All right, I'm gonna go find Tom before he smokes an entire bag without me."

Laughing at her bluntness, I was not against her and Tom getting high. If I wasn't waiting for Ayla, I might go with them. For that matter, was Ayla into pot? So many questions I had to ask her. But I said goodbye to Ashley and continued to wait.

Now, I started freaking out. Where was Ayla? She said meet in front of the auditorium, that's where I was. I even checked the sign on the wall I'd seen hundreds of times just to be sure. Was I standing in the wrong spot? Did I somehow miss her? What if she got held up? I still didn't have her number. My heart was thumping waiting for her to show up.

"Ayla," I said aloud, "Where are you?"

Chapter 6

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 6 - Ayla

Four lockers in a row, rather large lockers, were assigned, left to right, to Olivia, Fiona, Jessica and myself. The locker left to Olivia's was Brenda's. I'm not sure who had it now, if anyone. It was melancholic to see my ex-girlfriend's locker everyday, but I was focused on meeting up with Kelsey at the moment. As far as Fiona was concerned, I was grilling her for information, seeing if she was worthy of a membership. For me, I just wanted to hang out with her, just for fun. I wasn't really considering her a potential girlfriend, though I thought she was cute. I wasn't even sure she was gay. Truth be told, I wasn't completely over Brenda yet. Getting in another relationship was not something I had my heart set on. If it happened, it happened. At this moment, all I wanted to do was get a burger, walk around Pike Place Market, maybe to the waterfront, and get to know Kelsey better. I suppose I'd relay any information to Fiona, but I wasn't about to interrogate her.

All four of us had our last period class together, and we huddled around the lockers. I wanted to leave so I could meet up with Kelsey, but Fiona wanted to explain, in great detail, plans for finding suitable members. It was all in one ear out the other for me. I don't think Jessie was all that interested either, though she was part of the conversation. She probably had more suitable candidates in mind than any of us. I didn't have any, except maybe Kelsey, but I

wasn't too sure she could be a member of our group Eventually, while I was still zoning out, Fiona grabbed my attention:

"Ayla?"

"Yo," Jessica waved her red-gloved hand in my face, "Earth to Ayla."

I shook my head, "Sorry, what?"

Fiona frowned, "Have you been listening to anything I've said so far."

"Yes I have," I told her, "Meetings with that Melinda woman-"

"Melissa," Olivia corrected me.

"Whatever," I continued, "And I'm meeting up with Kelsey." I looked at my phone, "In fact she's waiting for me by the auditorium."

Fiona looked out to the south campus. We couldn't really see the auditorium, blocked by trees, but Fiona nodded her head.

"Well," she twirled her head, "We might as well walk with you."

We all walked in our usual straight line, Sex and the City style, showing off our long gloves. People were either complimenting us, or stepping back, all the way to the auditorium. As we got closer, I saw Kelsey standing by herself outside the auditorium. Fiona stopped short some thirty or so feet away from the building. Everyone stared at her, hunched over a bit, her white gloves still on. Eventually Kelsey looked our way, seeing somewhat surprised.

"Well," Fiona said to me, "At least she's still wearing her gloves. She'll need to start wearing opera-length ones though."

"I'm already on it," I told her.

Kelsey finally waved to us in a rather shy manner. Fiona and Olivia didn't do anything, but Jessie waved, wiggling her fingers at her. I gestured for Kelsey to wait, signaling I'd be there in a second.

"Fiona," Olivia spoke softly to her leader, "You really think that girl over there is more deserving of a membership than some of the high-class students we're interviewing this afternoon?"

Fiona, still hiding behind her sunglasses, was staring at Kelsey, watching her pick up her backpack off the ground. Unfortunately, Kelsey accidentally spilled the contents of her bag all over the concrete. Books went flying. "Oh shit!" She yelled out in a somewhat unattractive tone. Students walking by started laughing at her. I closed my eyes, feeling her embarrassment, and some of my own, knowing that Fiona and at least Olivia were scrutinizing her. Jessie gave me a pat on the back.

Suddenly, Fiona started laughing playfully. She rarely did that. Fiona prided herself on keeping up a sophisticated appearance. "Well," Fiona continued to chuckle, "There is something endearing about this girl."

Kelsey quickly tried to put everything back in her bag even trying to catch flying papers in the wind.

"Let me go help her," I started walking away, "I'll see you tomorrow."

"Have fun," Jessie told me.

I happened to catch some of the papers Kelsey had dropped and practically ran into her. She looked at me, her face red with embarrassment.

"I hate it when that happens," I told her. I felt bad for Kelsey. She obviously looked up to Fiona and the girls, so being caught chasing after paper must have been disheartening.

Kelsey quickly put everything back in her bag. She whimpered, "God I feel so stupid. Fiona was watching me. She must think I'm the biggest clutz on campus."

She looked so cute, so innocent, it was almost irresistible. I could tell that Kelsey was a good-hearted person who was very insecure and probably wasn't in a great place in her life. Maybe she was also getting over a bad breakup. I could certainly identify with her. Right then and there, I felt like giving her a hug.

"Come here," I told her, and embraced her. She was very slow to return the affection, but she slowly wrapped her arms around me, "It's all right. Don't worry about what Fiona thinks of you, or anyone else for that matter."

Hugging Kelsey felt so nice. There was just this softness to holding her, some kind of unseen positive energy. It felt genuine. The rest of the girls bombarded me with hugs shortly after Brenda left. Maybe with the exception of Jessie, their hugs felt sort of cold and impersonal. The embrace I shared with Kelsey was the best feeling I'd had in a while. Kelsey didn't say a word, but I could feel her shivering.

Knowing that students were probably staring at us, I broke up the hug and looked her in the eye. Kelsey's eyes were practically popping out through her glasses.

"So," I smiled at her, "Burger?"

Kelsey almost stuttered before replying, "Y-Yes, burger! Burger, let's do it!"

I thought about teasing her, but I decided not to.

"First I wanna change," I grabbed her hand and led her to the bathroom.

"Change?" She was confused.

I suddenly remembered the pair of gloves I had in my bag, "Oh yeah, I have another pair of gloves for you."

Her eyes lit up. I think she was really enjoying wearing gloves. Good thing, because if she was going to hang out with us, she'd have to wear them. Even if it was just the two of us, I still wanted her wearing gloves. It's difficult to explain why exactly I wanted her in them, I just did. I pulled out my opera-length black satin gloves, which I rarely wore, and showed them to Kelsey. I don't know why I chose black, I had a lot of gloves. I guess I just figured they'd match her black hair.

"Wow," She immediately grabbed them, "They're like Audrey Hepburn gloves!"

"More like punk-rocker gloves," I smiled, "That's what I called them back before I joined Fiona's group."

"I can wear these?" Kelsey smiled with delight.

"Yes," I sad, "But wait to put them on until we get in the bathroom. You never want to take your gloves off in public. It's improper."

God, I was starting to sound like Fiona.

One of the perks of being friends with Fiona is that I had access to faculty facilities, meaning I had the keys. Using them was like flying first-class. Actually, I'm not sure Fiona had ever set foot in a public restroom, at least not in school. Kelsey even asked me if it was okay, and I reassured her it was fine. I stepped into one of the stalls and told Kelsey she could change into her gloves now. I didn't see her change into them, because I was busy changing myself. While Fiona forced me to always wear a dress, I didn't feel like walking around Pike Place in one. I pulled it off quickly and stuffed it in my bag. I replaced it with a striped blue and green tunic, rolling up the sleeves to show off the length of my gloves, which I planned on leaving on. Pulling a pair of blue jeans out of my bag, I kicked off my boots, pulled them onto my legs, and fit my feet back into the shoes.

"Wow," I heard Kelsey say, "These gloves are amazing! I can feel them all the way up my arm. No wonder you wear them all the time."

I laughed, "Wait till you try on leather gloves."

When I was dressed, I opened the door to see Kelsey in front of the mirror holding her gloved arms up. Obviously she was enjoying wearing those gloves. They looked great on her, hugging her slender arms perfectly. Kelsey looked back to me and did a double take. She dropped her arms.

"That's what you're wearing?"

I wasn't completely surprised by her comment, "You don't like it?" I held my arms out.

"No," Kelsey stuttered, "I mean, yes, I mean… I like it, I've just never seen you in… normal clothes before."

"You've probably only seen me," I chuckled, "At school with the girls." I walked right up to her and held up my hands, "But don't worry, I still have my blue gloves on."

Kelsey scratched her head staring at my gloves. I held them up to her face. "It looks even stranger. But I guess no stranger than me wearing long gloves with my clothes."

I held her hands in mine. It was nice to see these black gloves she was wearing being used again. It had been so long since I wore them out.

"C'mon," I pulled her arm, "We're gonna miss the bus!"

"Bus?" She asked confused.

"Bus," I told her, "How else do you plan on getting downtown? It's a bit far to walk."

As we walked to the bus stop by the school, Kelsey kept grilling me about it. "A Fiona Five Member takes the bus?" It was actually pretty funny the more I thought about it. More to the point, I rarely had anybody outside of the group tease me like that, in good spirits of course. It was a refreshing feeling. Of course the truth was I didn't take the bus that often, my housekeeper, Donna, drove me to school and back. I let her know that I was gonna be out today and I'd give her a half-hour warning. There was no sense in her picking me up, dropping me off downtown, and coming back a couple hours later; so riding the bus was most logical.

Kelsey and I got a lot of looks walking on the bus. I think a lot of people were surprised to see me dressed so casually, but even more surprised to see me with a different gloved-wearing girl. I thought Kelsey looked so cute in her punk-rocker clothes with her black gloves. Her attire kind of reminded me of something I would have worn before joining

up with Fiona. The bus was packed, but practically everyone offered a seat to us. We took a seat up front waiting while the jocks who had offered their seats went on and on about how great they were, how cool I was, how amazing Fiona was, etc. As soon as he was gone, Kelsey and I turned our attention to each other. I didn't care if the entire bus was staring at us. We spoke low to avoid being eavesdropped on.

"Have you ever ridden the bus before?" Kelsey asked as we hit the road.

"Of course," I responded, "Not very often, but there's been quite a few times," I laughed and ran my hands through Kelsey's hair, "C'mon Kelsey, I'm not COMPLETELY out of touch!"

Kelsey laughed, "Yeah I don't take the bus much either. Though I probably should. My dad's always late taking me to school, as you know."

"Aha," I playfully rubbed my chin, "And another piece of the puzzle comes into play."

I figured now was as good a time as ever to start asking her questions:

"Where do you live at?"

She hesitated answering me, "Not too far from downtown actually."

"Oh," I responded, "Well that explains it. Traffic can't be too kind to you. You live in an apartment?"

Kelsey looked down at the seat in front of her, "Yeah."

I picked her head up with my gloved hand, "Hey, don't look so gloom about it. There's nothing wrong with living in an apartment."

"Well," Kelsey looked to me, her face red with embarrassment, "I'm sure you live in some mansion on the beach, right?"

"No," I told her in a playfully digested manner, "Who do you think I am? Fiona?"

Kelsey looked at me like she had committed some fuax-pas, but she hadn't.

"I mean I live in a nice house, we got a pool, you should come over sometime. Fiona and Olivia, THEY have mansions on the beach. Hell, I think Fiona's parents own like three or four of them across the country. I know they have one in California, I've been there."

"What a life," Kelsey smiled, "Fiona must lead."

"Eh," I responded, "As Gwen Stafani once said, she's just a girl in the world."

"I like Gwen Stafani," Kelsey said in such a cutesy manner.

"I do too," I also spoke in an overly cutesy voice, but then changed tones, "Early, like No Doubt stuff anyway."

After that, our conversation focused on music. Turned out we shared a lot of the same interests when it came to rock artists and bands. It was nice to talk to someone about a subject other than shoes and first-world gossip; as was often the case with Fiona and Olivia. I don't think Fiona really had any musical interests other than what was popular at the time, which I couldn't stand.

Before we knew it, we were on Pike Place and I led her into my favorite burger joint, Maxie's.

"Ah Maxie's," Kelsey smiled.

"You've been here before?" I asked.

"Yeah, my friend Tom used to work here."

She didn't get to finish her thought, because once we went inside, I was greeted by the staff.

"Hello Ayla," Said the waitress, a cute black girl, named Keisha.

"Hi Keisha," I answered.

"Your usual spot?" She said as she picked up some menus.

"Thank you."

Keisha led us to the back booth. I ended up saying hi to most of the staff, but Keisha's the one I wanted as my waitress.

"How's your brother doing by the way?" I asked her.

"He's doing much better, thank you for asking." She was very moved that I asked her that. Fortunately Keisha reported some good news. I didn't mean to leave Kelsey out of the loop, but I hadn't seen Keisha in a while.

Eventually, as we sat down, Keisha walked away to the back. The bus boy, Alex, handed us too cups of water.

"Thanks Alex," I answered.

He nodded smiling and walked away.

Kelsey chuckled, "You're like a celebrity in here. Granted, you're a celebrity everywhere you go."

"I come here a lot," I answered.

"That girl, Keisha seems nice."

"Yeah, her brother had diabetes." I explained.

"Oh no," Kelsey reacted in a sad manner.

"But it sounds like he's doing all right," I reassured her.

"You're such a caring person," She reached to hold my hands.

Once again Kelsey's benevolent nature made me feel so good inside. I held her hands and replied, "Just trying to be a human being."

"So," Kelsey let go of my hands, "Is this like a Fiona Five hangout?"

"Oh no," I shook my head, "Fiona hates hamburgers, Olivia too. Jessica came with me here once, we came after seeing Fiona Apple."

"Oh," Kelsey's eyes widened as she put her arms on the table, "Was that the concert she did over the summer?"

"Yeah at Benaroya hall," I answered.

"Wow," Kelsey smiled, "My friend Ashley and I were trying to go see it, but we couldn't get tickets."

"Fiona hooked us up, Fiona Winston that is," I explained to her trying to differentiate the two Fionas, "She didn't come

though. Fiona Winston's not a music person, but her parents have connections to the theater."

"It must have been an amazing show though," Kelsey chimed in.

I was happy to have such conversations with Kelsey regarding music. We obviously had similar tastes. As much as I loved Brenda, and enjoy hanging with the other members of Fiona's group, I could never have conversations like this with them. Talking to Kelsey, it was like I was speaking with my soul-mate, someone just like me. Someone with such a quirky personality, taste in clothes, music, but still appreciation for the finer things in life. I guess it was at this point I started falling for her.

"Yeah she's spectacular," I refocused the subject, "But Jessica and I came here afterwards. I don't think she was very impressed… by the burger."

"I guessed as much," Kelsey said about to pull her gloves off, "This doesn't seem like the kind of establishment Fiona or the others would eat at."

"Awww," I whined, "You're not gonna take your gloves off, are you? They look so cute on you."

She stopped and looked down at her hands. For the first time since I met her, Kelsey looked genuinely weirded out, "You really aren't going to take your gloves off to eat a hamburger?"

"I told you," I explained holding my blue leather-gloved hands up, "I never take my gloves off."

"And you want me to leave mine on?" She looked at her gloves.

I nodded my head in a silly manner.

"But," Kelsey laughed, "I don't want to get them all dirty."

Suddenly, Keisha walked over to us. She was not only holding a couple pairs of latex gloves, but she was actually wearing long white cotton gloves herself.

"Here you are Ayla," Keisha handed me the latex gloves, "And," She put her hands up, "I got mine on."

"Oh wow," I felt Keisha's gloves, "Are those new?"

"I've have them for a while," Keisha smiled, "Would you believe I've been keeping them in the back on the off-chance you might swing by?"

"I believe it now," I laughed. She looked adorable in those long white gloves. I think Kelsey was quite surprised by what was happening. "By the way," I pointed to Kelsey, "This is my friend Kelsey."

"Hello," Keisha waved her hand.

"Hi," Kelsey waved in an awkward manner.

"So," Keisha pulled out her pad, "The usual I'm assuming?"

"The usual," I handed her the menu, "Thanks Keisha."

"Okay," The waitress looked to Kelsey, "And for you?"

Kelsey looked very lost but eventually shrugged her shoulders and replied, "I'll have what she's having."

"All right," Keisha took her menu, "Enjoy ladies."

If I had come in myself, Keisha and I could have a long conversation, depending on how busy she was. This time, I think she got the feeling I was on a date, and didn't want to intrude. I began to pull my latex gloves over my leather ones and told Kelsey, "I didn't know you were a fan of roasted cat burger."

Kelsey gave a look that was so disturbed, I couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"I'm just kidding," I answered.

Kelsey sighed, "I dunno, I thought maybe they made you some special dish or something."

"Of course not," I teased her, "I may be Korean, but I'm not a sadist."

Kelsey laughed so hard, she almost spit up the water she was drinking.

By now, my latex gloves were over my leather gloves. I could tell Kelsey was fascinated by my gloves, but maybe a little timid about asking questions. I suddenly found myself looking around at the familiar staff members and asked my friend:

"What was your friend's name?" I asked, "The one who worked here?"

"Oh," Kelsey looked around, "Tom."

"Tom," I questioned, "I don't know if I met him."

"He looks like Shaggy from Scooby Doo."

"Ohhh," I suddenly knew exactly who she was talking about. I didn't know the guy very well, but I caught him staring at me and Brenda quite often. He was kind of strange actually. Kelsey was friends with that guy? I'm surprised he actually HAD friends. "I was wondering what happened to him. What did he get fired?"

"Yeah," Kelsey explained picking up her latex gloves. She didn't put them on, she just played with them, "He was on an acid trip and ran around yelling at everyone, 'The burgers are made of people.' So they threw him out."

I started laughing uncontrollably. Now this guy sounded like someone I wanted to hang out with, "That's amazing! I wish I had been there."

"Yeah," Kelsey chuckled, "He said he used to watch you and-" She suddenly stopped and took a sip of water.

I looked to her curious, "Watch what?"

"Um," Kelsey looked uncomfortable, "He said he caught you and… and Brenda Corbat," She was hesitating, "K-Kissing."

I was waiting for her to bring that up. It seemed like everyone in school knew that me and Brenda were dating. While we never made it public knowledge, we didn't necessarily hide it well.

"And?" I asked her folding her arms.

Kelsey turned red, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have brought it up."

I chuckled somewhat uneasily, "Kelsey, you don't have to be nervous around me," I reached across the table to hold her gloved hands in mine, "If you want to ask me something, you can ask. I'll answer. Anything you want."

"Really?" Kelsey said pinching my hands.

"But," I told her, "Be careful. If you ask me a question, I will ask you the same, and if I answer, you have to answer too. It's only fair."

Kelsey looked at the ground, her hands still hadn't left mine, "Well… are you uh… are you uh…" She was having trouble just spitting it out. I always got a kick out of people nervously asking me what they already knew. "Are you a l-les uh…"

"Am I a…" I encouraged her to finish her thought.

"Are you-" Kelsey finally sighed and said, "Do you like girls?"

I hesitated for a minute studying her anticipation. All the while, I was wondering myself if she liked girls. Would her reaction to my answer be one of disgust or admiration? The nice thing about Kelsey was that her face was so honest. You could tell what was on her mind just by looking at her. There was not a thought of disdain in her head. So finally, I answer her, "Yes. I like girls. I'm a lesbian."

Kelsey had been wowed by a lot of things I'd said before, but this time around, she looked at me in shock. Her hands slowly backed away. I was a little nervous that maybe she was unprepared for that answer.

"And yes," I continued, "Your friend was right about Brenda and I."

Shaking her head slowly, Kelsey finally said, "I've never had a lesbian friend before."

"Who says we're friends?" I scowled at her.

"Huh?" Kelsey looked like she was about to freak out.

"I'm just kidding," I smiled.

Kelsey looked relieved, "Not to be mean or anything, I've just never had a lesbian friend is all. I completely support you in every way-"

"I get it," I interrupted, "But now you have to answer to me."

A look of horror came over Kelsey's face.

"Do you like girls?" I folded my arms.

Suddenly our burgers came out. Keisha was still wearing her white gloves when she handed me mine and one to Kelsey. Each one of us also had a pack of fries. "Hope you enjoy!"

"Thank you," Kelsey looked up to her, seemingly relieved.

I also nodded to Keisha. As soon as she was away, Kelsey wiggled her fingers and prepared to much into her burger. She still hadn't put the latex gloves over her black ones, "Wow, this looks good! Just a cheeseburger?"

Before she could pick it up, I pulled the tray towards me, never taking my eyes off the jet-haired beauty and smiled mischievously. Kelsey looked into my eyes nervous again. "I answered you before, now you gotta answer me." I pointed to her hands, "And you still don't have your latex gloves on."

Kelsey looked at her hands; looked like she was shaking. I stood up from my side of the booth and went to sit right next to her. Putting my arm around her, Kelsey began to settle down, "You can tell me," I confided in her.

I stared into her eyes, behind her glasses; those soft innocent eyes.

"I-" Kelsey hesitated looking down. She finally slapped her hands against her legs and confessed, "I do like girls."

I smiled.

"I've always wanted to have a girlfriend," She continued talking very fast, "But just never found the right match. I mean I had boyfriends in the past, but- but they were terrible."

I chuckled, "I wouldn't know."

"I've never told that to anyone," Kelsey looked at me, "How can you be so nonchalant about it?"

How? Good question. I knew being a lesbian was regarded as some abnormal taboo thing, but it just never bothered me. Of course, I never cared what anyone thought about me, so why would I agonize over who I chose as my lover?

"There's nothing to be ashamed of," I told her, "We like who we like. Right?"

After a short pause, Kelsey smiled at me and said, "Right."

"Is there," I spoke slowly and seductively, "Anyone in particular, you have a crush on?"

Kelsey seemed to clam up. Her cheeks were blushing like mad. "Well…"

I hugged her and even put a leg over her's, "C'mon," I teased, "Tell me!" I spoke in a very cartoonish way.

Kelsey laughed and finally spoke, "I mean honestly, I always kind of had a crush on Fiona."

Yet another one, I thought to myself almost disappointed, "As everyone does," My tone changed. Maybe Kelsey was just using me to get to Fiona, as so many people did.

"But" Kelsey slowly clasped her hand into mine, "There's someone else I really like."

"Oh," I asked, with a glimmer of hope, "Who's that?"

"Well," Kelsey smiled so childishly, but she was also shaking, "She's a girl in my science class..." She hesitated and closed her eyes.

"Go on," I smiled, getting ever so closer to her face. I knew from her tone she was talking about me, but I wanted her to say it. I wanted to hear her say, 'I like you Ayla.'

Kelsey, with her eyes still closed, shook her head nervously, "Can I eat now?" She yelled with laughter, "I'm hungry!"

"All right, all right," I chuckled. She was obviously way too nervous to talk about this, I didn't blame her. But God, I wanted her so bad at that point. I would just have to wait. I picked up Kelsey's gloves and slowly drew them on her. I loved putting gloves on other people. It was fun, and I rarely got the chance to do it. After Kelsey's latex gloves were on, which she stared at for a minute, I pulled her burger towards her and went back to my side of the booth. The burger was cooked to perfection as always. After the shock of wearing two pairs of gloves wore off, Kelsey took a bite of her burger.

"This is amazing," Kelsey admitted, "They must make it special for you."

Sure, I thought, a special meal for a special girl!

Chapter 7

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter Notes:

Okay I gotta give an ADULT CONTENT alert here. This chapter contains quite a lot of sexually graphic content. I tried not to make it too pornographic, but it's certainly R rated, maybe more. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Chapter 7 - Kelsey

I had to remind myself what was happening at that moment. So here I was in Maxie's Burgers, sitting across a booth from Ayla Zhen. It was the same booth, supposedly, where she and Brenda used to go on dates. I still wasn't sure if we were on a date or not, but Ayla had made many questionable advances to me. I was wearing long black satin gloves, something I never felt before. They felt SO nice to wear. I was wearing latex gloves OVER the black gloves while eating a specially-made burger for Ayla. And to top it all off, I had confessed my darkest secret to her: that I liked women. Not even Ashley knew I liked women. I can't tell you exactly when, or how I discovered my attraction to females, but one thing was for certain: I was attracted to Ayla. I almost confessed that I liked her. I think the cat was already out of the bag, but I was just too nervous to say the words, 'I like you Ayla.'

That burger tasted amazing, probably one of the best I'd ever eaten. It probably also had to do with being in Ayla

Zhen's presence. We didn't discuss our sexual orientation much after that. I think she gathered that I was way too embarrassed to talk about it. The subject went back to music, movies, a bunch of random topics. Turned out Ayla and I had more in common than I thought. She also inquired more about my father's job, what my aspirations were for life, odd questions.

After we were done, we took off our latex gloves and Ayla paid for the check. I offered to chip in, but she insisted, saying she invited me.

This had to have been a date!

We talked with that waitress, Keisha, a little while longer. Ayla gave her a hug, and we walked out. She sent a quick text to her housekeeper, telling her where to meet us. I was still amazed that she could use her phone with her gloves on. Did her gloves have some touch-screen technology in them? Didn't look like it. Maybe she just had a lot of experience with it.

"You want to walk to the waterfront?" She asked me.

We weren't far from it, so I nodded, "Yes."

She immediately held my hand and we walked a few blocks to the boardwalk.

"I haven't been here in a long time," Ayla chuckled.

Her demeanor was so different from how she acted at school. Back there, Ayla kept her guard up. But downtown, away from Fiona and all her school-mates, she was like a child enjoying the scenery. I was beginning to drop my guard as well. We never stopped holding hands. I even

became bold putting my head on her shoulder as we stared off into the pacific.

"It's such a clear day," Ayla smiled, "We don't get these very often."

"Very rarely," I chimed in. I tried speaking up some more, but Ayla just stared into the distance. It looked like something was on her mind. But what?

I looked again at her gloves. It seemed by now that the gloves were no longer some posh statement set by Fiona, but just a funky fashion accessory Ayla chose to wear.

"I really like spending time with you Kelsey." Ayla spoke up.

I didn't know how to react.

Suddenly, a car horn beeped. Ayla looked back to see a Toyota Prius pull up along the road.

"I gotta go," Ayla said, "Donna, my housekeeper's here."

"Okay," I smiled. I was sad to see her go, but we'd have more time.

She pulled out her phone, "Let me give you my phone number."

Wow, I had Ayla Zhen's phone number! I couldn't imagine too many people had this number.

"Call me anytime," She smiled.

Before I could say anything, she gave me a kiss on the lips. It wasn't a make-out session or anything, just a small kiss, but… OH MY GOD! I never kissed a girl before! I never kissed Ayla Zhen before! I was frozen in shock. But Ayla

treated it like a sweet innocent goodbye kiss: 'Til the next date!

"I'll see you tomorrow," She ran for the car and was gone within a minute.

I stood there by the waterfront for… I don't know how long. I had to take in everything that had just happened.

Later, I caught a bus back home. There was a message from my father. He had to finish up some project and would be coming home late. I guess I was on my own. Well, I thought, might as well do my homework. I threw on some music, my dad had a copy of No Doubt's TRAGIC KINGDOM on CD. I threw it in his stereo and allowed Gwen Stafani's voice to serenade me. So the album played as I opened my Calculus book. It wasn't until I started doing all these equations, that I realized my long black gloves were still on. They were starting to feel a bit sweaty, but I didn't want to take them off. So I carried on solving calculus equations with my long black gloves on. Ayla would be so proud.

After a half-hour of tedious mathematical problem solving, my favorite song came on, "Don't Speak." I don't know why, but "Don't Speak" always felt so seductive to me. Lyrically, it was a bit more somber, but there was something about it. While my right hand was busy writing down numbers, my left hand, gloved hand, unconsciously started rubbing my thighs. Before I knew it, I reached into my pants as my fingers acted instinctively. It felt really good. The soft material of the satin gloves had felt wonderful against my bare skin (my face, arms, even my breasts). But this felt indescribably arousing. Within a few minutes, I gasped at what I was doing. I pulled my gloved hand out of my pants. One of my satin fingers was already wet. What was I thinking? These aren't even my own gloves, they're Ayla's.

Immediately, I jumped up from my seat and paced back and forth. I felt a panic attack coming on. Why was I touching myself with Ayla's gloves? Am I a pervert? I went over to the stereo and turned it off. The silence was so uncomfortable. I removed my glasses. All I wanted to do was continue on with the black gloves. I wanted to orgasm. My inner monolog began to ramble:

Well, I should probably just take the gloves off. So I'll pull it off finger by finger… oh, I don't want to. I don't want to take the gloves off. I feel so good wearing them. They're what's making me horny. I'm gonna pull them on tighter! … But I can't stain Ayla's gloves. I shouldn't touch with gloves on anyway. That's what they do in porn movies. If Ayla found out I did this, she'd probably never want to speak to me again… Actually, how do I know Ayla doesn't touch herself with gloves on? She flat out told me she never takes her gloves off. Does she… Oh my God! That's so hot. I can imagine that beautiful woman naked on her bed, using those blue gloves to… Ohhhh… it only makes me want to touch even more. God I wish she was here… Wait, what am I thinking? Ayla's a classy girl, she wouldn't touch herself with gloves. She probably doesn't even touch herself at all… Okay that's a bit naive. Everybody touches themselves… I need to lie down.

I just couldn't stop. Once I got to my bedroom, I kicked off my pants. Then I threw my shirt off, unhooked my bra. I was now naked except for my panties, socks, and of course, my gloves. I agonized over whether to take off my panties or not.

The touch of the satin gloves against my breasts… WOW! I mean, just WOW! The softness of the gloves… it just felt so good. I was breathing so heavily. While one hand explored

my chest, another hand just rubbed along my neck and face.

Do I have a glove fetish?

Who has a glove fetish? I've heard of fetishes for lingerie, costumes, even feet … but gloves? I really wanted to believe that Ayla had a glove fetish. Maybe all of the Fiona Five members had a glove fetish.

I finally took of my panties. They were wet. My gloved hands inched lower and lower. I felt like I would bring myself off right away.

"You CAN'T touch yourself with Ayla's gloves!" I screamed to myself, "Just take them off!"

But I couldn't. I tried so many times to take them off, but there was some unseen force that wouldn't let me. It almost felt like Ayla was controlling me from far away. I was so sexually frustrated, I wasn't thinking clearly.

And then I did something I may have regretted for years to come. I picked up my phone and tried to call Ayla. It took a couple of tries with my gloved hands using a touch screen device, but eventually I managed to call her number. God, what am I going to tell her? All the while, my left hand was rubbing the insides of my thighs.

"Hello?" Ayla answered. Just the sound of her voice made me go crazy.

I cleared my throat and responded, "Hey it- it's Kelsey."

"Hey," Ayla spoke in an upbeat tone, though I think she was tired, "Are you okay? Your voice sounds weird."

I asked, "What are you doing right now?"

"Just laying in bed," Ayla spoke, "I was actually listening to some Gwen Stafani just now."

"That's so crazy!" I told her, "I was listening to TRAGIC KINGDOM while doing homework."

I guess Ayla and I were connected telepathically.

"Nice," Ayla responded, "I guess I should get going on homework too. What a responsible student you are."

I was getting more wet just listening to her, "Listen Ayla, there's a reason I'm calling."

"Yes?"

"I uh-" God am I really going to tell her what I'm doing, "I have to tell you something, but- but I'm afraid to."

There was a short pause, "Why would be afraid to tell me something?"

"Because I'm," I sighed heavily. She must have heard me on the other end.

"Kelsey," Ayla gained my attention, "I told you before, you can tell me anything. Is something wrong?"

"No," I said, "Nothing's wrong but-" I sighed again, "I'm afraid you won't want to be my friend anymore once I tell you this."

Another long pause, "You're a mormon?"

"NO!" I laughed.

Ayla laughed as well, "Girl, just tell me. What's eating you?"

"Okay," I told her, "I still have your black gloves on."

"Mmm hmm?" She muttered.

"And," I sighed, "I'm lying in bed naked, and I want to- to-touch myself… with them on."

I finally told her. The pause from the other end was so unsettling. She hadn't hung up, but I was afraid I had freaked her out. My heart was pounding.

However, Ayla finally spoke up in a friendly tone, "That's it?"

After coming to terms with her response, I simply said, "Yes."

Is that it? Did she hear me? Maybe I need to make myself more clear.

"So touch yourself," She said very matter-of-fact like.

I couldn't believe it. Ayla must have been the coolest girl in the world. Not only was she unabashed by me masturbating with her gloves, she was actually encouraging me! By now, I was ready to rub one out.

"But," I confirmed with her, "They're your gloves."

"It's okay. You can touch with my gloves on," Ayla said very sweetly, "Just make sure you wash them when you're done."

I was getting so turned on hearing her voice.

"You okay?"

"Ayla," I asked her, feeling brave again, "Can you stay on the phone with me, while I-"

After a short pause Ayla responded, "Sure. Actually hold on a second."

I heard some ambient noise on the phone. Her closing a door, opening drawers, God-knows what else. Meanwhile, My left-gloved hand was now working it's magic. I even held the phone with my shoulder and allowed my other gloved hand to join in. It felt so good, better than any time I touched with my bare hands. It's like someone else was doing it, but I was still in my own skin. A strange, almost alien feeling, but also very natural.

"Okay," Ayla whispered, "I'm back. You know what I'm wearing?"

"What?" I smiled hearing her voice.

"I'm also wearing long black satin gloves."

I chuckled, "You have another pair of the same gloves?"

"I have a lot of gloves."

"But wait," I reminded her, "Did you change out of your blue gloves to put those on?"

"Yeah," Ayla sounded like she was getting more comfortable, "I've been wearing them all day. I can't touch myself with them."

"So," I teased her, "That means you took them off to change into those black ones!"

"Yeah," Ayla laughed, "I'm a bad girl."

There was silence for a moment as my hands carried on.

Ayla spoke up, "What are you doing right now?"

I had done phone sex before, but was bad at it, and never with a girl obviously. For some reason, doing it with Ayla made me break free. "I'm touching my clit," I said, "With your gloves on!" I could tell she was getting aroused by this. The moans on the other side of the phone were becoming more noticeable. I then asked, "What about you?"

"I'm doing the same," Ayla admitted, "With my own gloves on."

We carried on talking about what we were doing in great detail. But my curiosity once again, got the better of me: "Do you always use gloves?"

"Yes," Ayla admitted. That turned me on so much. "I actually have some other gloves I wear just for…" She didn't finish her sentence, she just sighed. "I have these opera-length latex gloves, also black. They feel amazing. You put lube on them, it's just a smooth feeling."

I was getting close, "Ayla?"

"Kelsey?"

"Why," I asked, "Why do the gloves feel so good?"

There was a short pause, it sounded like Ayla was close too, "I don't know. They just do."

"They feel amazing," I moaned, "I've never felt anything like this before." I was moaning even louder now, "God Ayla, I think I'm gonna cum."

"No," Ayla said, "Not yet."

I was surprised by this, "What?"

"I just got started," Ayla chuckled, "You have to wait for me."

Made sense. I slowly pulled my hands away. It ached so hard wanting to just let go. But I waited for my phone-sex partner.

"Okay," I sighed, "I'll wait for you."

"Thanks baby." Ayla Zhen called me baby, I thought to myself. It felt like we were now girlfriends.

"Have you," I asked, "Have you ever had phone sex before?"

"Uh-huh," Ayla answered. It sounded like she was concentrating.

"I'm assuming," I continued, "You and Brenda had gloved sex together?"

"Can you please," Ayla sounded serious, "Not mention her?"

"Oh," I realized my faux-pas, "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Ayla sounded like she had to refocus her mind, "But to answer your question, yes."

"That's so hot," I uttered.

"To be honest," Ayla whispered, "I'd rather think of you being here. Lying in bed with me, naked with your black gloves on."

This was driving me so wild. I had to use a supreme amount of will-power to restrain myself.

"The two of us holding each other… kissing… caressing our bodies… feeling our gloves all over…"

I could envision this entire imagine in my head. Her image became even more graphic, more dirty. And it seemed like she was going out of her way to keep mentioning the gloves. The tone of her voice became higher, "And it feels so good, the touch of your satin gloved hand…" She moaned, "Oh God, and then I feel your tongue…"

I was shivering, "Ayla, I can't take it anymore."

"Okay," Ayla was still moaning, "Go ahead baby!"

Suddenly I felt myself orgasm. I screamed at the top of my lungs. It was so intense I almost passed out. On the other end I could hear Ayla moaning, though it sounded like she was repressing her scream, maybe to avoid making too much noise.

"Oh my God," Ayla was breathing heavily, "My gloves are so wet now."

"Wow," I answered feeling my body relax, and looking at my sticky gloves.

"I better throw these in the washer," Ayla said, "Before Donna finds out."

"Awww," I was sad to hear this, "I don't want you to go."

Ayla chuckled, "I'll see you tomorrow. Make sure you wash those gloves!"

"Yes ma'am," I answered and laughed. I didn't really know how to say goodbye to her.

"Bye Kelsey," She ended the conversation.

"Thanks Ayla," I responded, "I'll see you tomorrow."

Before I could finish. She had already hung up.

I put the phone down and took in everything that had just happened. I had phone-sex with Ayla Zhen. No one would ever believe me… though I shouldn't tell anybody about this either.

Right now, I had a pair of gloves to wash. I reluctantly took them off. They were quite dirty and my hands were clammy. I walked into the bathroom ready to soak them in the sink, also washing my hands first. I suddenly realized, I had a pair of rubber gloves in the bathroom. I decided to put them on while washing the gloves. I wore rubber gloves all the time doing chores, but I never gave much thought to how they actually felt. Truth be told, they weren't as comfortable as the satin gloves, but they suddenly had a whole new feel to them. I wasn't about to touch myself with them on, I wore them for cleaning, but I enjoyed having my hands covered as I washed out the gloves in soap and water. I then hung them to dry inside the shower, close to the fan. I closed the shower curtains hoping my dad wouldn't discover the gloves. I'd just have to answer too many questions.

So now it was back to work. I put my clothes back on, but suddenly remembered that I still had Ayla's white satin gloves. I put them on, feeling the wonderful feeling of a fresh pair of satin gloves and returned to my homework.

Chapter 8

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter Notes:

A shout out to Glee-chan for helping me out with this chapter. I had a lot of fun writing from Olivia's point of view...

Chapter 8 - Olivia

I was an original Fiona Five member. I was Fiona's best friend long before ANY of these others joined the group. I'm her favorite! I've known Fiona as far back as I can remember. Our parents were mutual friends so we grew up together, like sisters. Fiona is the sister I always wanted, my true soul-mate. That's why we call each other sisters, sort of a sorority-type thing for the other members. Fiona and I are true sisters tough. She's so amazing in every way possible: beautiful, gorgeous, fashionable, posh; I wanted to be her so badly. We will be together forever, like one person. We've leaned on each other through the darkest of moments, not that we've had many dark moments but… you get the picture.

Brenda Corbat was also a mutual friend. Her parents were friends of FIona's, so the three of us were often together. We grew up in the same pre-school, same grade school, did the same after-school activities, I guess the three of us were like triplets. But Brenda was always trying to one-up me over Fiona's attention. Of course, she could never be me. I was

the most like Fiona, the one who earned her affection, and in the end, Brenda left us. Sure I was sad to see her go, but now I had Fiona all to myself!

I'll confess a secret about the gloves. All three of us used to wear white gloves when we took cotillion together. We all really like wearing the gloves to avoid the boys' icky hands, and they just made us feel so posh, so sophisticated. I know Fiona in particular became fascinated by them. Then one Halloween, I came up with the idea to go Trick-or-Treating as Disney Princesses. I just wanted to be Belle from Beauty and the Beast because I loved her outfit. I got that exact dress and matching gloves. I still wear something similar to this day. Brenda was Cinderella, spotting a white dress with white gloves, and Fiona was Aurora from Sleeping Beauty. But she changed the pink dress around to include gloves instead of sleeves, because she wanted to wear them like the rest of us. So Fiona wore opera-length pink gloves. We loved wearing our dresses so much, especially the gloves, we decided to keep them on all the time. Brenda later changed from white to purple, a more colorful display, at Fiona's request.

For the record, I came up with the glove idea! Fiona would probably take credit for it, but I got us to wear long princess gloves. ME!

Anyway, eventually Jessica joined up with us and Brenda's weirdo girlfriend Ayla. To be fair, Ayla has come a long way, but she can never be a princess like the rest of us. Her whole relationship with Brenda always bothered me. I don't want to say anything against gays, I've gotten in trouble for that before, but finding out that the girl I grew up with was a lesbian; it was shocking. And why this Ayla girl? Why not me? Not that I would've wanted to date Brenda, that would be weird, but still.

Of course if I was a lesbian (and let me make this clear: I'M NOT) there's only one girl in the world I would choose as my girlfriend: Fiona.

Okay enough gay talk. We had a job to do. We needed a fifth member and as usual, Fiona was very particular about what she wanted. I didn't blame her. We were an elite club and we couldn't let just anyone in. I would've put a stop to Ayla joining the group if not for Brenda's whining and Fiona and Jessica taking pity on her. They should listen to me more often, I'm the smart one of the group. So what if my grades don't show it, teachers are stupid.

I brought in a couple of girls I thought would be suitable candidates, Jessica had a lot more. That bothered me, because I wanted someone who would always be on my side, be supportive of my ideas and needs. If Jessica had one of her stupid girlfriends going along with whatever she said and arguing with me, it would ruin the hierarchy of the group. That kind of happened when Brenda brought in Ayla, not that she spoke up much, but she just went along with whatever Brenda wanted. With Brenda gone, Ayla was sort of lost. Good, I liked it better that way.

Fiona was in charge, I was second in command. Not to say that Jessica or Ayla weren't equal members of the group but… some members are more equal than others.

These candidates only had to impress one person: Fiona. That's what mattered. The first thing they had to do was look the part: Dress in the most fabulous fashion you can make. We realized that not everyone is as privileged as us, so maybe they wouldn't be dressing in the finest of jewelry, but they had to wear gloves. Jessica was lenient on this rule, but I was completely with Fiona. The gloves were like a symbol of our unity. They had to wear long gloves,

preferably purple, because Fiona still wanted to keep the color-coordination. I think Ayla would've preferred we not use purple, she feels weird about replacing Brenda, I totally get that, but she needed to move on. It was best for the group.

For now, any long gloves were fine, as long as they completely covered the hand up to the elbow, were not see-through, and not decorated with creepy paws or fur or whatever. People are weird!

While Ayla was out having a date with her tacky girlfriend, we were interviewing as many girls as possible. One of Jessica's girls showed up without gloves, thinking it was no big deal, and she was sent away. Another had fingerless gloves, GONE! One of MY girls that I vouched for had lace gloves. You could see the skin of her hands! Unacceptable. I screamed and yelled at her for making me look like a fool. Thankfully the rest of the them kept to the standard. One of my girls, Melissa, even had purple gloves on. She kinda looked like Brenda, and had a classy elegance about her, so I though she was a shoe-in. Truth be told, I didn't know much about her, except that her family specialized in gold, which was good.

But then she had to face Fiona. Fiona stood there in the teacher's lounge, beautiful, but intimidating. She wouldn't take off her sunglasses. She didn't need to. She started off asking the usual questions: name, where you're from, your family's business, aspirations for the future. Melissa answered them all with great amount of grace and sophistication. And then Fiona caught her off-guard:

"Quick," Fiona asked her, "What's your favorite Marilyn Monroe movie?"

Melissa didn't know how to answer the question. She was silent and then said, "I don't know, I've… I've never really seen a-"

"Thank you!" Was all Fiona said, which basically meant 'Get out'.

I took Melissa outside and read her the riot act for embarrassing me. She couldn't say ONE Marilyn Monroe movie? Not even Gentlemen Prefer Blondes? I mean look at the way Fiona was dressed, she practically modeled herself after Marilyn Monroe in that movie! Hell, even Ayla back in her goth days knew a bunch of Marilyn Monroe movies, that's why she managed to get on Fiona's good side in the first place. How could Melissa be so stupid? I even told her that. Then she started crying. What a baby!

Then Jessica brought in her loser friends. They were even worse, but Jessica kept trying to vouch for them. Fiona wasn't having it. The only girl who caught Fiona's attention was a girl named Denise, who was African American. I'll admit, she was a very beautiful woman, and dressed so elegantly with purple gloves, even a tiara. She certainly looked the part of a Fiona Five member, and would satisfy Fiona's desire for diversity. The only problem was she was totally arrogant, very conceited, and disrespectful of Fiona herself. Of course anytime she made a crack, Jessica laughed along with her. Oh God, I had enough trouble dealing with one Jessica, I couldn't deal with another. I don't think Fiona was going to consider her, but when Jessica and Denise walked out, I had her ear:

"No way," I told her while caressing her shoulders, "We don't need someone undermining your authority."

Fiona nodded her head without looking at me, "You're right."

I loved touching Fiona. I ran my gloved hand along her cheek, her beautiful rosy cheek. I could just kiss it right here and now… in a… non-gay way.

"Don't worry," I whispered in her ear, "We'll find someone."

So the interviews were a complete failure. Jessica was pretty annoyed that Fiona wouldn't give any of her candidates the time of day, but it wasn't Fiona's fault they all sucked. To be honest though, I was completely out of ideas. We decided to go to Fiona's house. Jessica suggested a pool party, which I was up for. Fiona and I would get to wear bikinis, so hot! Fiona wanted Ayla to come over to find out about her girl.

I loved Fiona's mansion. I wish I had a mansion like that. I mean, I do have a mansion, but… it doesn't have TWO solariums!

The three of us sat by the pool in our bikinis, and YES, we still had gloves on, satin gloves this time. We'd worn our leather gloves around the pool before, but sometimes they would catch water and be soiled forever. Fiona hated that. So opera-length satin gloves it was. Like our dresses, we color-coordinated our bikinis, me in gold, Fiona in pink, and Jessica in red, a rather risque red bikini. She just wanted to show off those enormous boobs of her's. I think she did it just to rub them in my face… not literally rub her boobs in my face, but… you know what I mean.

So Fiona and I were lying on our beach chairs. Beside the pool, though always far back enough in case Jessica and Ayla wanted to practice their cannonball dives… so juvenile. Yeah, Jessica was actually swimming, like for real. I never understood why she'd waste so much energy doing that. At least she kept her gloves on while swimming, a strict rule of

Fiona's. They were gonna be wet by the time she got out, but I guess it's a free country.

Eventually Ayla made it to the mansion. She was also wearing blue satin gloves, and took off her dress to reveal her bikini already on. My God, she's so skinny! How does she do that? She eats like a pig and never gains a pound!

"Jump in Ayla," Jessica yelled to her, "The dynamic duo's afraid they'll melt again!"

"Ha ha ha," I mocked her, "I've never heard that one before."

Ayla took off her glasses, putting them in her bag, and made her way into the pool, in a more subtle, considerate way. How strange that the new girl was now the more sophisticated one. She and Jessica had their lezbo fun in the pool while Fiona and I stayed out, keeping our dignity.

Eventually, all four of us were in the hot-tub. Fiona liked to do the Japanese thing when in the hot-tub, as long as it was just us girls, which meant we all had to be naked. We stripped our bikinis off and entered the tub, but our gloves stayed on. To be perfectly honest, I felt really insecure stepping into a hot-tub naked, covering myself with a towel up until the moment I got in the Jacuzzi. The rest of the girls didn't do that. Fiona always mocked me for covering up. I felt horrible every time she did that.

I hated that my boobs were so small. Hell, that little skinny Ayla had bigger boobs than me! I wanted to get implants, but my stupid parents wouldn't let me. I always envied Fiona's breasts. They're perfect. I even got to touch them a bunch when we were growing up. She's so lucky to have boobs like that.

Fiona and I kept our hands out of the water, keeping our gloves dry. Ayla didn't seem to care. Jessica, meanwhile, pulled out a pack of cigarettes from her bag; she and Fiona lit up. I wish Fiona didn't smoke. It's a disgusting habit. Sure, Marilyn Monroe smoked, but I didn't want to see Fiona get throat cancer as a result… God that would be devastating. Unfortunately, I didn't want Fiona to think I was a narc, so once again, feeling peer-pressure, I asked for Jessica to hand me a cigarette.

"Olivia," Jessica said, "You don't have to smoke if you don't want to."

"Just give it to me already!" I practically snatched it from her wet gloved hand.

"Oh I'll give it to you all right," Jessica handed me a lighter.

And I lit up and inhaled the smoke. At least I was used to it by now. Ayla just flat up wouldn't take one. I think she has asthma or something. I don't know, I didn't bother asking too many questions when she talked about it.

Still, Fiona had other things on her mind, "So Ayla," She was gracious, while tapping her cigarette against an ash-tray by her side, "What did you find out regarding Kayla?"

"Kelsey," Ayla corrected her.

"Whatever," Fiona took a puff of her smoke.

"Yeah," Jessica smiled in such a phony way, it made me sick, "How was your daaaate?"

Ayla smiled, "It was fun. Kelsey's very nice."

"Did you take her to that hamburger place?" I smoked while asking her. I already knew the answer, I was just trying to join the conversation.

"Uh-huh," Ayla didn't seem very talkative. What else was new?

"Wait!" Jessica pointed at her. Ayla looked at her confused. After a few seconds, a stupid smile came on Jessica's face, "You two had sex!"

No filter…

"What?" Ayla's eyes widened, "No we didn't!"

"Oh my God," Jessica tilted her head back, "You totally did!" She went over to Ayla and started holding her, "Details!"

"No I swear we didn't," Ayla wasn't lying, "If we did, I'd tell ya."

"Well something happened," Jessica wouldn't let up, "I can see it in your eyes. You kissed her right?"

"Well," Ayla spoke, "Yes…"

"You had phone sex," Fiona spoke up without flinching.

Ayla looked at Fiona like she was a ghost, "How did you know that?"

"Wow," Jessica muttered, "Phone sex?"

"Brenda told me," Fiona explained, "The two of you did that a bunch of times." She took another puff of her cigarette.

Ayla looked sad hearing her ex-girlfriend's name uttered.

"Uh," Jessica tried to break the tension, "So Kelsey, phone sex. Tell us all about it!"

"Later," Fiona didn't beat around the bush, "Did you get any information out of her? Where's she from?"

Ayla looked around for a second, "Here, I think," Ayla really didn't seem like the brightest bulb in the bunch, as far as I was concerned. Supposedly, she got really good grades, and everyone praised her intellect, but she didn't have the world-class experience that Fiona and I had… and I guess Jessica too. "She lives downtown, I'm picking her up before school tomorrow."

Downtown was the first thing that came to mind.

"She has a house downtown?" Fiona asked.

"No," Ayla said, "An apartment."

"She owns an apartment building?" Jessica asked.

"No," Ayla sighed, "Her dad rents an apartment."

I understood what she meant but couldn't believe what I was hearing, "She's an apartment dweller?" I confirmed.

"Is her house being renovated?" Fiona asked.

"I don't think they own a house Fiona," Ayla tried to explain. I already knew what she was getting at, but I think Fiona and Jessica were trying to justify her living in an apartment.

"Hmmm," Fiona finally shook her head, "I don't know about that."

"We can't have an apartment dweller in our group," I reminded everyone, "That's just retarded!"

"Hey," Jessica opened her big trap, "My grandparents lived in an apartment at one time! Everyone has to start somewhere."

"What line of work is her dad in?" Fiona totally ignored her. Good!

Ayla's thought about an answer. I was concerned she might start lying to make this Kelsey girl sound better than she actually was.

"I believe she said he works at a PR firm," She finally said.

"PR firm?" Fiona didn't know what it was. I didn't really know either.

"Public Relations," Jessica answered her, "It's kinda like an advertising company."

"Oh," Fiona understood now but still looked to me, "Livia, is advertising big business?"

"It can be," I answered her, "Our company spends a lot of money on advertising every year."

"Well," Jessica added, "It's not EXACTLY advertising-"

Once again, Fiona completely ignored her. I was enjoying that, "Ayla," She looked to the girl in question, "What's his position?"

Ayla hung her head. I could tell it was going to be bad, "He works in the mailroom."

I laughed so hard, I almost choked on my smoke-stick! "He works in a mailroom?" I teased her, "Wow! What a loser!"

Ayla looked angrily at me, but what did she expect?

"Olivia!" Jessica scowled at me.

"Yes," Fiona blew a smoke ring, "That is a very blue-collar job. But what are her ambitions? What does she plan to do with her life?"

Ayla looked like she didn't have an answer for that, "I don't know, I didn't really ask her." Eventually, she looked Fiona's way with an answer, "She likes music."

"Okay," Fiona nodded her head, "I can appreciate musicians and artists."

"Pfft," Jessica pulled away her cigarette, "What are you talking about, you don't shit about art."

I wanted to yell back at Jessica for her ignorance and sheer disrespect. Seriously, how could she talk to her superior like that? Jessica is gonna wind up working in a mailroom herself with that attitude! However, Fiona, continued her silent treatment towards Jessica and asked Ayla, "What does she play?"

"Oh she doesn't play an instrument," She added. I rolled my eyes. "I don't think she does, but we share a lot of the same tastes in music."

"Oh God," I face-palmed myself. Just what we needed, another member insisting on weird music requests; all that boring slow rock-jazz whatever it was. However, this made a lot of sense based on how that apartment dweller was dressed.

"Jessie," She looked to the girl in red, "I told her about when we went to go see Fiona Apple."

"Oh yeah," Jessica smiled.

"Kelsey was trying to get tickets to see her last time. We should invite her next time Fiona Apple comes around."

"Sure," Jessica seemed very into the idea and point to me and Fiona, "God knows these two wedas aren't going to join us!"

Ayla laughed.

I really hated it when Jessica used spanish words. I know she was ridiculing us in some way, but I had no idea what the word meant. I probably should've paid attention more in Spanish class, but... it's so pointless to learn another language.

"Fiona," I spoke to her. She turned my way, "Even though Ayla's got some sort of gay crush on this apartment dweller, she's clearly not for our group." I could tell Ayla was scowling at me, but I didn't care, this was about business, "She's lower class, she looks like Marilyn Manson's lesbian sister, she's got no ambition, no respect for the finer things in life, except just..." I pointed to Ayla, "Going to some rock concert, probably getting high on marijuana!"

"What's wrong with that?" Jessica said.

"We're not bring someone into this group," I still had Fiona's ear, "Just because Ayla wants to get in her pants."

"Fuck you Olivia!" Ayla flicked her hand at me, getting drops of water all over my gloves and my hair. What a bitch! I dropped the cigarette on the counter.

"Ayla!" Fiona scolded her.

But I was already pissed off. "No fuck you!" I splashed back at her, even though my glove got all wet in the process

"Hey watch it," Jessica splashed back at me, only much more forcefully. She even got fiona a little wet. Big mistake.

"All right, that's enough!" Fiona silenced everyone standing up out of the Jacuzzi. All of us turned to see her, remembering that she was completely naked. I was always in awe of her naked body, like something you'd see in a old renaissance painting. She didn't cover up anything, just stood with a commanding presence. It was so inspiring to see her take charge like that. "We're supposed to be sisters remember?!"

I turned to see Ayla and Jessica look down. I actually wondered how Fiona, or anyone, could act so calm being naked next to Ayla. Since she was a lesbian, was Ayla actually sexually attracted to all of us? She must've been attracted to Fiona. She was the most beautiful woman in the world. Even I thought about it looking at the incredible naked body of her's, even curious as to what it would be like to touch her… wait, what am I talking about? I'm not gay!

"Ayla," Fiona walked over and sat next to the girl in question, pushing Jessica out of the way. She put her gloved arm around her and kept her other hand out of the water, "I know you like this girl, and I know how you must miss Brenda."

"Fiona," Ayla tried to interrupt.

"And," Fiona commanded her leadership, "You're perfectly welcome to keep seeing her. You can invite her to our parties, maybe she can even join us at the mansion once in a while. I'll admit, she's cute. But I'm with Olivia on this one. She's not qualified to be a sister."

"Thank you," I added. I decided to be the better person and fake an apology, "Ayla, I'm sorry if I made you feel bad, but

I'm going to stand firm on this. There were a lot of girls we interviewed who are far more qualified for the position."

Ayla didn't respond.

"You're all still babbling on like this is some sort of corporation or something," Jessica spoke up.

"Jessica," Fiona looked to her, letting go of Ayla, "I really don't appreciate-"

"Fifi," Jessica interrupted her, "I don't want to deal with this bullshit much longer. Here's an idea. Invite her to be interviewed like everyone else, ask her the same dumb questions you asked my friends, and make a decision based on that. What do we got to lose?"

Fiona considered the question. Ayla looked to Jessica and smiled at her.

"Wasted time for one thing," I told her, "It's pretty obvious-"

"Liv, Liv!" She interrupted me. I hated that she was trying to take control now. And I HATED it when she called me 'Liv'! "Do you have any other people you want to bring in? Cause I'm not bringing anybody else in. Let Ayla bring in Kelsey."

As much as I hated to admit it, she was right.

"I suppose that'd be fine," Fiona now looked to Ayla, "Tell her to meet us in the teacher's lounge tomorrow for nutrition."

"Uh," Jessica spoke up, "I got the assembly at nutrition tomorrow. Can we make it lunch?"

"Lunch then," Fiona said.

"They don't let us use the teacher's lounge for lunch," I reminded her. "But I can try to find a place for us."

"Fine," Fiona responded, "And I want to see her wearing a dress and long purple gloves. Material doesn't matter."

"Okay," Ayla agreed still smiling, "Thanks Fiona."

"You're welcome," Fiona gave Ayla a little kiss on the lips. God, didn't she know she was a lesbian? She never kissed ME on the lips! "I'm glad you found somebody."

"Yeah yeah," I interrupted their lezbo moment, "We'll listen to her sop-story and reject her later."

"I need to use the bathroom," Fiona got out of the tub.

"I'll come with you," I immediately grabbed my towel and covered up.

"Whatcha hiding there Liv?" Jessica mocked me.

Fiona laughed too, but luckily she covered herself up as well.

I followed her to the bathroom, both of us holding hands. I always went with her to the bathroom, ever since we were in grade-school. I could imagine Ayla and Jessica making out with each other in the hot tub, doing God knows what.

Inside the bathroom, we just turned to each other. I spoke up first:

"You're not seriously considering letting this girl in the group?"

"No," Fiona assured me, "Of course not. But once we have a conversation with her and she stumbles all over the

interview, it'll be easier to tell Ayla no."

"Good," I told her, "Good." I was staring at her lips. I felt so jealous that Ayla got to kiss them. I wanted to feel Fiona's lips against mine. Of course, I had kissed her before, but… not recently.

"We're still going to need to be make nice with her," Fiona took off her towel exposing her breasts, "Especially if she and Ayla become a couple. And we're still in need of a fifth member. Keep working on it."

I was now starting at her breasts. God, they were so amazing. I wanted them. I wanted to have them. My stupid spider-bite boobs!

"Olivia?" She was trying to catch my attention. I immediately awoke from my daze.

"Can I touch your boobs," I asked her.

I knew she wouldn't mind, so she nodded. I let my satin gloved hands, my wet gloved hands, touch her perky breasts. How was it possible that this girl still didn't have a boyfriend? That she NEVER had a boyfriend? Of course no boy could ever meet her standards, none could ever achieve the perfection of Fiona Winston. With the exception of Brenda and Jessica (Not sure about Ayla) I was one of the only people on the planet to be privileged with touching these perfect breasts. I felt a strange tingling sensation doing this. I couldn't explain.

"Mmm," Fiona sounded like she was enjoying this, "Your wet gloves feel nice against my skin."

"I'm gonna kiss you now," I told her, "Like you kissed Ayla!" We'd kissed before grown up, so I knew it would be okay.

Fiona laughed slightly. "Are you sure you're not a lesbian?"

"DON'T CALL ME THAT FIONA!" I yelled at her, "I'M NOT A FUCKING DYKE!"

"All right, all right," She backed me away, "I need to go."

She immediately went into a stall and locked herself in.

"What about our kiss?" I told her.

"Later," She told me.

I was pissed, I wanted to scream. Stupid Ayla got to kiss Fiona, stupid Brenda got to kiss her more than me growing up. Why not me Fiona? Fine, I'm not a lesbian like Brenda, but I deserve your attention! I deserve your love! I deserve everything!

Chapter 9

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 9 - Kelsey

I woke up early the next morning, because I knew Ayla was coming to pick me up, at least her housekeeper was. Fortunately, her black gloves were dry and I could wear them again today. I wasn't sure if I should be wearing them when I came out to meet her. I didn't want my dad to see me in the gloves, but I didn't want Ayla to see me without them. Regardless, he was going to see Ayla wearing gloves no matter what. I figured I might as well wear them. As soon as I got out of the shower, they were the first things I put on. I then proceeded to pull on my underwear, and that's when I heard the doorbell ring. It had to be her. I could hear my dad answer the door.

"Oh hi," He said, "You uh…" He was hesitating, probably staring at her outfit, "You must be Kelsey's friend."

"Yes," I heard her voice, "I'm Ayla Zhen. Nice to meet you Mr. Greenberg."

"Uh," He answered, "Nice to meet you. You're very… well dressed."

"Thank you," She continued in a friendly manner, "Is Kelsey ready?"

"Kind of early aren't you?" He asked. Indeed she was early. "Kelsey," He yelled to me, "Your friend's here."

"I'm just getting changed Ayla," I told them, "I'll be out in a minute. Do you want breakfast?"

"No," Ayla yelled to me, "I ate already. Is it okay if I come in?"

Come in? Ayla Zhen was coming into my room? My room was so messy, so small, I couldn't let her see it. It was bad enough she had to see this tacky apartment of ours. But I couldn't let her stay out there, so I yelled, "Yeah, come on in."

"Uh," My dad grunted, "I thought you were changing."

"Dad it's fine," I told him, "Ayla come on in."

Suddenly the door opened. Ayla walked in. She was once again decked out in blue, though her dress seemed a bit more extravagant, with green lace decorated over it. Her skirt was a little longer, and this time she had a ring and bracelet over her blue gloves.

"Hey!" I smiled at her.

My dad peeked in seeing my outfit, just my underwear with black gloves, "Is there some sort of costume party going on at school?"

"Dad!" I whined to him, "Can you give us a minute?"

"All right, all right," He walked away.

I stood before Ayla and she gave me a short sweet kiss on the lips. She smiled and then looked around my messy

room, "Nice room, kinda looks like mine."

"Oh please," I told her, as I walked towards the closet, "You're place must be spotless."

"It is until I come in," She laughed.

"As you can see," I turned around and modeled my black gloves in the most seductive way possible, "My gloves are sparkly clean!"

"Nice," She sort of dismissed my enticing pose. I felt bad for the moment. "Um, I need to talk to you about something."

I was suddenly frozen wondering what she was doing today. My imagination ran with the idea that she was going to ask us to become a couple. My heart pounded. I would've loved that. I know we didn't know each other that well, but I had such a crush on her, I wanted to be her girlfriend. Obviously take things slow, but it would be amazing. Me… Kelsey Greenberg… going out with Ayla Zhen… what a dream! And Ayla was just so much fun to hang out with, passing my preconceived notions of what she was really like. I really wanted her.

I smiled at her and grabbed her hands, "What is it?"

The look on her face suggested it was something else, "I'll explain more in the car, but I need you dressed up for today."

Well she was already making me wear gloves, I guess it figured she wanted me wearing an actual dress.

"Do you have any formal gowns?"

I looked in my closet remembering what I had… not a lot.

"I have two, they're both cheap," I hung my head, "Actually, one of them is plum purple, but I think my black dress is better. Matches my hair, and my gloves."

"Let's go with the purple one," She told me.

"Okay," I reached into the back of my coat-rack and grabbed my purple dress. I hadn't worn it in a while. It had short sleeves, went above the knee, had some tacky designs on it. I didn't like it that much, but Ayla told me to try it on. She helped pull it over my head. We both looked in the mirror. I put on my glasses so I could see better. The dress really really didn't match my black gloves.

"That'll do," She told me.

"That'll do?" I asked her, feeling inadequate.

"It's okay baby," Ayla ran her hand across my cheek, "You look beautiful. Shoes? Pumps maybe."

I looked at my shoe rack, which was quite slim. Ayla went over to it and pulled out some white pumps, "Howabout these?" Truth be told, they were the most formal shoes I had, but they still didn't glamorous, especially compared to the diamond-like heels she was wearing. However I put them on.

I started to chuckle, "What happened to the jeans and tunic from yesterday?"

"We can change into them after school," She was on a mission, whatever it was, "And last thing you need," She pulled something out of her bag, "Is purple gloves."

I looked at the long satin purple gloves she pulled out. They looked like they were elbow length rather than the longer

ones. They straight up looked like gloves Brenda Corbat used to wear. Now I was starting to have second thoughts about this. Was she straight up making me look like Brenda? Did she want me to wear a blonde wig next? This just seemed very strange. I didn't want to bring Brenda up, I knew Ayla didn't want to discuss that, but I looked at her concerned.

"Please Kelsey," She tilted her head, "I need you wearing these gloves."

I had a frown on my face as I stripped the black gloves off, "I was really looking forward to wearing these to school. They feel so elegant."

"Believe me," Ayla helped me take them off, "I'd rather you wore them too. They do look amazing on you, they match your hair… and I do appreciate you washing them. However, just for today, I need you in purple gloves."

I suddenly started thinking that maybe this had something to do with The Fiona Five. Did she want to invite me for lunch or something? That would be amazing. Lunch with Fiona Winston! Maybe I was kind of the fill-in for Brenda. Imagine that… me filling in Brenda Corbat. Or maybe this was just wishful thinking. But I was suddenly excited again.

Ayla stepped back and looked at me. She smiled. I wasn't sure if I should feel happy that she was excited about my outfit, or ashamed that I was just a replacement for Brenda.

"You look beautiful," She said.

I didn't feel beautiful, "Really?" I asked her and wrapped my hands around her.

"Really," She assured me and kissed me on the lips. This time, the kiss lasted longer. No tongues, but there was something passionate about this kiss. I loved it. I didn't want it to end, but she said, "Let's get going."

I was going to make breakfast, but Ayla said we could grab something on the way, her treat. I said goodbye to dad, he started curiously at my outfit. "Is it a masquerade ball?" He asked me.

"Bye dad!" I yelled out to him.

Once we were in the car, Ayla finally told me what was going on:

"Okay Kelsey," She asked, "Let me ask you a question."

"Yes?" I waited eagerly.

"Do you want to be the fifth member of the Fiona Five?"

...

"Kelsey?"

Hold on a sec, backtrack here. It's only been the first week of school and already so much has happened:

Okay, Ayla Zhen, a member of the Fiona Five, the most prestigious group in school, turns out to be my lab partner. We end up making conversation outside class. I find myself face to face with all four members of the Fiona Five. I get to shake Jessica Perez's hand (gloved hand, but I still shook it). I was so close to shaking Fiona's hand. Wow! Then I end up going on a date, yes a date, with Ayla Zhen. She gives me gloves to wear. We get to hold hands; she kisses me! I have friggin' phone sex with her! I had phone sex with Ayla Zhen!

Nobody would believe me if I told them. Ayla has been to my room, kissed me in my room, picked out outfits for me to wear, I'm now in her car on the way to school… And now… I just want to make this as clear as possible… Ayla Zhen is asking me, Kelsey Greenberg, if I want to be the long awaited fifth member of The Fiona Five!

I feel like I'm going to faint.

Wait… is she for real?

"Kelsey!" Ayla lightly slapped my face.

I awoke from my daze, "Can you repeat that please?"

Ayla closed her eyes and sighed, "The Fiona Five needs a fifth member. Do you want to be a part of our group?"

I still couldn't believe it. Was I dreaming? I've dreamt of being a part of The Fiona Five before, maybe I really am.

"Nevermind," Ayla looked disappointed and sat back in her seat folding her arms, "They're never gonna go for it anyway."

What?

"Wait no," I stammered getting a hold of her hands, "I mean yes, I mean… Ayla of course I want to be in The Fiona Five but… I mean… why me?"

Ayla looked me in the eye, "Because I want you to be, and we need someone, that's why."

"But…" I should have just left well enough alone, but I still couldn't fathom me being the new member of The Fiona Five. Even if Ayla and I became a couple, was I really good

enough for the club? "Surely, you must have someone else in mind?"

"No, no one else I can think of," Ayla looked to me and smirked, "And don't call me Shirley!"

A brief laugh of her joke, I was now shaking, still getting over the shock of the situation "I don't know what to say Ayla. I mean… I've always fantasized being in The Fiona Five but…" I started laughing and pointed to my face, "Look at me Ayla! Really look at me!" I held my arms up, "Am I really all that pretty? I look like a geek! Some poor pathetic geek!"

"Stop that!" Ayla looked annoyed and grabbed my hands, "You're very pretty, and you're not pathetic. You think I'd be hanging out with some pathetic homely girl?"

Good point, I thought silently.

"Okay," Ayla admitted, "So you don't look like Fiona Winston. Nobody does, not Olivia, nor Jessie, and especially not me. You have any idea how insecure I was when I had to join this group? Fiona Winston is a walking barbie-doll. No one can compete with that. But there's more to life than just looking like a model."

By now, I felt tears coming down the side of my face. I just felt overwhelmed by this news, but even more so that Ayla cared about me so much. For someone I initially pictured as so stuck-up, she was so sweet. Ayla placed her gloved hand on my cheek. It felt so nice I just wanted to eat her up.

"I like you Kelsey," Ayla admitted coming down to a whisper, "I'd kiss you right now if my housekeeper wasn't watching. You have a sweet, down-to-earth way about you on top of your quirky personality that's so endearing… And… You're cute! Sorry but you are."

I chuckled. How could she think I was cute? I never did. I hated everything about me. I hated my hair, I hated the fact that I couldn't see without wearing glasses, I hated my short stubby legs, and I hated the fact that my dad couldn't afford to buy me fabulous clothes or anything. So far, the gloves Ayla had given me were the most glamorous things I'd ever worn.

"We're getting together for lunch." She explained, "Now Fiona's going to grill you, hard. She's gonna ask you all kinds of questions, some which might be very patronizing, but don't let it get to you."

"What kind of questions will she ask?"

"I'm not sure," Ayla admitted, "But just tell the truth. Be your usual fun self."

"I feel," I was shaking, "I feel like I'm gonna fail."

Ayla quickly looked forward and saw her housekeeper concentrating on the road. She gave me a quick kiss on the lips. Ohhh, I loved it when she kissed me, "You'll do fine. And it's not the end of the world. I'll still be your friend no matter what."

"Friend?" I asked curiously, "Just a friend?"

Ayla considered the question. Her eyes revealed the uncertainty of the situation, "Well, maybe not just a friend…" She smiled.

I smiled like a dumb school-girl, "So… are we a couple now?"

She smiled and closed her eyes. When she opened them, she brought me back to reality, "Let's talk about that later. Focus on impressing Fiona!"

I wanted to cry. It sounded like Ayla really was considering taking me as her girlfriend. I wanted nothing more than to be her girlfriend, even more than being in The Fiona Five. But I feared if I didn't become a member, Ayla might reject me. I had to impress Fiona. No matter what happened, I had to become a member of The Fiona Five! If not for my desires to be popular, for Ayla's sake.

Lunch couldn't come soon enough.

Her housekeeper dropped us off and we came out of the car together. I was finishing up my breakfast sandwich, wearing my white gloves over the purple ones, at Ayla's insistence. According to her, if I stood before Fiona with soiled gloves, I was as good as gone. She was drinking an ice-coffee. All of this was her treat. I offered to pay for my share, but she refused. There was a huge group of students that just stopped in their tracks and stared at the two of us. I though they would be staring at Ayla, but they seemed to stare at me. I didn't how to react… but Ayla did. She looked at me and smiled. Suddenly, she gripped my hand and led me onto the campus. All the students started to murmur things to themselves. Some shouted out unintelligible or rude comments, but everyone just seemed kinda dumbfounded. Did they think we were a couple? Or were they just now guessing that I was to be a new member of the Fiona Five? I was fine with either.

Another thing went right that morning, I made it to first period class on time with Ayla, five minutes to spare. In fact, we were there before Mr. Dawson was, standing outside. Once outside the building, Ayla let go of my hand and took a sip of her ice-coffee. We didn't say anything to each other. I noticed two boys from our class snickering into each other's ears.

"So," One of the boys looked to me, "Are you two a lesbian couple?" His friend standing next to him was laughing.

It wasn't a split-second before Ayla immediately turned to them and said, "Aren't you two a gay couple?"

I didn't even have time to comprehend the original question. Everyone's eyes looked to the two boys, standing a little too close to one another. Their smiles faded and they backed away from each other. "Ewww!" They both said.

"No way," One of them shouted, "That would be totally gay!"

"Well duh," I backed Ayla up, "That's what a gay couple is."

Ayla slightly turned to me and winked.

"We're not-"

"Don't worry," Ayla smiled, "We all support you two."

"We're not gay!" The other boy shouted.

"Yeah right Cutter," One of the other girls chimed in, "You and your boyfriend are always passing notes in class."

Suddenly, numerous accusations flew back and forth between the accused gay guys and the rest of class. Many jokes and insults were made. I kinda felt bad for them, though wasn't sure if they were actually gay or not. More importantly, the attention was no longer focused on Ayla and I.

"You're a genius," I whispered to her.

"I know," She smiled at me.

"All right, all right, simmer down!" Mr. Dawson came up to the door holding his briefcase, and suddenly the crowd began to die down. He immediately turned to me, shocked by what he saw, "Well, Ms. Greenberg, you decided to show up early for once."

"Yes sir," I smiled, "Ayla gave me a ride."

"Good for you," He said apathetically opening the door, "You're very lucky to have her as a friend."

Ayla whispered into my ear, "Wait until he finds out you're a Fiona Five member!"

I wasn't a member yet!

I could barely concentrate on Dawson's lecture. Even when we eventually did a lab where Ayla and I had to layer latex gloves over our other ones, it was hard. My mind was distracted on the possibility of becoming a member. I started seeing myself walking down the halls with them, being revered by all students, being the envy of all my friends. I saw myself and Fiona having dinner together, just the two of us. Fiona laughing at all my dumb jokes and thinking I was super cool… okay maybe that was too far fetched a fantasy, but I'm sure I'd get to know Fiona better. I just had to think where would I get the money to have all those outfits?

So many questions and scenarios playing out in my mind, that the bell rang so fast and it was time for nutrition. Ayla grabbed my hand and we raced into the courtyard. It turned out there was a rally to raise money for the media department. The outside stage was quite crowded, security surrounding, and there was a sizable crowd gathered around the stage. Ayla and I stood pretty close. There were certainly plenty of students looking at us and trying to say hi to her.

We could see Jessica off to the side of the stage looking over some notes. She was dressed to the nines in her red gown and gloves, with enough jewelry to keep a jeweler in business for years.

"Be right back," Ayla said.

She went right up to the security guard explaining who she was, and he happily let him go talk to Jessica. The red-layered girl smiled seeing her blue-haired friend come up to talk to her. I wasn't sure what they were saying, I was too far away. At some point Ayla pointed to me, and Jessica gave me a friendly wave: "Hi Kelsey!" She shouted.

I nervously waved to her, "Hi Jessica," my voice sounded so mousey. I would have to get used to not being intimidated by these people if I was going to be a member. But the two members went back to talking one-to-one. I wish I could hear them speaking. I got closer but the guard told me to step back. I tried to explain that I was with Ayla, but he wasn't having it. Disappointed, I went back into the crowd.

"Oh My God!"

Gee… I wonder who that voice could be coming from?

"Look at you!" Ashley came right to me and grabbed my hands, "You look amazing!"

She was obviously impressed by my purple dress and gloves, though her tastes were not up to high enough standards obviously.

"Thanks Ashley," I responded, "Hi Tom," He was of course standing next to her.

"So is it true?" He said, "You're gonna be one of those Fiona girls?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"C'mon Kelsey!" Ashley teased, "It's all over campus, everyone thinks you're Ayla's new girlfriend and you're gonna be the new Fiona Five member. How come you don't tell me these things?!" She started tickling me.

I laughed trying to push her off, "Hey quit it!"

"We're supposed to be friends, remember?" She was really going at me, even if it was all in good fun, "Now that you're a Fiona Five member, you're too good for us?" She turned to Tom, "Hold her down Tom, let's get her!"

Tom laughed and grabbed my arms, placing them behind my back.

"C'mon guys," I laughed, "You're embarrassing me!"

With Tom holding me from behind, Ashley started tickling my sides like crazy. I had to be careful not to kick her it was so intense. I was laughing like a hyena.

"You know," Tom mentioned, "Your gloves feel really smooth."

I couldn't even respond to that, I just kept laughing and screaming, "Stop it!"

"No no no," Ashley teased.

"HEY!" A rather aggressive, but familiar voice caused us all to turn, "GET OFF HER!"

It was Ayla looking like I've never seen her before. She walked towards me looking like she was going to kill the two of them. Tom immediately let go of me and Ashley backed up. They looked terrified seeing Ayla coming towards them.

Just as Ayla grabbed a hold of my arm, I settled her down, "Ayla, it's okay, they're my friends."

She looked to me and settled down.

"This is Ashley," I pointed to her, "And that's Tom."

Ayla looked to them. I have to say, the fact that she went after them so aggressively, trying to protect me, it turned me on, misguided as it may have been. The fact that Ayla would do anything to protect me, what a wonderful feeling. Or was she one of those friends / girlfriends who was a little TOO overprotective?

It certainly seemed that way. Ashley held onto Tom like a scared child. Tomgrinned nervously and held up a peace sign, "Like peace and love… ma'am?"

Ayla shook her head and let go of my arm, "I'm so sorry," She held her hands up, "I didn't realize…" Ayla walked towards them in a friendly manner, "I'm Ayla."

Tom backed up holding Ashley, "Don't hurt us!"

"Tom," I scolded him.

Ashley decided to take a chance and walk forward to shake Ayla's hand, "Hi, nice to meet you." They held hands, "We're FRIENDS of Kelsey." She overemphasized the word friends.

"But she can just be your friend," Tom said, "If you want."

"Tom!" I scolded him again.

"No not at all, it's nice to meet you," Ayla said looking curiously at Tom, "Wait, are you the one who used to work at Maxie's Burgers?"

Tom considering the question, his eyes vacillating, "I'll be whoever you want me to be Ms. Zhen!"

Ashley rolled her eyes but didn't bother to address Ayla.

"Well come up front," Ayla led Ashley's hand, "Let me make it up to you. Any friend of Kelsey's is a friend of mine."

"Your gloves," Ashley noted, "They're so soft. Are those leather?"

"They are," Ayla smiled.

Afterwards, Ayla held my hand and there was an uncomfortable silence. The two of us were standing in front of Ashley and Tom.

"Uh," Ashley tried to speak to me, "Hey Kels', are we no longer on for bowling tonight?"

"No," I told her turning around, "I'm still up for it." I actually wasn't sure what Ayla would think of us going to do something as mundane as bowling, but we had planned for it all week.

"You're going bowling," Ayla asked, "I haven't been bowling in years!"

Tom and Ashley looked to each other dumbfounded.

"Could I join you guys?"

Ayla wanted to go bowling with us? She never ceased to surprise me. Why would Ayla, someone so in tune with the finer things in life, want to go bowling? Then again, why not? It was fun. It would be even more fun if Ayla joined us.

"Sure," I smiled at her, "But, you don't have something going on with The Fiona Five tonight?"

"Nothing important," Ayla admitted, "Is it okay? I mean I don't want to interfere." It seemed like Ayla was now going out of her way to be civil.

"Bowling with Ayla Zhen?" Ashley asked tongue-tied, "That- That would be- yes. Yes join us."

"You'll have to keep up with me," Tom smiled, "I'm the bowling champ!"

Ayla smiled back, "We'll see."

"He's totally lying," I told her.

"I am not!" Tom spat back, "I average 240!"

"Shut up," Ashley muttered to him, trying to not let him embarrass him in front of Ayla.

Finally someone spoke into the mic on stage and began the program, "Okay everyone, please welcome the prestigious Jessica Perez to the mic!"

A large applause came from the crowd as Jessica took the mic. Ayla and I watched smiling.

Chapter 10

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 10 - Jessica

The first rally of Junior year. I had a whole bunch of them already scheduled for the next couple of months. When you're a celebrity, a powerful figure, even if it was just on the school level, you have a responsibility to give back to the school community. I knew this one girl in the media department, Sonia, also latina, who was looking to upgrade their equipment. It wasn't in the school's budget to buy new computers or whatever they needed, so this rally was to help bring attention to the department and maybe raise some money. She explained it all to me, but I'm not that knowledgeable when it comes to technical stuff. I think Ayla's more of a technical geek. But the media department figured if I came out to speak, it would help their cause.

Truth be told, I think they wanted Fiona, but she would never speak at one of these events. She barely spoke at events that involved her personally. Olivia and I were basically her voices, and Olivia was terrible at public speaking. That basically left me. Not that I minded necessarily, I liked speaking publicly, and any appearance was always a way to stay in the limelight.

The only thing that was bothering me today was the gloves. The sun was beating down for once and my hands were muy caliente! But I couldn't take them off, because I still represented The Fiona Five, and the red gloves had kind of

become a trademark for me. So I had to just smile and get through it.

"Beunos Dias a todos!" I shouted out.

I was greeted with applause, not just from my fellow chicanas. Pretty much everyone in class knew what I meant. For some strange reason, everyone went crazy when I spoke in Spanish. But I continued in English, it was an event after all, and it was an English-speaking school.

I smiled at them and connected with every audience member possible, "Glad you all came out today. The sun's shining bright, which is quite abnormal for Seattle. Thank you Global warming!"

Some laughs appreciated my joke.

"So I'm gonna introduce you all to the media department. I know plenty of you use their labs, so…" I raised my hands acting like this was a bigger deal than it actually was, "You all know how tacky those old computers are. I mean, some of them are a YEAR OLD!" I sighed with disgust, "We're working on computers that a year old. That is unacceptable. So we're gonna change that today. Comprende?"

Another yell of applause.

"All right," I chuckled, "Bueno! Right now, I'm gonna introduce the head of the student media department, a very sexy man named… Melvin Felder."

I was lying. Melvin was a stereotypical overweight geek if you ever saw one. I wished Sonia could speak instead, but she had terrible stage-fright. There was some applause, probably more for me rather than Melvin. He just got right on the mic, not really speaking into it, and holding up some

charts on his tablet. It was a very boring presentation, full of technical babble that I didn't understand, and probably a great amount of the students listening didn't know either.

Ayla was looking my way, even if I was off to the side. I very subtly shifted my eyes, indicating that I wanted her to meet me backstage, if anything to make the time go faster. Ayla shifted her eyes towards Kelsey, which translated to "Kelsey too?" I think Kelsey herself was catching onto our subtle conversation. But I softly nodded my head and walked backstage. It's funny, I kept calling this a stage, it was really just a center in the courtyard. I talked to the security guard telling him who was coming. Ayla was first to meet me.

"Well," I whispered into her ear, "There goes the media department."

Ayla chuckled, "Yeah, if he keeps talking."

Behind her was Kelsey, obviously dressed to impress, or as well dressed as she probably could have been.

"Kelsey," I smiled, "Hi, so good to see you again."

"Hi Jessica," She was very polite.

We shook hands and immediately I looked at her gloves, "Wow, I love your dress and matching purple gloves." I looked her in the eye, "I'm assuming this is Ayla's handiwork?"

"The dress is mine," Kelsey seemed much more relaxed than the first time I talked to her, but still a hint of intimidation, "But Ayla gave me the gloves, as usual." There was a giddy smile she had when talking about Ayla. It was obvious that Kelsey had the hots for her. It was adorable. It made up for the cheapness of her dress. "She's the best." Kelsey

immediately backpedaled, "Uh, not that you aren't the best too-"

"See Jessie," Ayla put her arm around me; she too seemed livelier than I had seen her in a long time. Now I really wanted to see Kelsey become the new member, just to see Ayla happy with her new girlfriend. Of course she would've denied it at the time, but the two of them were already an item. Still, Ayla decided to rub it in my face, "Kelsey says I'm the best!"

"In your dreams cunada!" I teased her back.

We both laughed at each other, and Kelsey responded with laughter. I noticed behind her two students staring awkwardly my way. They were standing near Ayla and Kelsey earlier.

"Oh," Ayla pointed to them, "These are some of Kelsey's friends uh… Ashley and…" She obviously couldn't remember the guy's name.

"Tom," Kelsey introduced him.

I walked over to them, "So nice to meet you both," I shook Ashley's hand. She gave me the same look every other girl did: scared out of her mind.

"H-hi!" She stuttered. "It's so amazing to meet you Ms. Perez!"

"Thank you," I said.

"Aren't you hot in those gloves?" The man blurted out.

"TOM!" Ashley stomped on his foot. I liked her! Tom of course reacted to the pain, but I just laughed.

"I'm quite comfortable actually," I told them smoothing out my gloves, "Anyway," I turned back, "I better get back on stage." I looked to Kelsey, "Kelsey, I'll see you at lunch right?"

"Right," Kelsey smiled.

"Ayla," I asked her, "Why don't you join me onstage."

Ayla pouted, "I don't want to go on stage."

"Listen," I told her quietly, "These people need as much help as they can get. You don't have to say a word."

She nodded reluctantly, but went over to Kelsey first. I saw her grab Kelsey's hands and whisper something in her ear. Kelsey smiled. It almost looked like she wanted to kiss her, but I'm not sure she was comfortable with the public affection. Maybe neither was Kelsey for that matter. Anyway, Ayla held my hand and walked with me back onto the stage. I think the audience already began to pick up on the two of us coming back on stage, even holding hands. We always looked cute paired up together, the red and blue color-coordination: Perfecto!

"How does she look?" She whispered in my ear.

"It it what it is," I confessed to her, "Though I'm sure Fiona will like the purple gloves."

"They're satin though," She told me, "And not opera length."

"It's fine," I said, "I'd be more worried that she might crack under questioning. She already looks a little nervous."

Ayla sighed. I patted her on the back and turned her attention to Melvin's speech:

"And of course, it goes without saying," Melvin spoke in such a nasally tone, I wondered if he had trained himself to speak directly through this nose, "That they got us working on macs when we should so clearly be working on PC. Not to mention that they force us to work on an intel-core processor. Next thing you know, they'll be forcing us to actually use a wired mouse!"

I couldn't take it anymore, I brought Ayla with me and practically pushed Melvin out of the way. The audience looked like they were about to fall asleep.

"Hey look," I told everyone, "Ayla Zhen is here!"

Everyone's mood changed cheering like crazy seeing Ayla. They loved her. Ayla was the underdog of the group, the quiet, quirky, nerdy-looking one. As it turned out, hot nerdy girls were quite sexy. And her being a lesbian, even if she never admitted it publicly, was also respectful. Next to Fiona, I always felt like I was just one of her followers. But with me and Ayla alone, it was like we were evenly matched rulers of the campus. I liked having her as a side-kick.

"I haven't finished-" Melvin tried to but in.

"Now," I ignored him holding Ayla's side, "You know Ayla's not the most talkative girl in the world, but she agrees with me that we gotta show our support for the Media department. So make your voices heard to the faculty, and let's keep our media rooms in the 21st century. Comprende?"

Another loud splash of applause.

"Thanks everyone, we'll see you next time!" I raised my hand in excitement.

"Thanks," Was all Ayla said into the mic. She raised her gloved hand and we walked to the back of the stage.

"Thank you ladies," Melvin came up to us, "Even if you interrupted my stirring speech."

"Sure," I humored him.

"Listen Jessica," He took off his glasses, which made him look even more geeky somehow, "How would you like to go on a date with me?"

I had to admire his fearlessness. He was way out of our leagues, maybe any woman's league, but he certainly carried himself with pride. I still wasn't about to touch him with a ten-foot poll, but I let him down easy.

"Awww," I smiled, "Gee Melvin, that's so sweet of you but... I'm a lesbian."

Ayla looked my way rather curious.

"Lesbian?" Melvin was very confused. He looked at me strange, "When did you become a lesbian?"

I chuckled, "The second you asked me out."

I know, I'm horrible, but I just couldn't help myself. I grabbed Ayla's hand and ran with her towards our next class.

"Well," Ayla laughed at me, "Now that I know you like girls..."

"Oh Callate!" I told her to shut up.

She laughed.

We joined up with Fiona and Olivia, alone in the next room for English class, who both looked rather annoyed, mostly at Ayla.

"So," Fiona took off her shades to look at Ayla, "I hear you're showing off your new girlfriend to the entire school."

"She's not my girlfriend," Ayla got defensive, "Not yet anyway."

"I thought you were still grieving over Brenda," Olivia said.

"Liv," I told her, "Lay off her would you?"

"My name is NOT LIV!" She screamed.

"Easy," Fiona told her, "Well word around campus is that this girlfriend of your's, or whatever you want to call her, is going to be the new Fiona Five member."

I had heard that rumor as well, though obviously it wasn't true, at least not yet.

"Just because," Ayla clarified, "They think Kelsey and I are a couple?"

"Yes," Fiona admitted.

"I personally think it's irresponsible of you," Olvia scolded Ayla, "Remember, your actions affect the rest of us."

"So what am I supposed to do?" I rarely heard Ayla go at Olivia like this. She was a lot more aggressive than I ever remembered her being, "Get a restraining order and stand ten feet away from her at all times?"

"Ayla," Fiona calmed her down putting her hand on her shoulder, "Believe it or not, I think this could be good for

us." She addressed everyone, "The idea that this apartment dweller girlfriend of Ayla's has got everyone excited. I suppose all the poor kids see her as someone they can relate to. That's good."

Fiona always had some weird scheme going on. She was very easily manipulated by popular opinion.

"But," Olivia, always the buzz-kill, spoke up, "We still have an image to keep. So we'll see how this interview goes! In the meantime," She looked to Ayla, "Can you PLEASE try to keep both your lezbo flintiness under the radar?"

Ayla sighed. I held her side.

Afterwards, I told them about the rally, though I don't think Fiona or Olivia cared all that much except how The Fiona Five's image came off. Then we took our seats, snored through English class and before we knew it, lunch had come. We were going to interview her in the same room, so the teacher chased everyone out of class and we had everything to ourselves. Ayla had a sandwich packed, but didn't want to eat anything until the meeting was over. I felt the same, as I'm sure the two blondes did as well. I really wanted a smoke, as did Fiona I'm sure, but the room was too accessible. Ayla looked very nervous. Maybe she needed a smoke.

Before we knew it, a knock on the door came through. Ayla ran over to open it. Standing in the doorway was Kelsey. She had taken off her glasses which really allowed me to see her face for the first time. I had to admit, Kelsey looked pretty. Sure, her hair was messy, her dress was loose on her, and her shoes did not match her outfit very well, but she still seemed like she could fit in with our group. Giving her a makeover would be easy. Of course she still had the gloves

on, which Fiona would be happy about. However, her nervousness was not completely gone. Her eyes betrayed her insecurity being around us.

"Hey," Ayla spoke up to her, leading her into the room.

"How do you guys get these rooms all to yourself?" She looked around confused.

Fiona and Olivia laughed, I couldn't help but laugh too. Kelsey looked to the ground embarrassed. Ayla put her hand on her shoulder ignoring us:

"Fiona has quite the influence over the faculty."

"You should know that by now," Olivia taunted her.

Ayla led her friend into the room. Fiona positioned herself right in front of the teacher's desk. Olvia leaned against a student desk to her right, while I was symmetrically positioned to her left. Kelsey stood in front of Fiona. It was like a defendant appearing before a judge in an old Twilight Zone episode.

"So," Fiona looked at her phone, checking the name, "You're Kelsey Greenberg?"

Kelsey's eyes opened wider. It was the first time Fiona spoke to her. She rarely spoke to anyone she didn't know; she had the rest of us for that (me mostly).

"Hi Fiona," Kelsey smiled, "Nice to see you again."

"You look nervous," Fiona folded her arms, but did not come off as intimidating.

"I am a little," Kelsey admitted. Ayla looked nervous as well standing next to her.

"No need to be," Fiona spoke.

I could imagine what was going through Kelsey's mind. See, I never had to go through this because Fiona asked me to join her club. I didn't grow up worshiping the ground she walked on, neither did Ayla really. Kelsey probably did. Fiona could be a very intimidating figure, and it was obvious that Kelsey wanted to impress her. I just wasn't sure if she really wanted to be a part of the group or she was doing this for Ayla, as she had done for Brenda years before.

"Interesting dress," Fiona pried, "Where did you purchase it?"

Kelsey looked like she didn't want to answer that. "Uh… I got it from Trinity."

"Trinity," Fiona questioned, "I'm not familiar with that brand. European?"

"No," Kelsey looked down to the ground, "It's a… a thrift store."

Olivia chuckled in a condescending way. Fiona briefly looked to her, then back at Kelsey, "I see. The gloves too?"

"Oh no," Kelsey admitted, "Ayla lent me the gloves." She looked to her.

"She didn't have any purple ones," Ayla explained, "So I gave her some of mine."

Fiona looked to Ayla for a second. I think Fiona was wondering if Ayla had prepped her or not. Of course, I had

prepped all the people I recommended, so I wouldn't have cared. I know Olivia did the same. However, Fiona's look towards Ayla was like her saying 'Don't help her.' Fiona looked back to Kelsey, "You and Ayla seem to be quite close," Fiona looked to her, "For lab partners anyway."

Kelsey looked to Ayla, who must have gotten Fiona's message, because she stayed quiet. Ayla knew Fiona was grilling the new girl, but Kelsey had to stand alone. The interviewee turned back to Fiona, "Yeah, I guess we've turned out to be two peas in a pod!" She smiled, like she had come up with a clever phrase.

"So you're a lesbian?" Olivia asked.

Fiona looked at her friend's direction. Fiona was supposed to be asking all the questions. Olvia had committed a serious faux-pas, but Fiona didn't want to bring it up at this second. Ayla looked her way angrily as well. Kelsey really seemed nervous now. She began to stutter, "I uh… I'm… I'm sorry, I'm not… not comfortable answering that question."

"Very good," Fiona smiled at her. Kelsey was surprised by her answer, "You never want to give too much away about yourself. Keep the mystery intact."

Kelsey smiled feeling like she had impressed her.

"But," Fiona unfolded her arms straightening out her gloves, "You still have to answer MY questions. Ayla mentioned you live downtown?"

"Close to downtown," Kelsey wasn't sure what she was getting at.

"In an apartment?" She asked.

Kelsey sighed, "Yeah."

Olivia shook her head in annoyance.

"What are your aspirations?" Fiona asked her, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Kelsey thought carefully about the question, "Well I'm not sure yet. I was gonna go to college for communications, or an English degree."

Fiona didn't seem impressed by that answer.

"I dunno," Kelsey loosened up, "What do you plan to do after high school?"

All of us looked to Fiona. Few people ever bounced a question back at Fiona. How would she respond? Fiona did indeed raise an eyebrow, visible even behind her sunglasses, "What do I plan to do?" It looked like she had to think about the question herself, "I plan to carry on my family business of course."

That's a bullshit answer, I thought to myself. At least Kelsey's was sincere.

"Right," Kelsey answered.

"Tell me," Fiona asked, "What's your favorite Marilyn Monroe movie?"

And here was the moment when Fiona could very easily dismiss her. Even Ayla looked nervous about this question. Olivia smiled mischievously, hoping she would blow the question like her friends had.

"Hmmm," Kelsey thought about the question, "I don't know if I can answer that."

She's gone, I thought.

"Well then," Fiona spoke up, "Thank-"

"There's so many," Kelsey proceeded, still deep in thought. This answer caused Fiona to stop in her tracks and raise both eybrows, "I mean, GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES is a classic. SEVEN YEAR ITCH… Actually I have kind of a personal affiliation with SOME LIKE IT HOT. It was my grandma's favorite movie."

I was impressed. I looked to Ayla, but she subtly raised her shoulders as if to say 'I didn't tell her.' Ayla smiled at Kelsey's answer. Even Olivia seemed surprised. But it was Fiona herself who would ultimately choose the girl, and right now, she was smiling.

"That's a good one," Fiona mentioned, "You obviously know your classic films."

"Actually," Kelsey began to illuminate, like her nervousness had sudden evaporated, "It would be fun to study film in college." She raised her fists in admiration, "I love the classic looks, the old fashion, the authenticity of it all. I guess it's something we've kind of lost in the modern era."

Little did Kelsey know, this is exactly what Fiona wanted to hear.

After a while, Fiona finally asked Kelsey, "Well, I think I've heard enough. Since I've asked you many questions, do you have any questions about us?"

"Actually, I've had one for a while," Kelsey admitted, "Ayla won't tell me, but… Why do you all wear gloves?" She looked down at her own hands and then back at Fiona.

Oh yes, the question we get asked so often, which Fiona didn't often answer anymore. But she was about to answer it for Kelsey:

"Well you mentioned your love for classic looks and fashion," She moved closer to her showing off her gloves, "There was a time when all women wore gloves. They wouldn't leave the house without them. Mostly for practical reasons, protecting the hands, but they were also so glamorous. Nobody wears them anymore obviously, but we pride ourselves on keeping the tradition alive, wearing the most elegant of dresses, the most elegant of jewelry, and yes, the most elegant of gloves."

"Cool," Kelsey laughed. Nobody else laughed, so she looked like she had committed a faux-pas. "I uh…" Kelsey kept her smile alive, "I really like wearing them."

Fiona moved closer to her, "Well thank you Kelsey, it was a pleasure speaking with you," She held her hand out for Kelsey to shake it.

Kelsey shook her hand in awe, "You too Fiona." She smiled again in a goofy fashion.

"If you'll excuse me," Fiona broke the handshake and put her hands behind her back, "I need to talk with my sisters at the moment."

"Oh of course," Kelsey said, "Good to see you all again. Jessica," She looked to me.

"Thanks Kelsey!" I smiled at her and shook her hand.

"Nice to see you as well, Olivia," Kelsey smiled at the other blonde.

Olivia gave a fake smile at her but stayed where she was.

"I'll walk her out," Ayla said.

"Of course," Fiona allowed it.

We watched Ayla hold Kelsey's hand and lead her out of the room. The two of them looked so cute together. I couldn't help but smile. As soon as they closed the door, Olivia laughed like a hyena:

"She got her dress at a thrift store?!" Olivia continued to laugh, "That my dear Fiona is what we call a loser with a Capital L!" She made an L sign with her hand.

"Can you," Fiona went up to her, took her sunglasses off, and condescendingly explained to her, "Not interrupt me next time I'm conducting an interview?"

"C'mon," Olivia wouldn't let up, "She's not joining our group, so what does it matter?"

Since Ayla wasn't around, I had to stand up for Kelsey, "Why not? I like her."

"Of course you do," Olivia spat at me.

"I mean," I explained myself, "Okay, so she shops at a thrift store, she lives in an apartment, not the most glamorous woman on campus, but she clearly has respect for what we're all about, for us as well. She's got a very amiable personality, seems like someone I could hang out with on a daily basis."

"Well," Fiona looked to me, "There's more to being a Fiona Five member than just being amiable, Jessica."

"Obivously," I spoke up, "Or Olivia wouldn't be in this group."

Olivia mocked me with a laugh.

"I'm going to have to think this over," Fiona said. This meant she was seriously considering her to be a member.

"Fiona," Olivia argued with her, "You know I'd abide by whatever decision you make, but this girl shouldn't even be considered. And personally, I really don't want another dy-another… girl-lover in our group."

"I understand," Fiona brushed her off, "Let's get Ayla back in here. I want to talk to her."

"I'll go get her," I took this as a chance to get away from the two blonde wedas.

When I opened the door, I caught both Kelsey and Ayla making out, in public view. Were they crazy? They broke contact once they saw me, but I couldn't help stare at them in disbelief. They looked back at me pretending nothing was wrong. All the time I had known Ayla, I never knew her to be one for displaying public affection; and Kelsey didn't strike me as one either. What was going on with these two?

"Uh…" I looked to Ayla, "Fiona wants to talk to you."

"Okay," Ayla sighed, running her hand through her 'friend's' hair. Shen then took my place at the door.

"Don't worry," I teased her, "I'll make out with her while you're gone."

Ayla chuckled, "Thanks."

Suddenly I was alone with Kelsey. Honestly, it felt pretty awkward. The new girl probably felt embarrassed. She didn't say anything for a while so I spoke up:

"How you feeling?"

"Okay," Her nervousness had not dwindled in the slightest, "We're - we're not seriously going to make out, right?"

I really wanted to laugh at that. Her naive innocence made me realize what Ayla saw in her. I just said, "Why, do you want to?" And smiled.

I think that managed to lighten her up. She laughed. Good, she had a sense of humor. Then asked out of the blue: "So… what's the word? Am I… am I in?"

Very direct too! Obviously I couldn't give her an answer. First of all, I didn't know, and even if I did, I would leave Fiona to divulge that information, "Well," I explained to her, dipping into a cutesy voice, "These things have to be thought out. It's a big decision, adding our fifth member, as I'm sure you know."

"Right," Kelsey looked to the ground.

"But you have a chance," I put my hand on her shoulder.

"I just-" She said, "I don't want to let Ayla down. I know how much she wants me to be in the group. Oh…" She blushed, "Should I not have said that?"

"It's fine," I chuckled, "We all know how much she's lobbying for you."

She smiled.

"You really care for her don't you?" I asked.

She hesitated.

"I mean," I pointed to the doorway, "The two of you were making out in the hallway just now. Generally I don't make out with anyone in the hallway unless there's some sliver of romance involved."

"W-Well," Kelsey was looking at the ground again. While it was cute at first, I was honestly getting tired of her shy-girl routine. I wanted answers.

"Kelsey," I held her hands. That seemed to wake her up, "Between you and me, Ayla's my best friend. I care for her like a real sister, maybe even more so then Fiona or Olivia. I just don't want to see her get hurt. She's been hurt before and it was painful to watch."

Kelsey looked me in the eye and finally asked, "You're talking about with Brenda right?"

"So you know," I told her.

"Jessica," Kelsey looked me in the eye truthfully, "I do care for Ayla. I mean, I'm a little overwhelmed. I've never had a girlfriend before. I - I want her to be my girlfriend, I'm not even sure if she wants the same-" She was shivering, "I'm sorry, I get really nervous talking about this."

"It's okay," I told her, "That's what we're here for. We all look out for each other."

"I just," Kelsey sighed, "I promise I won't hurt her. If she accepts me, I'll of course accept her."

I smiled hearing that, "You got a good heart, I can see that." I put my arm around her, "Any friend of Ayla's is a friend of mine."

"Thanks Jessica," She said, "You got a good heart too."

I smiled at her.

"Seriously," She mocked me, "Are we gonna make out or what?"

I laughed hard at that statement. Kelsey Greenberg had to be our new member!

Chapter 11

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 11 - Kelsey

Yes, I was nervous as could be the entire time. Thank God Ayla was by my side, it made me feel a little more at ease. Fiona is so incredibly beautiful, but so incredibly intimidating at the same time. I think Olivia made me even more nervous. But somehow, during the interview… I dunno, I just found myself answering her unconsciously and it seemed to work.

"Just tell the truth." Ayla's words echoed in my mind, "Be your usual fun self."

That's what I did.

Afterwards, I bent over outside taking a long hard breath. Ayla picked me up and hugged me: "I'm so proud of you. You did great."

Before I could say anything else, Ayla kissed me. But this kiss was different. The other kisses she gave me were soft, sensual, and didn't last very long. This was an intense make-out session. There were even a few students watching us, which felt really embarrassing, but she didn't seem to care. I guess I didn't care either, because I didn't stop her. Soon, I felt her tongue for the first time. Her gloved hand ran along the back of my head and neck. This was the greatest kiss I'd felt in my entire life, up to this point. No guy I had kissed in the past ever showed the kind of passion

Ayla showed. I suddenly forgot that we were in public, I didn't want it to end. But then Jessica came out, and Ayla put a stop to it. I guess I was embarrassed, but I was just too caught up in the moment to really understand the situation.

I talked to Jessica for a while. She was cool. Unlike Fiona or Olivia, I felt like I could relate to her. Her persona felt genuine to me. She had joked that she would make out with me in Ayla's place. Honestly, I was kind of curious what kissing her would feel like, but I also felt that would be unfair to my potential girlfriend. I don't think Jessica was serious anyway.

Ayla came out one more time and told me she had to stay with her 'sisters.' She'd call me later. She gave me one more kiss, even in front of Jessica.

"Awww," Jessica teased us, "You two are so cute, you know that?"

I felt kind of embarrassed, but I was happy Jessica supported our relationship… if we… had a relationship. I wanted to talk to her about it now that the interview was over, but it would have to wait.

"Call me after school," Ayla ran into the classroom giggling with Jessica and I was left alone.

I went to the cafeteria realizing I had very little time to eat. Ashley and Tom were sitting at our usual spot with a couple other friends we knew. Ashley had managed to save me a sandwich. They were both staring at me differently, like I was already a member of The Fiona Five and thus unapproachable.

"How did it go?" Ashley asked rather timidly.

"Pretty good," I said between bites. I was really hungry but suddenly realized that I still had my purple gloves on. "Shit," I reached into my bag and pulled out those white ones to wear over."

"You're gonna eat," Tom stared at me, "With your gloves on?"

I didn't answer him, I just took another bite of the sandwich.

"So are you now a member?" Ashley asked me, "Are you in The Fiona Five?"

Suddenly everyone else at the table, who had been engaged in their own conversation turned to me with wide-eyes.

"I don't know yet," I told her, "Fiona said thank you, shook my hand and said needed to talk with the others in private."

"Oh my God," Ashley still said her catchphrase in a more timid way, "What's she like?"

I though about the question, "Um… I dunno, it's kind of hard to explain."

"I bet she's a real pre-madonna," Tom voiced his opinion.

"You don't even know what a pre-madonna is," Ashley scolded him.

"Yes I do," He told her.

"I don't think she is," I answered still with my mouthful. I guess it was very unsophisticated for me to talk while eating, "She's… Honestly I'm not sure, she's very guarded but… she's got this beauty that's almost… like divine or

something. It really does feel like you're in the presence of a Goddess when you're around her."

Everyone started pouncing on me, questioning all about them all.

"Jessica Perez… she's actually really nice."

"Yeah," Ashley smiled coming out of her shell, "I can't believe she shook my hand!"

"I say it's an act," Tom just couldn't be positive today.

"Olivia Caldwell…" I tried to think of something nice to say about her, "Well… I'm not sure about her. And then… Ayla…" I gulped and smiled thinking about her.

"She's a little scary," Tom admitted.

"No she's not," I patronized him, "She's… the most… the sweetest girl I've ever met," I suddenly felt my body melt like chocolate on a sunny day talking about her, "She's just amazing."

"So," Ashley pried, "You two really are a couple, right?"

"I'm guess so, but," I hesitated, "I'm not sure yet."

"Not sure of anything today," Ashley teased, "Are you?"

"I guess not," I laughed, "Very uncertain future for Kelsey Greenberg right?"

"So…" Tom spoke up, "Is she actually coming to bowling with us?"

I had forgotten all about that…

The bell rang and it was time for our last period class. My mind was so distracted, I didn't hear a word the teacher said, didn't even remember what subject I was in. I just thought about everything that had happened. I was also really starting to finally come to terms with the idea that I was a lesbian. I always accepted the idea that I might be bisexual, I was attracted to the person more than their gender. But if I was Ayla's girlfriend, I would be labeled a lesbian, and already I seemed to be treated differently. Sure, Ayla was a school-level celebrity, so that added to it, but being a lesbian had to come with it's own hurtles and adjustments. My friends seemed to already know about it, and were very supportive of it. I would eventually have to come out to my family… my dad.

I guess I was just thankful I lived in a liberal town, without anti-gay extremists, and this school was surprisingly open to homo-sexuality. The state allowed gay-marriage, so if things got serious between Ayla and I, we wouldn't have to worry about being discriminated against by our own government at least. The supreme court had ruled in favor of gay rights. I wasn't naive, I knew that discrimination would continue regardless what the law said. We had a black president and racism was still alive and well in parts of the country, maybe even more so. Ayla and I would probably have to deal with that for the rest of our lives no matter where we went. But for Ayla, it would all be worth it.

God, what's wrong with me? I thought. We've known each other for a week and I'm already planning our wedding. Why don't we just go bowling and focus on having fun? Still images of Ayla couldn't escape my mind… Actually images of Fiona came to mind as well. I guess I really did have a crush on her as well, I always did. But Ayla was obviously the girl for me. Get these thoughts out of your head, I told myself.

FINALLY, the bell rang and I ran out of class. I pulled out my phone and dialed Ayla as fast as possible. No answer… dammit! I simply walked to the front of the school hoping I could catch her coming out. I stared at the sky. While the day had been sunny as could be, a few small clouds were beginning to interfere with the sun. Then my phone chimed. A text! It was her allright:

"Hey I gotta do something with the girls for a bit, what time r u going bowling?"

I immediately started to text her back. It was very difficult to do it with gloves on. I had to push harder. I guess I would just have to get used to texting with gloves. I was surprised I could do it as well as I could, but I finally gave up and just took one off. I really hoped Ayla or any of the Fiona Five members wouldn't catch me without one of my gloves on. Maybe I would have to kiss my place in their group goodbye. But I texted Ayla:

"Very soon. We're going to Del-Mar Lanes. We can wait for you in the park if you want."

"Hey," I heard some girl's voice interrupt me as I sent the text. There was a whole group of them staring at me star-struck. They looked like freshmen, "Aren't you Ayla Zhen's girlfriend?"

"Uh…" I didn't how to answer the question. What would Fiona do? I thought. Well for one thing, Fiona would have her posse around her, so she wouldn't have to say anything. But something came over me. I felt confident. I stood taller against these freshmen. Realizing my glove was still off, I pulled it back on. I channeled Fiona in my delivery, smiling arrogantly towards them:

"Well, I'm afraid that information is classified. Gotta keep the mystery intact."

Did I just say that?

The girls all screamed and swarmed me. Now it was getting scary:

"Can we please hang out with you?"

"Where's Fiona at?"

"Can I wear your gloves please?"

I wanted Ayla to come save me from these fangirls. Sure it was fun having them around, but I felt very intimidated suddenly.

"All right, all right," A familiar male voice came in and broke up the fans, "Let Ms. Greenberg be, she's very busy."

Tom began to push them away with Ashley by his side.

"Hey," One of the girls whined, "Who are you?"

"I'm Ms. Greenberg's manager," He said, "Now beat it!"

The first girl who had talked to me waved and said, "Bye Ms. Greenberg! Let's hang out soon!"

Ashley held my shoulder and laughed, "Better get used to that," She told me.

I hung my head, but was suddenly greeted by one more text... Ayla:

"LOL that's actually right near my house! You guys go ahead, I'll meet you there "

Del-Mar Lanes was pretty busy already. We had taken the bus to the bowling alley and the three of us decided to get something to eat. We got a booth in the diner. I was sitting by myself, while Ashley and Tom sat together. Tom had his arm around Ashley's shoulders. They continued to grill me about The Fiona Five, particularly Fiona herself. They wanted to know everything about her. Honestly, it was starting to get annoying. I guess I could see now why Fiona and the girls were more guarded. I had ordered a burger, once again drawing white gloves over my purple ones.

Soon into eating my food, I felt someone sit down next to me, "Hey!" It was Ayla, and suddenly my whole mood changed.

"Ayla," I hugged her.

She had changed into a t-shirt and jeans, and it looked like she had changed into blue satin gloves. Maybe she didn't want to bowl in her leather gloves. I of course was still in my dress, now feeling a little out of place.

"This is so weird," Ayla looked to my friends, who suddenly tensed up, "I live like right down the street. I haven't been to this bowling alley in… God I don't know how long."

Neither of my friends said anything.

"How's the burger?" She asked me.

"Well," I said, "It's not Maxies."

"Well," She looked to Tom, "Few are, right?"

"They were making meat out of people," Tom confessed.

"I keep telling you Tom," Ashley spoke up, "You were just hallucinating that."

"I know what I saw!" Tom pointed to her.

Ayla took a bite of my burger, "Then this burger here could use some people meat." She and I laughed.

As we finished eating, Ayla asked Ashley and Tom about themselves. She even questioned whether the two of them were a couple or not. I don't think she ever got a straight answer out of either of them. Ayla had already eaten with Fiona's gang, so she wasn't hungry, though she sponged off of my fries.

We took drinks to an alley ready for us, got some bowling shoes, and began our game. Ashley laughed at me for wearing bowling shoes with a dress and gloves. At least Ayla looked normal, even if she had gloves on. We allowed Ayla to be first. And no, she didn't take her gloves off when she bowled. That might have been the reason why her first roll was a gutterball.

"Dammit!" She stamped her feet.

I think as Ashley and Tom saw Ayla was just a regular girl and not some elitist goddess, they began to loosen up and joke around with her. Ayla in turn did the same. It made me so happy to see my friends and potential girlfriend getting along so well. Though Ashley was grilling us both for leaving our gloves on. Speaking of which, I didn't fair so well bowling. I got three pins on my first frame. If I hadn't been wearing the gloves, I would've done a little better.

"All right you two wusses," Tom picked up his ball, "Watch and learn."

First frame: Strike! That's how Tom always bowled. Ayla was impressed. Ashley did well too. But Ayla kept losing her ball in the gutter. Despite this, she seemed to be having fun just bowling with us.

"I'm guessing," Ashley asked holding onto her shoulder, "The Fiona Five doesn't bowl much."

"No," Ayla smiled at her.

"Speaking of which," I asked, "Where are the girls tonight?"

"Well," Ayla admitted, "Fiona and Olivia are at this art gallery. I actually invited Jessie, but she's not a bowler. I think she's on a date."

"Is she a lesbian also?" Tom asked her.

"I'm not at liberty to discuss such things," Ayla told him.

Ayla and I did start getting the hang of it by the end, but Tom mopped the floor with us. His final score was almost 250. Every frame he either got a strike or picked up a spare.

"Tom," Ayla admitted, "You should be bowling professionally."

"Well," Tom stuck his chest out, "I would, but it don't want it to get in the way of my music career."

"What are you talking about?" Ashley asked him, "You don't play music."

"What?" Tom yelled back at her, "Says who?"

"Do you play an instrument?" Ayla asked.

"No," Tom answered.

"You sing then?" She asked.

Tom was a bit slower answering, "No."

"Do you…" Ayla was running out of things to ask, "Know how to work recording studios or whatever?"

After looking at all of us, he finally answered, "No."

"Yeah I'm with Ashley on this one," Ayla held Ashley's side, "Stick to bowling."

Ashley laughed and allowed her head to drop into Ayla's shoulder. I thought this looked so cute, I cracked a stupid smile.

After we played another game, we all walked out together. It was so much fun. All of us were friends, they had embraced Ayla, accepting her as one of them. Unfortunately our good mood was ruined when we saw the rain coming down outside. It was raining hard.

"You know," Ashley spoke up first, "I'm thinking of moving to California."

"I'll go with you," Tom said.

"Did you bring an umbrella?" I asked Ayla.

"I didn't," She admitted, "We could all go to my house, it's not far, we'll just have to get to make a run for it."

Go to Ayla's house? I thought. I wondered what that would entail. Though all four of us would be together, so it would probably be okay. I saw Tom and Ashley look at each other. Ashley finally spoke up and told me:

"Um, I think we need to head home. You guys go ahead." I could swear she gave me a wink.

"You sure?" Ayla asked, "I can call a car service to come pick you guys up."

"No it's fine," Ashley smiled, "Tom and I'll wait for the bus."

"We will?" He asked looking at her.

Ashley stamped his foot and her friend winced in pain.

"Okay," Ayla said, "Well it was great hanging with you guys."

She gave both of them a hug. I did the same and told them I'd call them over the weekend.

"Okay Kelsey," Ayla drew a heavy breath, "You ready to make a run for it?"

"Well I don't know-" Before I could finish, Ayla grabbed my hand and dragged me out of the building.

We immediately got soaking wet, but we held onto each other as we ran down the street. We were laughing at each other the whole time. Being native Seattleites, we were used to rain, but it was never fun being caught in a downpour. We should've known better not to take umbrellas, but honestly, having Ayla in my arms while our boots splashed water all over the place was strangely fun. We passed one street… then another… then another…

"I thought you said you lived just down the street," I asked her. I had to take my glasses off now, they were soaked. Ayla kept her's on.

"Almost there!" She told me.

A couple more streets down, we finally arrived to her house. It was a beautiful two story house, not necessarily a giant mansion, but very impressive. It certainly beat the apartment I lived in. Ayla hurried to take the keys out and let us in. There was a small alarm that went off, but Ayla put her bag down and typed in a key-code on the wall that stopped it. I put my drenched bag down as well, hoping the contents inside weren't too wet.

We both stopped in the front entrance staring at each other. We were drenched. Ayla was laughing. I had to move my wet hair out my face to see her. Even with my glasses off, I could see Ayla very well. I could see her bangs completely covering her forehead. Fortunately, her hair was still in a ponytail, so it wasn't too messy. She had used her gloved hands to wipe off her round glasses, but they were still accentuated with drops of rain. Her t-shirt was so wet, I could not only see her bra underneath, I could actually see the shape of her nipples. Suddenly, I felt a heat surging through my body, warming me up from the wet clothes. But her laughter was so contagious, I started laughing so hard as well.

"Take off your shoes," She told me still giggling.

I did so, realizing that they were drenched. My dress and gloves were so drenched they looked like they had changed color.

"Anyway," Ayla said after her shoes were off, "This is my house."

I decided to pull out my glasses, wiping them off slightly with my gloved hands, and could see the living room. It was quite nice, had sort of a 'fen shui' vibe to do. It was spotless. There were a couple pieces of art lined on the wall, but the

house didn't seem too far from belonging to a working-class family… at least a well-off working class family. In the back, I could see a yard and a pool-house. I couldn't see if there was an actual pool or not, but we were already wet, so there was no point in checking it out.

"It's cool," I told her, "Much more than my crappy apartment."

"Oh stop it," She playfully reprimanded me.

"Are your parents home?" I asked.

"No," She admitted, "It's Friday night, they're working at the restaurant till late. And Donna went home for the weekend." She wrapped her arms around my shoulders, "We have the whole place to ourselves." She spoke seductively, and smiled so sweetly, I felt my spin tingle. Then she kissed me with angel lips.

I moaned closing my eyes. I'm alone with Ayla Zhen in her own house… be still my beating heart!

"Hey," She told me, "We need to change out of these clothes. C'mon." She took me by the hand and led me upstairs.

Suddenly it dawned on me: Change out of our clothes? I didn't bring a change of clothes. I knew I should have. But this meant Ayla and I were going to be naked together. I suddenly felt really nervous. What would she think seeing my naked body? How would I react seeing her's?

Chapter 12

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter Notes:

Okay you'll notice Kelsey's still the narrator, that's because this is basically an extension of Chapter 11. The reason I split them up, aside from length, is because this chapter will contain adult sexual content. Again, I will try to keep the graphic descriptions to a minimum, but if you're uncomfortable reading this, wait for the next chapter.

Chapter 12 - Kelsey (continued)

She led me into a large bathroom upstairs. It was luxurious. Were we going to take a bath together?

"Your dress is so wet," She admitted, "I can see your nipples!"

I immediately covered my chest embarrassed by the thought. She laughed at that.

"Hey it's okay," She admitted, "I'm sure you can see mine too."

"How are you so calm about it?" I asked her.

"I dunno," Ayla smiled untying her hair, "Because I'm weird." She laughed, and suddenly her hair fell freely and she shook her head. Ayla looked so differently with her blue hair untamed. I never saw anything like it. Then she took off her

glasses for the first time ever. I had never seen her naked eyes. It would've been like I was looking at a completely different person, but that unforgettable face was still there with the most gorgeous smile I'd ever seen in my life.

She reached out to me and took off my glasses, "You can see pretty well without these right?"

"Not too well," I told her not wanting to get into the specifics of my nearsightedness. "What about you?"

"I'm blind as a bat without them," She admitted, probably exaggerating, and came really closed to me, "But I can see you."

Seeing her naked eyes was so enticing, maybe even more so than seeing her naked body… or even her naked hands. That reminded me, was I finally going to see those hands of her's without gloves on?

The first thing she did was drop her jeans. She wore such short skirts, her long legs were nothing I hadn't seen before. The only difference is that this time, I saw her blue lace panties. WOW! I rarely ever saw my friends' panties, and even then tried not to stare. Is it okay for me to stare at her? I mean we're practically a couple now. But her underwear was so drenched, I could practically see-through them!

I can see Ayla Zhen's vagina, I thought to myself. I tried not to stare, but it took a lot of willpower. But she didn't really seem to care much. She just carried on like it was no big deal.

"Can you help me take this off?" She lifted the bottom of her shirt.

I shuttered at the thought. After a nervous sigh, I grabbed both sides of her shirt and removed it. Peeling it off, inch by inch, her naked torso began to reveal itself. She was SOOOO skinny, but still had modest abs. I actually felt inferior finally seeing what was underneath that top. Then came her bra. Of course it was blue. I started to wonder what was her obsession with the color blue. But I was even more noticing her boobs. They were bigger than I had imagined. They weren't huge, at least that was one thing I had over her, but they were still so proportionately shaped with the rest of her body. Now I really wanted to see them naked. Finally I pulled the t-shirt off of her. Ayla's hair fell back down. She hung her wet clothes over the shower curtain.

So here she was: Ayla Zhen, her wet blue hair free falling, her eyes free from glasses, wearing only a bra, panties and long wet satin gloves, all in blue. I was starting to feel every muscle in my body tense up at this moment.

"You like what you see?" Ayla put one hand on her waist and another behind her head. She bent her legs ever so slightly in a seductive way. Posing like that, Ayla could have been a glamour model.

All I could do was nod while my jaw stayed dropped. I was starting to breathe heavier.

"Let's get you out of this," She told me.

Interesting that she had been the one to put the dress on me that morning, and now she was about to take it off. But I held my hands up, and allowed her to pull it up. I guess I wasn't the only one getting overheated by this moment, because Ayla's expression changed to one of awe seeing me in my underwear.

"Your bra's wet," She said, "I'm gonna take it off, okay?"

"Um…" I stalled, but I didn't protest.

Ayla just went ahead and undid it. It did feel nice to get out of that wet bra, but now I could see my breasts were naked. I instinctively covered them up with my gloved hands. I felt so self-conscious doing this in front of her.

"You don't have to cover up," Ayla chuckled. She moved my hands out of the way and rubbed the tips of her gloved fingers along my chest, "You're beautiful."

"I don't feel beautiful," I admitted to her, trying to cover up again, "I'm sorry," I chuckled, "I've never had another girl touch my breasts like that before."

"It's okay," She assured me. Very quickly, she undid her own bra and let her boobs come out.

… Ayla Zhen's boobs… Holy shit!

They were amazing. I couldn't believe how beautiful and shapely her chest was. I felt like I was going to start going crazy. It didn't help that she brought her wet gloved hands to her breasts and pushed them together, "I have breasts too. See?"

I laughed at her cutesy voice, but honestly, I did feel better both of us being topless together.

Suddenly, Ayla shivered feeling the touch of her own wet satin-gloved hands, "I love the way these gloves feel. Wet gloves touching my nipples… it's amazing."

I started shaking like mad, still covering myself up. I couldn't even think. This was just… I have no idea! It was unreal. Ayla must have picked up on my nervous uncertainty,

because she stopped touching herself and inched closer to me.

"Come here baby," She hugged me. I felt her breasts press against mine. "You don't need to be nervous around me."

Then she kissed me. It was a real make-out session this time. At first, we just touched lips. Then we allowed our mouths to open and close in sync. Soon enough, our tongues slipped in and were dancing together. I could feel her cool breath on my lips. Her eyes were closed, but I kept mine open just wanting to see that beautiful face of her's. That was something about her asian features that just drove me wild. I felt her gloved hands rub my back. The feeling of the wet gloves really was sensual. But then she brought them to the front, allowing them to lighty tickle my collarbone. Before I knew it, they were on my breasts. The feeling was so amazing, but also so overwhelming.

This whole thing was overwhelming!

It shouldn't have been, we had sex on the phone. But person-to-person was so much more… well personal! I suddenly had flashbacks. I thought back to the first time I let a boy touch my breasts, how I let him have his way with me, and how it was all for nothing. He had left me for someone else. I also thought back to what Jessica said:

"I just don't want to see her get hurt. She's been hurt before and it was painful to watch."

As much as I wanted to continue, to feel this immense feeling of ecstasy, I had to hold her hands and break the kiss:

"Wait," I told her, "Hold on, wait a minute."

"I'm sorry," Ayla suddenly had a look of guilt, "Am I going too fast? I don't mean to, I just-" It was the first time I ever saw Ayla lose her cool. I couldn't blame her.

"No no no," I reassured her kissing to silence her, "It's fine… I'm just…" I sighed.

"What is it Kelsey?" She put her hand to my cheek, "Remember what I said? You can tell me anything." Her voice was so soft, so caring, so pretty. I started to regret breaking our moment.

"It's just," I looked her in the eye, "I need to know where we stand right now."

Ayla hesitated, looking nervous for a change, "Where we stand?"

"I mean," I fumbled, "We said we'd talk about our relationship after The Fiona Five thing, but we haven't yet. And now," I laughed nervously, "Here we are in your house, naked, it's…" I slowed down and explained myself, "Look, I've - I've had boyfriends before, and I rushed into things and did stuff with them I regret. I don't want-,"

God was I making any sense whatsoever? Get your head together Kelsey. Put your heart on the line for this girl:

"Ayla," I held her hands and looked her in the eyes like I was proposing to her, "I really like you. A LOT! I want us to be a couple. I want you to be my girlfriend. I don't want us to rush into something and do things we'll regret later."

Ayla sighed and lowered her head, "I see," She looked back to me, "I like you too Kelsey. I want to bit with you, I just…" She scratched the back of her head and sighed louder, "I guess I'm still afraid."

"Afraid?" I asked.

"I had a girlfriend for a long time," She confessed, "We did everything. And then she left," Ayla closed her eyes. I could tell this was still painful to her. I decided to hug her.

"I'm sorry," I told her.

"No," She said, "It's fine. I'm better now," She looked me in the eye again, "But just like you said, I'm afraid to get involved in something I'll regret later. I do want us to be a couple. I want to be close to you. I want to…" She smirked, "Well… I want to do stuff."

I chuckled, "I mean, I kinda do too, even if I've never done it before."

"But," Ayla revealed, "I guess I'm just afraid to have a girlfriend again. I know it sounds like I'm contradicting herself."

I knew exactly what she meant. She liked me, and I liked her, but she had been through so much with Brenda, it was hard to just pick up again and call another her girlfriend.

"Maybe we just need more time?" I told her.

Ayla slowly closed her eyes and titled her head back. Her eyes eventually came back to me, "Yeah, but… I want you… bad. I just can't repress my desires."

"I guess I can't either," I told her, "Besides, I guess we've technically already done it on the phone."

"I promise you," She told me, "It won't be something we'll regret. You have my word. I really do want us to be a couple.

And I will care for you and be loyal to you, and give you my unconditional love."

I felt like I was gonna cry hearing such romantic words for the girl I longed for.

Then her tone changed, she held my sides and looked at me seductively, "Kelsey… I want you…" She hesitated for the longest time before finally whispering, "… to fuck me!"

… I went crazy hearing that. I felt like I could explode just from those words. Suddenly, I attacked her. I kissed her so intensely, she did the same. We suddenly fell to the floor. We were gonna make love right there on the bathroom rug.

"No no no," Ayla stopped me, "Not here." She picked me up with both hands and dragged me into her room.

We were so into the moment, I didn't even bother to acknowledge what her bedroom looked like. She pinned me to the bed and ravaged me. I felt like she could bite me at any moment, but there was still a gentle sensuous nature to this moment of passion.

I was about to do it. I was about to have sex with Ayla Zhen. I was about to become a lesbian. And I could never look back from here. Even if my virginity was already taken by some boy, this was my real deflowering moment. But then my inner-monolog shut down. I felt Ayla's body caressing against my own, the feeling of our breasts squeezing together. That drove me crazy. Suddenly, she broke the kiss to drop down and pull my panties off. She hesitated staring at me. Suddenly she crawled back and continued to kiss me. I was hoping to feel her tongue, having heard of how amazing that was supposed to be.

Instead, Ayla brought her satin gloved finger into my mouth. I knew what she was doing. I sucked on her clothed finger, a rather strange sensation, but allowed the gloved finger to dampen as much as possible. When Ayla saw fit, she took her hand out of my mouth and reached down. She bent her legs, propping her bottom up ever so slightly and let her finger work it's magic.

I had felt the touch of a gloved finger on my own, but a wet gloved finger, Ayla's wet gloved finger… it was in its own category of pleasure. Having Ayla's tongue in my mouth, one hand on my breast and another hand softly tickling my most sensitive of areas, I began to shake and moan like crazy. Thank God no one was home, because I was getting louder and louder and louder.

It did not take long for my body to tense-up and feel my orgasm flush out.

Ayla laughed, "Wow, that was quick."

"More please!" I begged her.

"Okay," But this time, she didn't use her finger. She slid down and used her tongue. Just the feeling of her tongue against me almost made me jump out of bed. Looking down, I saw Ayla's eyes look up at me. I grabbed her hand trying to alleviate the pleasurable tension of this moment. Once again, my climax was imminent and I screamed in intense passion.

I had to rest for a second. It wore me out. The was the most pleasurable I'd ever felt in my life, and it was with the girl of my dreams. She came back to my side and hugged me.

"How was that?" She smiled.

I sighed with relief, and decided to joke with her, "Terrible."

She laughed so hard, taking one of her pillows and smacking me in the face with it, "That's not nice Kelsey!"

I laughed too, "I'm kidding, I'm kidding."

"You better be!" She chuckled.

I kissed her again, "Can I do you?"

Ayla put her hand to her lips and looked to the ceiling, "Hmmm…"

"Or I guess I don't have to," I teased her.

"Awww," Ayla whined.

I then held my hands up, "I guess you'd want me to keep my gloves on?"

Ayla's eyes pondered, suddenly she got up from the bed, "Actually, can you wear something for me?"

"What?"

"I'll be right back," Ayla disappeared into her walk-in closet. What was she going to bring out. I was starting to get nervous, wondering if she had some crazy fantasies she wanted me to act out. The glove fetish was already different, what else was she into?

Suddenly she appeared. I got a really amazing look at her naked body with the blue gloves still on. I could never get tired of that image. But now, Ayla was holding a pair of really long black gloves, made of shiny rubber-like material.

"I want you to wear these," She smiled.

My eyes went wide. I wish I had my glasses so I could see them better, "What are those?"

"These are my black latex gloves," She said seductively.

"Latex gloves?" I laughed at her, "I thought you meant like doctor's gloves when you told me that on the phone."

"Nope," Ayla said, "I want you…" She came to my side setting the gloves on top of my naked stomach, "To put these gloves on…" She started to remove my satin gloves and then looked at me, "And touch me."

"I guess I could do that," I smiled, "Since you touched me."

Ayla chuckled. She pulled out a small bottle of what looked like a bottle of lubrication cream. With my gloves off, which truth be told, felt nice removing the wet accessories, Ayla rubbed it all over my hands and arms. And suddenly, I felt her pull these new black gloves on. They were TIGHT! More so, they went all the way up to my armpits. Pulling them on seemed like such a chore. How was I going to get them off?

But one thing was for certain, they were sexy as well. It's almost my hands were painted in shiny black latex. I thought they looked so hot on my hands, I really wanted to see Ayla in them, but I didn't think I'd have the energy to pull them on her afterwards. I wasn't even sure I could leave them on for very long.

"Wow," Ayla sat back to look at me, "You look SOOOO hot in those!"

"All right," I told her, "Lie down!"

I felt very commanding with them on and I proceeded to rub them all over Ayla's body. She tingled and smiled so much

feeling my latex gloved hands. Then they made their way for Ayla's panties. I got to pull them off and finally see the undiscovered country on my girlfriend's body. I had to let my eyes take it all in.

"Are you gonna stare at it all day?" Ayla teased me, "Or are you gonna make me cum?"

And suddenly I let my fingers work their magic. The problem was, I had no idea what I was doing. I had never touched another girl before. Ayla guided me, telling me what she liked and soon enough I was pleasuring her just as she did for me. I even tried to let my tongue join in the fun, but it seemed like Ayla really just wanted glove play. So I focused more on that. Ayla's body began to tense up, she was grinding her feet against the sheets. Soon after Ayla's torso shot itself up, like she was doing a sit-up position, and her legs shook more. I stopped when I realized she was satisfied.

"Oh God!" Ayla whimpered, "That was amazing!"

She jumped up to her knees and began squeezing me and kissing me so hard.

"Kelsey," She said to me, "I want you to be my girlfriend."

My heart skipped a beat. A tear came to my eye, "Okay. So that means we're a couple?"

"Of course," Ayla smiled. She squeezed me. It almost felt like she was holding back tears, "I'm so happy I found you." She looked back at me, and sure enough her eyes were red, "Don't ever leave me."

"I won't," I promised her.

"Can you stay the night?" She asked, "Please?"

Stay the night… wow. A week ago, I was just Ayla Zhen's lab partner, and now we were a lesbian couple sleeping together at her own house. How did this happen?

"Okay," I told her, "But… are you sure your parents will be okay with that?"

"They won't care," She admitted, "Probably won't even notice."

I held up my black latex gloved hands. They were starting to feel really tight now, "I don't think I can sleep with these gloves on."

"Right," Ayla started to peel them off, inside out. My arms and hands sighed with relief. "I'm gonna have to wash these," Ayla told me, threw the latex gloves on the bed, and then looked at her own gloves, "I guess I should change out of these wet gloves as well." Suddenly she looked at me, holding up her gloves.

Wait… was she about to take them off?

She did. Very slowly, and very carefully, Ayla pulled off her blue satin gloves. And for the first time ever, I saw her naked hands slowly revealed. After the gloves were off, she held her hands very delicately, like she was embarrassed. Showing her breasts and vagina didn't bother her, but showing her hands… that was a different story. And I as well felt a shiver down my spine seeing them. I had wanted to see them since the beginning. Her hands were nice, nothing special, but also very odd considering I had seen them covered all the time. I reached out and held her naked hands in my own. The sensual feeling of her creamy skin

was so enticing. But for Ayla, she winched like it was painful. I decided to be even more gentle with my touch.

"Wow," I said, "This is the first time I've seen your hands."

"Well," she assured me, "Don't get too used to them. I'm still going to wear gloves all the time. You're one of the few people who gets to see my hands. Even Fiona and the girls don't see them."

"Could you," I asked, "Leave them off while we sleep?"

She shook her head, "I can't sleep without them, sorry."

"Oh," I said, "That's okay then."

"Kelsey," She had to tell me, "Even if we're a couple, you will rarely see my hands. You know I never take them off, and that's the truth. Regardless of what Fiona told you, I personally feel so uncomfortable when I'm not wearing gloves. I don't know why, I can't explain it. I just can't forgo wearing them."

I realized Ayla was really revealing a deep personal secret telling me this. I was so touched that she trusted me enough to tell me this and show me her hands, "It's okay Ayla. You can wear them."

Ayla smiled and kissed me. It's like she wanted to say, 'You get me.' And she told me, "But I'll tell you what, you can spend more time with my naked hands in the shower. We gotta clean ourselves up."

"Shower," I asked, "We're showering together?"

"If you want to see my hands, we have to."

I smiled at her and simply said, "Okay!"

Chapter 13

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 13 - Ayla

I meant what I said when I told Kelsey I wanted her to be my girlfriend. Maybe I acted impulsively, but that's how I felt at the moment. Did I still miss Brenda? Yes. Did I still want to move on and find somebody to love? Of course. Ever since our venture downtown, I was growing more and more enamored by Kelsey. Our phone-sex encounter probably helped. But I just loved being around her. I didn't have to be Ayla The Fiona Five goddess, I could just be myself, and I think Kelsey liked that.

And I won't lie… she was good in bed. That may have had something to do with it.

We showered together, though Kelsey was all over my naked hands. I guess she really wanted to take advantage of them knowing she wouldn't have access to them often. It didn't bother me too much. Up until I met Brenda, I didn't wear gloves on a regular basis. It was only at the peak of our relationship that wearing them became a necessity. Plus, if Kelsey and I were going to be a couple, she was going to have to see my naked hands eventually. I figured it was best to get it out of the way now. Still, Kelsey really seemed fascinated by my hands.

After the shower, I was really quick to dry them off and put on a pair of elbow-length blue satin gloves on. When Kelsey

saw how many pairs of gloves I had in my drawer, her jaw dropped. She still had my black satin gloves downstairs, but I just gave her a similar pair because I liked her in black.

"So the first thing you do," Kelsey smiled, "When getting out of the shower is put gloves on?"

"Mmmm-hmmm," I nodded to her.

She laughed but in a more endearing way. Soon enough, she drew on her black gloves admiring their smooth texture as she rubbed them against her own cheeks. Kelsey then proceeded to rub them all over my naked body. Soon enough we were kissing again and feeling each other up. Seemed like it was going to be a long night of passionate love making. I figured we'd have to draw some latex gloves over our satin ones. I couldn't completely fill my washer and dryer with gloves.

Speaking of which, I threw her dress and gloves, as well as my own clothes into the washer and dryer. I think Kelsey enjoyed watching me put on household rubber gloves while doing this. Soon enough, her clothes were dry, but I still lent her some of mine to wear for the night, something more comfortable. I kind of though Kelsey looked cute in my pajamas.

For the rest of the night, we sat in the bed, naked, except our gloves, and watched a classic black and white movie. Well, we kind of watched the movie, our attention spans would often be drawn to each other, and I would feel Kelsey's gloved hand tickling me to ecstasy. I would do the same. I think after the fifth or sixth time both of us had an orgasm, we finally passed out on my bed. I was still sure to pull up the covers on the off chance my parents snooped in my bedroom; though they wouldn't have cared anyway.

Having spent so many sleepless nights alone in my bed, wishing Brenda was by my side, it was pure heaven having Kelsey with me. I'm not sure how well Kelsey slept, but I was knocked out.

The next morning, I told her we should go out to breakfast, quietly so my parents didn't wake up. We were already showered, so I lent her some of my clothes, jeans and t-shirt. I told her I wanted her to wear the gloves all day without taking them off. She agreed.

So we slipped out and went to a diner nearby.

"Are you hanging out with The Fiona Five today," She asked me as we ate.

I shook my head, "I'm not sure. Fiona usually makes plans for us on Saturday night."

"I guess I wouldn't be invited," Kelsey looked down.

I reached out and grabbed her cheek. She was so cute, "When you're a member, you'll be going to all the big concert events, seeing the best plays, eating the finest cuisine… well, actually Maxie's is the best, and Fiona's not into it."

Kelsey chuckled, "All that sound so exciting."

"It will be," I said, "When you're with me." I leaned over and held her hand for a minute.

"So," Kelsey was still curious, "You think Fiona's going to accept me?"

I sighed, "I certainly hope so."

I didn't know what was going through Fiona's mind at the moment. She could spend days trying to figure out what she wanted to do as far as Kelsey was concerned. There were no texts or messages from her, or Olivia or Jessie, so no news was good news. Anyway, I didn't want to think about that. Today was about spending time with my girlfriend.

Spending the morning with Kelsey was just a lot of fun. We took a bus into the city, walked along the river holding hands the entire time. The sun was out, it was just a glorious day. Eventually, we were back at the Waterfront Park, where we went on our first date. There was an all-girl jazz band playing right on the boardwalk: A saxophone player, guitarist, upright bassist and drummer. They seemed like they were all in college. Kelsey pulled my hand drawing me into the crowd gathered around the band. She was very interested in watching them play.

It was ironic, because Fiona had taken me to many upscale jazz performances which bored me to sleep. Truth be told, I wasn't the biggest appreciator of jazz to begin with. But these girls were really cooking. I found my toes tapping.

"Wanna dance?" I joked to her.

"Oh God no!" Kelsey chuckled, "I can't dance to save my life."

This was the kind of music I was used to dancing to. I had taken swing-dance classes as a child. In fact, I had taken a few with Fiona and the others. So I just grabbed Kelsey's hands and started leading her. I didn't do anything crazy, just simple moves so she could keep up. Kelsey was a bit self-conscious. What a sight it must have been to see two beautiful lesbian high school girls, with long gloves on, dancing in broad daylight for all to see. I was having a blast,

and I think the band was getting a kick out of seeing us together.

Soon after we were finished, getting some applause from the crowd, I got a text: It was Olivia. God help me...

"Come to Voila Bistrot for lunch with Fiona and I."

"What's up?" Kelsey asked me as we walked away from the crowd.

"Oh Fiona wants to meet for lunch," I began texting. Realizing I had my satin gloves on, which were harder to text with, I licked the tips of my satin thumbs for easier texting. I realized I'd have to go somewhere and change. I couldn't go see Fiona and Olvia in public wearing a t-shirt and jeans, and certainly not with satin gloves on. Fortunately I had a change of clothes in my bag.

"You wet your fingers?" Kelsey asked, "That's how you text better?"

"With satin gloves," I told her, "My leather gloves are actually very easy to text with." I looked to her, "Do you wanna come with me?"

"Um," Kelsey looked indecisive, "Sure, if it's okay with them."

I texted Olivia: *"I'm with Kelsey at the moment Can I bring her along?"*

I smiled at my girlfriend happy at the prospect of her hanging out with my friends. It was fun going bowling with her's, but I knew Fiona and Olivia were much more selective about who they hung out with.

Then a text came back from Olivia: *"No"* was all she wrote.

Well, I rest my case.

I was really annoyed. I wanted to spend the day with Kelsey, be with her ever minute of the day. Now it looked like I had to be called away to deal with these two. It was actually starting to wane on me. "I'm sorry baby," I put my arm around her waist, "Olivia says no."

"It's okay," Kelsey hugged me back and kissed my cheek, "I understand. You go hang out with your friends. It's totally fine."

God, she was so understanding, so sweet. I felt so bad leaving her behind, "Fiona may want us to stay with her for the rest of the night."

Kelsey looked disappointed, "Whatever you need to do Aylee."

I was caught off guard by what she called me, "Aylee?" I chuckled.

"Sorry," Kelsey chuckled holding onto me, "I just felt like calling you that."

"Aylee," I repeated it, "No one's ever called me that, it's cute." I smiled at her, "Kelsey… and Aylee."

"Right?" Kelsey rubbed her cheek against mine. She was suddenly getting very clingy, not that I was complaining.

"All right," I laughed, "I need to go now."

"Okay," Kelsey looked so disappointed, but she held my cheeks in her gloved hands and gave me a sweet kiss. God,

I wanted to stay with her. When we parted ways, even knowing we were going to meet up again soon, it was the loneliest I'd felt since Brenda left.

And so I changed into my usual Fiona-favorite getup, changed my gloves, and prepared to meet my fellow sisters. They were already there, at the same outside table we always ate at, under an umbrella, drinking the same tea as always. They both had sunglasses on this time.

"Hey," I looked at the two of them, "Is Jessie coming?"

"No," Olivia looked annoyed, "She's on a… date!" She said 'date' with such annoyance. I kinda felt annoyed myself that Jessica was excused to be with her date, but I wasn't. I was missing Kelsey already. The waitress came right up to me, wearing white gloves, at Fiona's insistence, and asked me what I wanted. I ordered some sparkling water and Fiona finally spoke up.

"So you were with Kelsey?"

"Yeah," I said grabbing a piece of bread on the table.

"How are things going with her?" Fiona's voice was curious. She seemed oddly interested in the two of us.

"Well," I smiled at the two of them, "We decided to become a couple."

"I knew it," Olivia smirked.

Fiona nodded her head understanding. I was now missing Jessie. She'd get up from the table and hug me in happiness. She might have even kissed me.

"Well that's nice," Fiona said, seemingly disappointed to hear the news, "I wish you two the best, but we need to wrap up our decision to include her in the group."

I smiled at the thought, though I didn't know what she was about to say, "So she's in?"

Fiona took a sip of her tea without saying anything. I could tell Olivia wanted to but-in, but she didn't dare interrupt her leader.

"Well," Fiona spoke softly and leaned closer to me, "Here's the problem Ayla. I like Kelsey, she's got a warm personality, she's got a cute face, has an appreciation for us, but Olivia brings up some important points."

I looked to Olivia wishing she would just relent and drop whatever problems she had with Kelsey:

"Ayla," Olivia said to me, "While I assured you, we're not technically replacing Brenda, the truth is, we need someone to fill her position. Brenda was an original member. She matched our divine beauty and grace."

I felt like falling asleep on the table while Olivia went on and on. Eventually Fiona came back:

"It's true, anybody can make themselves up, but true beauty, divine beauty, that's something you're born with. And let's face it, Kelsey was not born a divine beauty."

"I wasn't either," I told her.

"Well," Fiona assured me, "That's debatable."

I sighed, and looked to Olivia. I knew she had filled Fiona's ear with all sorts of bullshit, and without Jessica around to

balance it out, Fiona was talked into not accepting Kelsey. Then I looked back to the queen in pink: "Fiona can I talk to you alone please?"

"What?" Olivia spat back, "You can't talk to her with me around? You want to talk behind my back."

"Olivia," Fiona looked to her, "Leave us alone for a second."

Olivia snorted angrily, "Fine!" She walked to go to the bathroom.

"Fiona," I said taking off my glasses, "Can you take off your glasses please?"

"It's sunny out," She said.

"Fiona," I commanded her, "Take off the glasses."

Fiona hesitated but surely enough, she took off her sunglasses. It was still hard to gauge her emotions with my poor eyesight, but I wanted her to see me without her guard up:

"Not since Brenda have I met a girl I cared for so much. I like Kelsey a lot. I might be in love with her for all I know."

"You're not in love with her-"

"Please don't interrupt me," I put my hand up. I couldn't believe I was talking to her like this. Nobody talked to Fiona Winston with such assertiveness. But Fiona allowed me to continue, "You know as well as I do that when Brenda brought me in, I was a weirdo hipster girl that she made up to look like a glamourous divine beauty. You did it because you knew how much Brenda cared for me. You didn't think about it as a group leader, you thought about it as Brenda's

friend. You two cared for each other like real sisters. You brought me in to your group, and I am grateful every day for it. You've been there for me and I'd like to think I'm your friend as much as Brenda was."

"Of course you're my friend," Fiona grabbed my hand and held it, "You, Olivia and Jessica are my best friends in this whole world." It seemed like Fiona's shell was cracking slightly.

"Well then I need you to be my friend again and let Kelsey into the group," I told her, "It would mean the world to me. You already talked to her, interviewed her, said it yourself, you like her. Don't let Olivia's cold words take that away."

"Olivia has nothing to do with this," Fiona sighed.

"Then why not allow Kelsey in the group?" I asked, "I'll make her look as glamorous as Brenda made me look: Julia Roberts PRETTY WOMAN style."

Fiona smirked at that. She didn't laugh often, so I could tell we were having a moment. However, Olivia came back and sat down:

"You two done yet? What were you talking about anyway."

"All right," Fiona put her sunglasses back on and picked up her phone, "Let's settle this." She dialed Jessica and put it on speaker-phone. Olivia and I eyed each other. There was a delay as the phone rang, but eventually we heard Jessie's voice:

"Yeah?"

"Jessica," Fiona spoke up, "We need to talk."

Jessie sighed on the other end, "I'm busy at the moment."

"This won't take long long," Fiona assured her.

Suddenly a male voice came over the phone, "Is that Fiona? Hi Fiona!"

"Chuck," Jessie calmed him down, "Hold on a second. Let me take this."

"I'm a huge fan," Chuck's voice faded away.

Olivia rolled her eyes. I kinda chuckled at the situation.

"Okay who's pregnant?" Jessie asked.

"We're talking about this Kelsey girl," Fiona said, "I'm honestly undecided about her. You know Ayla wants her in, but Olivia brings up a good point about her not being an ideal choice. What are your thoughts on it?"

"Well," Jessie was quick to respond, "I already told you I like her."

"Jessica," Olivia spoke up, "We were having a discussion about divine beauty and the fact is-"

"Liv, Liv," Jessie interrupted, "Let me stop you right there. You're making unrealistic expectations for ourselves." I could tell her voice was starting to sound annoyed. I couldn't blame her, Fiona and Olivia were taking her away from her date, just like they took me away from mine, "Look Fifi, we're not creating a fucking Presidential cabinet here. It's just a group of friends hanging out. Kelsey's Ayla's friend, so just let her hang out with us."

"Jessica," Fiona spoke, "I don't appreciate this lackadaisical attitude you have towards this. Like or not, the fifth member of The Fiona Five is a big decision. The school looks up to us."

"Fiona," Jessica tried to talk sense into her, "Remember when we were hanging out in Middle School? You didn't overanalyze bringing me into the group. You didn't ask me all sorts of questions and shit."

"Maybe she should have," Olivia said.

"The point is," Jessica ignored her, "You just asked me to hang out with you all and I did. Back then it was simple. Now it's gotten to be this whole business incorporated tripe. In fact-" She hesitated regathering her thoughts, "Look let's think of it this way. When Ayla came into our group, she was just hanging out with us because she was Brenda's girlfriend. Sure we made her up and everything, but she was just a friend. And overtime, she became a member, and we made The Fiona Five. So for now, just think of Kelsey as a friend hanging out with us. And with we're happy with her, we'll make her a member."

I was very relieved to hear Jessica sticking up for Kelsey. She said she would support me and that's exactly what she was doing.

"Well here's the problem," Fiona explained picking up the phone, "If we let her hang out with us, everyone in school is going to assume she's the new fifth member."

"They already think she's the fifth member Fifi," Jessica sounded like she was getting annoyed talking about this, "She's dating Ayla. There's nothing we can do about that. So far, it's not destroying our image. So just go along with it. Have her hang out with, get her to buy whatever gloves and

dress she needs to wear, and stop overthinking this. Overthinking is not your strongest ability."

I tried to hold my laughter from that comment, unsuccessfully. Even Fiona smiled from that comment begrudgingly. Strange for her to take one of Jessica's jokes with good humor. Olivia of course didn't smile.

Sighing heavily, "All right then." She put the phone down, "For now, Kelsey's an unofficial member. Any objections." Both of us eyed Olivia.

"If that's what you want Fiona," She gave a fake smile, "I'll accept your decision. Who knows, maybe she'll work out. I just don't wanna see the two of you lezing out around me all the time."

I was gonna respond to Olivia's comment but Jessica did for me, "Oh I want to see it." She laughed on the other end.

"Thanks Jessie," I told her.

"You got it girl!" She said back.

"Ayla," Fiona said with Jessica still on the phone, "She needs opera-length purple leather gloves. And she needs to buy them herself. She'll eventually need a proper purple gown, but I'll handle that. Have her meet us in front of the East building on Monday with the gloves on, and whatever purple dress she has."

"Yes Fiona," I told her, and immediately reached for my phone.

"Can I go now?" Jessica whined.

Chapter 14

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

CHAPTER NOTES:

You'll notice I changed this chapter slightly from the original. Janey Egerton had such a good idea about the later part of this chapter, I had to change it. Thanks Janey for the suggestion!

Chapter 14 - Kelsey

When Ayla phoned me up, I was planning to meet up with Ashley. I was just about to head into the mall when I saw her number calling me. Maybe she finished her business with Fiona and wanted to hang with us again. But she told me about her conversation with the girls and that I was going to be an "Unofficial member of The Fiona Five." I wasn't quite sure what that meant, but I would get to hang out with them on a daily basis. Basically, I was on my way to becoming a member. I have to admit, I wasn't as surprised as I should have been. I knew Ayla and Jessica at least were lobbying for me, and Ayla being my girlfriend would work super hard on my behalf. And I think I really made a connection with Fiona at our meeting at school.

Of course I was excited to hear this. I'm surprised I didn't jump up and down like a Monkey outside the mall. Holy Jesus, I thought, I'm a member of the Fiona Five.

However, Ayla told me, this would require me updating my wardrobe. She told me my purple dress was fine, but I had to start wearing opera-length leather gloves in purple. I had to show up at school on Monday with them on, and not ones from a thrift store. I had never bought Opera length leather gloves before, so I wasn't sure how much they cost. I bought a pair of winter leather gloves a while back and they weren't too cheap. Well, I was at the mall, so was as good a time as ever to look pick some up. Hopefully my allowance would allow it. I really wanted Ayla to join me, but she had plans with Fiona, so I was on my own… well also with Ashley.

"Hey there," She laughed at my attire as I walked into the mall, "Gloves again? I need to get a pair for myself."

"Uh," I ignored her and looked around the building, "Isn't there a store in here that sells formal gloves?"

"I'm just kidding Kels," Ashley teased me, "I don't need gloves, especially while it's still summer!"

"No gloves for me," I informed her.

"Uh…" Ashley was curious, "But you're already wearing gloves."

I took her by the hand and started walking for the escalator. I remembered where the shop was, "I need a pair of long leather purple gloves."

"Oh," Ashley said trying to keep up with me, "Wait," She stopped me, "Are you? Are you gonna be a Fiona Five member?" Her eyes lit up.

"Not exactly," I told her leading her on again, "It's kinda complicated."

I decided not to go into detail, no matter how much Ashley grilled me over it. I guess I was already following Fiona's advice of not giving away too much. So instead we talked about the other stores we passed by, thinking about which ones to stop by. I personally wanted to check out some more posh outfits, which Ashley wasn't against. When we came to the store that sold leather gloves and other accessories, it seemed like a glove fetishist's heaven. There must have been a hundred gloves on display in all kinds of colors, shapes and sizes. The saleswoman was an older lady and looked at me like she was judging my outfit.

"Hi," I said to her, "I'm looking for a pair of opera-length purple leather gloves."

"Lined or unlined," She asked.

I wasn't sure how to answer that. I looked at Ashley asking for clarification.

"Lined for winter I guess?"

The saleswoman sighed, "We sell gloves that can be lined with silk, or cashmere, or various fabrics. Or if you don't want them line for a more classic look, we sell those too. You're basically just wearing the leather fabric."

"Oh," I realized what she meant now, "Well I'd like unlined please." I gave her a smile.

"Size?" She walked over to a drawer.

"Uh…" Once again I didn't know how to answer.

"Why don't you," The woman said, "Take off those black gloves and let's have a look at your hands."

I now looked down at my gloved hands. I promised Ayla that I wouldn't take them off for the rest of the day. But I would have to in order to try these gloves on. Well, I thought, let's see what she has first. "I'd rather not take my gloves off yet," I told her holding up my gloved hands. Ashley looked at me strange.

"Suit yourself," She said getting a pair of gloves, "I'm gonna assume you're an 8."

"Ohhh," Ashley got distracted looking at a pair of short red gloves, "These are nice," She picked them up noticing that had cashmere lining, "Be great for winter." Slowly she pulled them on.

I was very distracted by this for the moment until the woman came over with a beautiful pair of opera-length purple leather gloves, as thin as could be. They looked just like a pair Brenda Corbat would've worn.

"Oh wow!" I smiled, "Those look beautiful!"

"They are," The woman handed them to me to try on, "Lambskin leather. Finest quality."

I held them in my satin gloved hands. They looked so glamorous, so light. I couldn't feel the material through my satin gloves, but I rubbed it against my cheek slightly. Wow, that felt amazing. So I guessed I would have to break Ayla's promise and take off my satin gloves in order to try them on. But still, I felt guilty about removing them, so I stalled longer.

"How much are they?" I asked the sales woman.

"Two hundred dollars," She told me.

I froze.

Ashley stopped admiring her red gloves and replied in shock, "Two hundred dollars? For gloves?"

"Long leather gloves are expensive," She explained.

Coming out of my state of shock, I responded: "I can't afford that," I suppose my instincts were on point. I was still disappointed to hear the price, "Do you have anything for… fifty dollars?"

The woman shook her head and took the leather gloves away from me, "You're not going to find unlined leather gloves much cheaper than that," She walked back and put the gloves away, "Unless you go to a thrift store."

Thrift store, I thought. I can kiss my membership with The Fiona Five goodbye if I get them from a thrift store.

"Well," Ashley took off the red gloves, "I better put these away before I find out how much they are."

I kept thinking to myself, how am I going to afford a pair of gloves like those?

Ashley tried to take my mind off them by dragging me to some other stores, but I suddenly didn't feel like shopping. So instead, we went to the cafeteria.

"Who was I kidding," I told her looking down at the table, "I'm not cut out to be a member of The Fiona Five, no matter who I'm dating."

"If Fiona's so intent on you wearing leather gloves," She asked, "Why doesn't she just buy them for you? I mean, she has money. She could probably buy that whole store."

I shot Ashley a glaring look for a minute, "It's just part of being a Fiona Five member. It's hard to explain."

"Kelsey," She grabbed my gloved hands, "Look I know we've always talked about how cool it would be to be a part of her group, but… do you really want to be?"

I looked up staring her in the eyes.

"I mean think about it," She explained, "You really want to spend all your time sucking up to those girls? You want to spend all your free time doing all these school events, or going to the opera with them? You want to spend all your hard-earned money on expensive clothes? It just doesn't seem like you. Even Ayla, hanging out with her, she doesn't even seem like she belongs. Going bowling with her, it's like she's an entirely different. Someone I want to hang out with. I can see why you like her."

I don't know why, but Ashley's comments were really starting to annoy me. Where did she get the nerve to tell me I didn't seem like a Fiona Five kind of girl? Screw her! She's not a Fiona Five girl, I know that! But as much as I wanted to tell her off, I bit my tongue, "Well, it doesn't matter. I can't afford the gloves."

"Well," She smiled and tried to cheer me up, "There's always room for you in the Ashley trio! And hey, maybe Ayla can join us and we'll make it a quartet."

I chuckled, still feeling disappointed about this whole situation, "I guess so."

"I really like Ayla though," Ashley said, "And I think she really likes you. So even if you don't become a Fiona Five lackey, at least you still have her."

That wasn't enough. I thought. Sure I liked Ayla a lot, but now I was determined to show her and become a member of the group. I had a bad feeling she might leave me if I didn't make it.

"I gotta go," I immediately stood up and started walking out without saying goodbye to Ashley.

"Hey," Ashley ran after me, "What did I say?"

"Nothing," I assured her, "I just need to go."

"Kelsey!" Ashley stopped me, "C'mon, what's wrong? You can tell me. I've been your best friend since freshman year, remember?" She gave me a smile.

"Nothing's wrong Ashley," I told her, "I just want to go home. I got a lot to think about."

Ashley hesitated but nodded her head. I felt like maybe I was being a little rude to her just leaving her like this, but I really didn't want to stay at this mall one minute longer. "Okay, well text me later."

I smiled and gave her a kiss on the cheek and walked as fast as I could out of the mall. Upon escaping through the door, I heard a weak voice call to me:

"Spare change ma'am?"

I looked down to see a middle aged homeless woman in ratty clothes holding up a cup full of coins. This made me turn white in the face. I'd encountered plenty of homeless people around the city, but this time, I felt a shiver go down my spine. Maybe I saw myself sitting there years from now. Scenes like this always made me appreciate the things in life that I actually had. Sure we weren't rich, but my dad was

still working, we had a roof over our heads, I could still afford to go shopping with my friends, even I couldn't necessarily buy anything too fancy. But of course, in comparison to Fiona, Olivia, Jessica, even Ayla, I was poor. I might as well have been like this woman on the streets begging for money. What's wrong with you? I thought to myself.

"Please?" The woman smiled.

Snapping out of my daze, I looked in my bag to find my wallet. I pulled out some change and dropped it in her cup.

"God bless young lady," She smiled, "Your gloves are so pretty."

"Thanks," I said walking away, "Take care."

I needed to call Ayla as soon as possible. I just needed to talk to her now; I felt like was about to start hyperventilating. I pulled out my phone and dialed her number. There was no answer. Damn it! So I texted:

"Please call me as soon as you can!"

When I got home, I went right to my room and stared at my phone. My dad wasn't there, which was good. Even though he briefly saw me in my satin gloves and saw Ayla, I still didn't want him to see me wearing gloves. I turned on the radio and just sat on the bed letting everything sink in. Slowly, I began to fall asleep. I hadn't gotten any shut-eye the night before. At some point, I woke up to my phone ringing. The light from my window had dimmed significantly. How long was I asleep for? I looked at the number: AYLA. I immediately tried to answer the phone only to have these satin gloves get in the way. I had to try three times before it finally worked.

"Ayla!" I answered in a frantic voice.

"Hey," Her voice came in. I wanted to cry hearing her voice again. It hadn't even been half a day, and already I missed her voice. "Are you okay? What's wrong?"

"I'm fine," I told her, "I was shopping earlier. I-" Sighing heavily, I prepared to deliver the bad news, "I can't afford the gloves Ayla. I found a pair in the mall, they're too expensive. They're two hundred dollars. I don't have two hundred to spend on gloves."

Ayla chuckled, "Wow, talk about deja vu."

I wasn't sure why she was laughing, but I still smiled hearing it, "What do you mean?"

"I know those gloves are really goddamn expensive," She agreed, "Um… Huh?" I heard some voice coming in barely audible, "Yeah," Ayla was talking to someone else, "I'll be there in a minute, I'm on the phone." She came back to me talking softer, "Sorry, I'm with the sisters. We're going to see a play."

"Oh sorry," I apologized. I was actually jealous that I couldn't come see the play with them. I could only imagine everyone sitting together in a beautiful theater in their finest dresses, being next to Ayla and… maybe making out with her during the boring parts of the play. "We can talk later."

"What are you doing tomorrow?" She asked.

I thought about it, "I'm free."

"Okay," She said, "You know where The Seahawks Stadium is?"

"Of course," I answered and laughed, "You taking me to a Seahawks game?" I suddenly imagined both of us sitting in the stadium, wearing our dresses and gloves, while watching a bunch of burly man slam into each other on the field.

Ayla chuckled, "Not exactly. Believe it not, there's a shop nearby called La Botique Millésime. French place. They have some really cool vintage style accessories, and they're not super expensive. I'll text you the address."

"Okay I'll see you then," I told her.

I spent the rest of the night in anticipation. Thinking about Ayla again, I was touching myself again with the gloves on. Long story short, my gloves got very wet and dirty. I wanted to take them off, but Ayla had told me to wear them all day. So I'd just have to go to sleep my my cum-stained gloves on. Fortunately, I fell asleep pretty quickly. When I woke up, I still had my gloves were still on. I had done it! I had kept the gloves on all day as Ayla had wanted me to. I couldn't wait to tell her. Still, I really wanted to take them off, they were now feeling very uncomfortable. But since they were so dirty, I kept them on when I got in the shower. I prayed my dad wouldn't catch me wearing them.

In the shower, my gloves got completely soaked, as they had during the rainstorm. These wet gloves were starting to drive me crazy. But I resisted my urges, picked up the soap and washed them. It felt nice. The minute I took them off, my hands seemed to let out a sigh in relief. It felt good to have my hands naked again. I washed the rest of my body and hair and left the gloves on the shower rack. I saw my dad's towel was damp, so he wouldn't be using the shower again, and hopefully wouldn't discover the gloves while they dried. I'd have a lot of explaining to do if he did.

After drying off, I looked through my closet for something to wear. My black dress… Ayla hadn't seen me in that yet. And I still had her other long black gloves I could wear with them. Maybe she'd like that. So I pieced on my black dress, put my glasses back on, but waited to put the clean pair of black gloves on. I saved that for once I got past my dad.

"Going out again?" He looked to me as he was watching TV. I think he was curious about my dress.

I was almost to the door but I smiled and told him I was meeting Ayla again.

"Oh," He scratched his head, "She's that Asian girl? The one who dresses all fancy?"

"Yeah," I answered and headed for the door.

"Come here a second sweetheart," He stood up smiling and gestured for me to join him.

"Ohhh," I groaned and came to his side. He put his arm around my shoulder.

"I'm glad your making friends," He smiled at me, "But this girl you're hanging out with… I mean she appears to be a nice young lady and all but… she seems like one of them… entitled kind of girls."

"Oh she's not," I assured him, "Ayla's very sweet and down to Earth," I couldn't say the same about everyone, "I mean, she hangs out with the group of girls at school. They're called The Fiona Five. I guess some of them are kind of rich snobby types, but they're so cool. I might end up being part of their group."

"And you feel you have to dress up in order to impress them?" He asked.

I was starting to feel uncomfortable talking to him about all this, "Dad, I gotta go. Ayla's waiting for me."

"You know, your mother, God bless her, she wasn't a supermodel," It was no use. Dad was going down memory lane, and there was no exit in sight. "But she had such a zest for life. It made her so attractive. Oh I remember when I first went out with her, and then… staying the night with her, taking off those glasses of her's. Kissing her-"

"Uh dad," I stopped him, "I'd rather not hear the details about what you and mom did in private."

"Well," He looked me in the eyes, "That's sort of how you were created sweetheart."

"I have to go now dad," I picked up his arm and started for the door, "We can discuss my conception later."

"All right," He sounded disappointed, "I understand. Don't wanna hang out with your old dad anymore."

"Daddy!" I groaned, "That's not true."

"It's fine," He went back to the TV, "Have fun with your friends. Don't buy anything too expensive now. You know we can't afford it."

"I know," I finally ran out of the house and put my gloves on.

Taking a bus down to the stadium, it didn't take long to find Ayla standing there. She was dressed up, once again in all blue. I ran to her and hugged her. Holding her in my arms felt so good again. I kissed her rather compulsively, leading

many older people around us to clear their throats. I didn't care.

"Good to see you too," Ayla chuckled. She looked at my outfit. "You're in black today huh? Going for the goth look?"

"Yeah," I laughed feeling slightly insecure about it, "Do you like it?"

"I love it," She said, "Looks like something I would've worn before I sold my soul to Fiona."

So she lead me to the shop, which was very close to the stadium. I asked about her attire:

"I kind of expected to see you in a t-shirt and jeans again."

"Well," She admitted, "I have to meet up with Fiona and the gang after this." She rolled her eyes, "I have no idea what we're doing."

"How was the play last night?"

"It was very boring," She looked to me, "You have no idea how much I wished you were there with me. I would've been all over you."

I laughed knowing that I had thought of the same thing the night before. We held hands the entire time walking over to the place. I couldn't stop touching her, or kissing her, I just loved being around her so much. Having a girlfriend was the greatest thing ever!

When we got there, it was a tiny shop, but they had some pretty unique, old-fashioned pieces in there. A young woman stood behind the counter. She stood up and smiled at us: "Madame Zhen!"

"Bonjour Claudette. Comment alez vous?" Ayla spoke in French, though she still had a pretty thick Seattle accent to it.

"Bien, et vous?" Claudette answered.

"Tres bien," Ayla responded. "Um…" She sighed thinking about something, "Crap, how do I say this again…"

Claudette smiled waiting for her customer to speak.

"Um…" Ayla spoke in French, "Nous Allons… acherter… des gants… s'il vous plait."

I didn't speak a word a french, so I had no idea what she was saying. I could guess she was talking about buying gloves. But despite Ayla's lack of skills in speaking French, it still turned me on hearing her speak like that.

"Of course," Claudette spoke in English, with only a hint on a French accent. She laughed and went into the back to get something.

"I didn't know you spoke French," I smiled at her and held her sides.

"I don't," Ayla shook her head, "I picked up a few phrases when we were in Paris. Fiona speaks French pretty well, or at least fakes it very well."

I figured Fiona was a French speaker somehow. It seemed to fit in with her posh demeanor. "You must speak Korean pretty well right?"

Ayla chuckled, "Not as well as you might think. I used to converse in Korean with my mom a lot more, but we don't

as much as we used to. I mean she's lived in America pretty much her whole life."

"Right," I answered her.

"So," She picked up my hands, "Did you take them off yesterday?"

"I didn't!" I smiled at her.

"Really?" Her face lit up.

"I mean I had to change gloves this morning, these are the other pair. I cleaned the ones I was wearing yesterday," I was proud to tell her all this.

"Tres bien!" She told me. I knew that meant good or something positive.

Suddenly Claudette came back with a big box, "Anything in particular you're looking for?"

"Oui," Ayla answered and pointed to me, "She actually needs a pair of opera gloves, purple, unlined. This is Kelsey by the way."

"Bonjour," I tried to speak in French, probably failed.

"Nice to meet you Kelsey," Claudette smiled and looked into her box, pulling some gloves out, "Actually I have a newer pair I think you'll enjoy. What's your size?"

I began to remove my satin gloves and showed my hands. I felt more comfortable about doing this in Ayla's presence, "The woman at the other store said I'm 8."

"Oh no," Claudette shook her head, "7.5 at most. You're probably even a 7."

"6.5 is my size," Ayla told me holding up her blue leather gloved hands, "I have REALLY tiny hands. Those satin gloves I gave you don't even fit me well."

"Those blue satin gloves you had fit really well," I asked her.

"They're custom made actually," She explained.

"Here they are," Claudette pulled out a pair of long purple gloves, "They're a little bit shorter than opera-length, but they'll go past the elbow."

"Would Fiona be okay with that," I asked.

"I think so," Ayla took a look at them, nodding her head and handed them to me, "Try them on."

I held them in my hands. They were even nicer than the gloves I saw at the mall, smaller too. They had a three-stitch pattern on the back of the hand. I decided to try on one. It was tight. I started pulling it on from the cuff but Ayla stopped me.

"Hold on," She stopped, "I need to show you how to put long gloves on. If Fiona sees you doing this, she'll look at you like you're a serial killer."

"I'm sorry," I answered.

"It's okay," Ayla said, "I used to do the same thing. So what you wanna do is put your hand in the glove," She put it on for me, "And instead of pulling it from the sleeve, you smoothly rub it on from the top." She did just that, without physically pulling the material, rather pushing it up. It felt really sensuous. I started to feel a heat surging through my body. "Then," She interlaced her fingers through my own,

"You push the fingers into place, and smooth the rest of the glove onto your arm."

After having done all this, the glove was finally on my hand and arm, tight as could be, but not too tight, and it felt amazing. I think Ayla smoothing the gloves on for me certainly helped.

"That looks great," Ayla said. She looked to Claudette who also nodded in agreement. "Let's try the other one.

Ayla pulled the other glove on repeating the process. Once again, I felt like I was going to explode from the sensuous nature of her putting my gloves on for me. I felt confident again wearing this glove. Maybe I could still be a Fiona Five member. But then reality crept back in.

"How much are they?" I asked.

"Well," Claudette said, "They list for One hundred and ten."

Less expensive than the mall, I thought, but still out of my price range.

"Can you give her a discount Claudette?" Ayla asked with respect.

The woman thought about it, "I could probably let them go for eighty."

"Eighty for those gloves," Ayla smiled at me, "That's quite the deal."

"I still can't afford it," I told them, "I've only got fifty dollars to spend at the most."

Ayla sighed.

"I'm sorry," Claudette looked genuinely sad about not being able to go lower, "That's as low as I can go."

"It's okay," I began taking off the gloves slowly. I really didn't want to, but I could't take them with me. I hung my head. Looks like I really couldn't be in the Fiona Five and Ayla probably was looking at me like some sort of poor loser. Claudette preoccupied herself putting the rest of the gloves away.

Ayla took the gloves from me as I put my black ones back on. She whispered into my ear, "Do you want these gloves?"

"Yes I do," I told her, "But I can't."

"How much do you have on you?" She asked me.

Was she about to do what I thought she was about to do? Staring at her, I reached into my bag and pulled out the fifty dollars I had to spend. I had eight dollars extra plus change.

"Okay," Ayla said, "Give me fifty dollars. I'll take care of the rest."

"Ayla," I whined to her, "I'm supposed to buy them myself right?"

"Fiona doesn't need to know that. Between you and me, Brenda bought me my first pair of gloves. She still doesn't know about it."

"But you can't buy these for me," I said, "It doesn't seem fair."

"You can pay me back when you can," She told me, "Just don't tell anyone about this. You bought them completely with your own money, all right?"

I felt very emotional at the moment. I couldn't believe Ayla was supporting me like this. I hugged her tightly feeling tears coming out of my eyes.

"You owe me," She whispered in my ear seductively, "For later… it's gonna involve you wearing those latex gloves again."

"Shhh," I silenced her, "Ayla please!"

She let me go and went up to Claudette to pay for the gloves.

When we were outside, Ayla handed me a bag with the purple leather gloves telling me to wear them tomorrow at school. Immediately I grabbed her and kissed her intensely. She allowed it. I didn't care if anyone around us was videotaping us or anything. I wanted her right here and now. I felt like I could just drag her to the ground and do her at this moment. But Ayla wasn't about to do that.

"I have to go now," She said, "I'll see you tomorrow. We're meeting in front the East building like ten minutes before classes start."

"Can I stay with tonight?" I asked, "I feel like my nerves are on overdrive."

"Not tonight," She told me, "Later this week, we can."

She kissed me once more and was on her way, "Bye baby!" She let go of my hand.

I looked up to the sky and sighed like I never had before.

And so, the next day was the day… the day I was to wear the long awaited purple leather gloves to school and

become an "Unofficial" member of the Fiona Five. It was this day that I finally drew on the long awaited long leather gloves. Everything Ayla had told me about them, everything she said, it all started to make sense. After spending the morning contemplating my purple dress and gloves in the mirror, finally showing off my outfit to my dad, I arrived at school and stood against the East Building. Five minutes before class was to start, I waited for my new sisters. Hugging my arms with my gloves. People were definitely staring, but some nodded to me thinking I might have been a Fiona Five sister. Perhaps word was already circulating that I was the new member. It felt good actually.

Ashely had come up to me surprised to see I finally had the purple leather gloves:

"So I guess," She sighed, "You're gonna be one of them now, huh?"

I chuckled, "C'mon Ashley, Just because I'm gonna be a member of the most popular group in school doesn't mean I'm gonna act any differently."

"We'll see about that," Ashley laughed and started walking towards her first period class, "Don't forget about us little people now that you're a big shot."

"I'm not a big shot," I yelled at her laughing.

No sooner had she left me did I see the four girls walking towards the East building.

Jessica Perez on the left, the Latina lady in red, who had a subtle smile on her face. I knew she had stood up for me, stood up for Ayla. I think I was looking forward to getting to know her more than the others. Olivia Caldwell next to her, the posh blonde with a yellow gown. I still didn't know what

to think of her. Maybe we could become better friends as we hung out together. There must have been some reason she hung out with Fiona. Speaking of which, Fiona Winston was next, looking more ravishing than ever in her pink gown. I couldn't believe I was about to become friends with her.

And of course, Ayla Zhen, my girlfriend, on the far right, in familiar blue. She looked so beautiful. Probably even more so than when I first met her. I wouldn't be standing her if it wasn't for her. I felt my body sink with joy as I stared at her. She gave me a subtle nod.

Now standing before me, Fiona was silhouetted by the morning sun. She slowly held her gloved hand up, showing off the small wrinkles in the leather, and removed her sunglasses. She smiled, I suppose she was approving my dress and gloves.

"Kelsey Greenburg!" She spoke to me.

Nervous shivers enveloped me. "Hi Fiona," I nodded to her then nodded to everyone, "Olivia, Jessica… Ayla."

"Nice gloves," Ayla winked at me.

I chuckled.

"Please tell me you," Olivia spoke up, "You two aren't going to be giddy like this all the time."

Ayla rolled her eyes at Olivia. I had actually never seen them interact with each other like this. I figured I was going to see this group in a whole new light now that I was hanging out with them like this.

Fiona put her glasses back on, "We're gonna walk to our lockers. Where's your locker at?"

"It's on the other side of campus," I told her, "But I don't have to put anything away."

"We're gonna get your locker moved closer to us," She said.

"Oh," I was surprised to hear that, "Okay."

"We'll talk more during Nutrition. Much to discuss. But for now," She looked to Ayla, "Stand next to Ayla and walk alongside us."

I did just that, standing to Ayla's left and we smiled at each other. I wanted to hold her hand, but I didn't think Fiona would like this.

Looking back at Fiona, I saw her smile like I never had before. She looked so happy, it was actually irresistible to see:

"Finally," She said, "We're the Fiona Five again!"

It took a minute for that to sink in. Fiona led us and we walked in a straight line, Sex and The City style. Everybody stared at us, stepping back. They particularly stared at me.

I can't believe it, I finally shouted in my mind, I'm a member of The Fiona Five!

Chapter 15

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 15 - Olivia

Well… if this is what the group wanted, what Fiona wanted, then I was going to accept Kelsey as our fifth member. Yeah, I know Fiona said she was an unofficial member, but she was walking in line with us, everyone saw the five of us together, they all knew she and Ayla were lezbos. Official or not, this Kelsey Greenburg was our new fifth member.

Nobody ever listened to me. I was alone in my principles. Ayla had co-opted Jessica, and the two of them convinced Fiona that this was the best move for the group. I kept trying to tell Fiona that any of the other girls we'd interviewed, even the ones Jessica brought in, were better for us. It's true that Kelsey was not as strong willed as some of the others, but she was Ayla's girlfriend, which meant she'd go along with whatever Ayla said. So Ayla would have more power. And with Jessica as Ayla's personal attack-dog, this threw off the dynamics of the group.

But what could I do? It was now either accept Kelsey as the new member, or leave, and I wasn't about to do that. Hell, this group was practically mine to begin with! Fiona and I were only original members left!

I think the thing that made me accept her more was seeing how happy Fiona was. The smile on her face when she had five girls again made me realize how important this was to

her. Okay fine, Kelsey wasn't a perfect fifth member, but whatever. We had five girls now, so we could let it lie for a while and focus on other things.

I still knew a day was gonna come when someone would have to go. Hopefully Kelsey, but maybe she'd take Ayla with her. Maybe Ayla'd take Jessica with her. Then it would just be me and Fiona… Actually… that wasn't a bad idea…

So we were walking along the halls, everyone was getting a glimpse of the new "member", but since she was unofficial, we weren't about to speak on it. I heard people calling out: "Hey Fiona, who's the new girl?" But none of us said anything.

To be fair, Kelsey didn't look too bad. She had a nice pair of purple leather gloves, though I questioned whether she got those herself or Ayla did for her. I knew Brenda bought her gloves for her which was wrong. But again, I wasn't about to make a big deal over this and upset Fiona.

I forgot about it during class, all of us did, and we met up for nutrition. We caught up with Ayla and Kelsey and headed for the Teacher's Lounge.

Jessica looked like she really wanted a cigarette, but Fiona had said that she didn't want us doing anything illegal around Kelsey just yet. Maybe that would come later. Ayla and Kelsey took a seat together on the couch. Ayla was very happy. I guess it was nice that she had someone after Brenda left her, but I still had my problems with her for whining to get her way.

"So Kelsey," Fiona spoke up taking her glasses off, "This is where we hang out most days for nutrition. We don't want to be out in public or we get harassed by people."

"Makes sense," She said.

Jessica pulled a few sodas from the fridge. She handed one to Fiona, handed me my diet soda, and gave some to the two lezbos.

"Kelsey," Fiona went right up to her and gave her the lecture. Kelsey looked up to her. She was probably still nervous. She should have been, she didn't really deserve to be in our presence. "I'm sure Ayla's already told you everything, but at this moment, you are our honorary fifth member. That doesn't mean you're officially a sister just yet, we won't be making any announcements about it. However, you'll still have all the privileges of a member. You'll be by our side at all times, you'll join us for after school activities, and we'll work on getting you some proper clothes."

Kelsey smiled and nodded, "Thank you Fiona. I'm very grateful that you accept me."

Ayla gave her a kiss on the cheek, "I'm so glad you're here!" She put her arms around her. Her girlfriend smiled and hugged her back.

Jessica let out a cutesy "Awww," I wanted to puke.

"Ayla," Fiona scolded her.

The asian girl took the hint and let go of her lezbo girlfriend. I decided to stand next to Fiona and support her intimidation.

"I know you two are a couple," Fiona was gracious, as always, "And we are totally accepting of that. But I need you two to tone it down a bit, especially in public. We need to maintain a public image."

"How is this bad for our public image?" Ayla talked back.

"Because everyone's gonna think we're all a bunch of lezbos," I explained. God, was it so hard for her to understand this.

"No I understand," Kelsey said looking back to Fiona, "We want to keep a cool profile. Mysterious, not give too much away."

I was actually surprised that Kelsey went against her girlfriend and supported us, even impressed slightly… just slightly. Ayla looked a little embarrassed by this, as she should have. Maybe she shouldn't have vouched for Kelsey in the first place! Fiona smiled at Kelsey's obedience.

"Everybody looks at you two blondes like your a couple anyway," Jessica blurt out.

"They do not," I yelled back at her.

"Can I finish my speech please?" Fiona spoke up. Jessica rolled her eyes, but Fiona continued, "Kelsey, whether with us, or on your own, you represent The Fiona Five. You must represent us well. The most important aspect of being part of the Fiona Five is just to maintain a classy sophisticated demeanor. Yes, you are correct, you don't want to speak to much, but there's more to it than that. Overtime, you'll understand how to act, how to give off your vibe. We all got Ayla up to speed on that."

Kelsey looked to Ayla, who shrugged her shoulders, and then looked back to Fiona, nodding her head.

"The one important rule is regarding your attire. While Olivia and I always asked everyone to stay in gowns and dresses

at all time," She looked to Jessica, "Jessica here seemed to lead a revolt against it."

"Sometimes I wanna wear jeans," Jessica talked back.

"Whatever," Fiona looked back to Kelsey, "If you don't want to stay in formal wear outside of our meetings, that's up to you." She then walked up to Kelsey and interlaced her pink glove in Kelsey's own purple glove, "However, the gloves never come off." She looked to me, which was my cue to continue for her.

"For The Fiona Five," I spoke with dignity, showing off my gold gloves, holding one palm in my other hand. I walked closer until I was right beside Fiona, "The gloves are our symbol." I now grabbed Fiona's free hand and held it up. Oh, it felt so wonderful to hold her hand in front of the new member. My golden gloved hand interlaced with her beautiful pink gloved fingers. "A symbol of elegance, of grace. Fiona mentioned this last week. By wearing gloves all the time, we show that we are keeping the tradition of classic styles alive and keeping our hands covered protects us. It shows that we are above the system, a unit for all students to look up to and be inspired by our greatness!"

"So," Fiona continued, "You have to keep your gloves on all the time. Even if we're not around, you still have to hide your hands in public. You're a public figure now as a Fiona Five member. You can't take them off for any reason. Not even to eat or use the bathroom. You'll keep white cotton gloves or even latex gloves with you at all times to protect your gloves in case. If we're going to an event or setting, like a pool, where the leather gloves might get ruined, you can wear satin gloves, providing they are opera length, and the same color. When you're alongside us, you keep those long purple leather gloves on… all… the time!"

Kelsey held up her gloved hands curiously.

"You get used to it after a while," Jessica spoke up.

Kelsey nodded her head, "Okay, I'll never take them off."

She was still being obedient. Maybe I was wrong about her.

"Don't worry Fiona," Ayla spoke up and put her arm around her girlfriend, "I've already got her up to speed on 24 hour glove wearing."

"Good," Fiona started walked back into the room, "So with that said, sit back and enjoy yourself."

At this point, Jessica sort of took over the conversation babbling on about God knows what. She went over to Kelsey and Ayla, sitting on the arm of the couch by Kelsey's side. The three of them seemed to be lost in their own conversation while Fiona and I discussed more important matters. I guess I liked the fact that Jessica and the two lezbos were lost in their own world, because it gave me some alone time with Fiona.

"Supposedly," I took a sip of my diet soda, "Samantha Sterling's talking smack about you."

"Yeah I heard," Fiona spoke back to me, seemingly unfazed by this.

I looked into her eyes and ran my gloved hand across her cheek, "I don't like undeserving animals talking behind my Fiona's back. Just say the word, and she's expelled. We'll get some marijuana planted in her locker."

"Let it go Olivia," She pushed my hand away. She put her soda down. "I need to use the bathroom."

"Okay," I put mine down as well preparing to follow her there. I looked over to the others and smiled, "We'll be right back."

Jessica and Ayla nodded knowingly, but Fiona turned to me and put her hand on my shoulder, "Actually Olvia," She then looked to Kelsey, "I want Kelsey to accompany me this time."

"What?" I asked her completely confused by this situation.

Kelsey looked puzzled too, "Accompany where?"

"I just need to use the ladies' room," Fiona explained to her, "Why don't you accompany me. We can have some alone time just the two of us."

"Um…" Kelsey hesitated, "Okay." She looked to her girlfriend who gave her an approving nod.

I actually felt really hurt by this. I mean I get that Kelsey was the new girl and Fiona wanted to know her better, but… I always accompanied Fiona to the bathroom. We'd always have a moment there. Why did this apartment dweller all of a sudden get the privilege.

Kelsey stood up and Fiona held her hand. She looked a little shocked by this gesture, "Don't mind if I steal your girlfriend for a minute Ayla?" Fiona looked to the asian.

"Go ahead," Ayla nodded.

"I'm gonna steal your girlfriend for a minute too," Jessica sat on the couch and hugged Ayla. Both of the lezbos laughed at this. I found it kinda stupid.

So the two of them walked out, hand in hand. And I stood there feeling a sense of abandonment.

"All right," Jessica began feeling up Ayla, "Ayla, they're gone. Que quiere hacer?"

Ayla laughed at Jessica's lezboness, "No se," she spoke back in Spanish. I hated it when the two of them did that. Just rub it in my face that I don't speak Spanish why don't you? Suddenly, Jessica started kissing her neck like she was Pepe Le Pew. Now I felt like I really was going to throw up. "Jessie!" Ayla laughed and tried to push her away. Wow, the lesbian actually had more of a filter than the supposed 'straight girl.'

"For God's sake," I yelled at them, "I'm standing right here!"

"Oh," Jessica stood up, "Perdoname." She was still stuck in Spanish mode. Unfortunately, Jessica wrapped her around around me, which felt really uncomfortable. I tried to back up, but she sort of forced herself on me. "Olivia querida… Todo esta bin chevere!" She then did the same thing to me, planting her disgusting lips all over my neck and finally trying to kiss my lips.

"GET OFF OF ME!" I pushed her away.

Suddenly she and Ayla began laughing their asses off. I think I hated it more when Jessica kissed me than if Ayla tried to kiss me, which she never did thankfully. If Ayla kissed me, I knew why. She was a lesbian. She can't help herself. It's a sickness. But Jessica had no excuse. She just did it to annoy me.

"I'm out of here!" I walked out of the room.

"Oh come on Liv," Jessica spoke up, "I'm just playing with you."

"Yeah we didn't mean anything," Ayla at least sounded genuine.

"You two can finish your make-out session yourselves!" I yelled at them and walked out of the room.

I rarely walked around the halls without Fiona by my side, so I felt really uncomfortable. It was enjoyable to be complimented by people for a change. I understood that they usually spoke to Fiona, but why did Jessica or Ayla get more compliments than me? That's just stupid. I had some guys come up to me and try to hit on me while I was storming through the halls and I told them to get out of my way. I didn't know what to do without Fiona next to me. It was just so weird.

So I came to our restroom, where Fiona and Kelsey had gone to. Thankfully, they hadn't closed the door fully. Fiona was always doing that, leaving the door ajar, so I always took it upon myself to make sure it was closed. I peaked in and saw Fiona and Kelsey talking to each other. Fiona seemed a little too close to her, with her hand on the new girl's side.

"Well," I heard Fiona say, "Ayla's certainly got good taste. You're very cute."

"Uh… thanks," Kelsey tried to laugh her comment off but she looked uncomfortable.

I knew exactly what Fiona was about to do. She leaned in and kissed Kelsey on the lips. True, she did this to everyone. It was sort of a sister-initiation, but it always bothered me. This kiss in particular bothered me because I didn't want to see Fiona kiss an apartment dweller. And why were they

doing this in secret? Were they hiding something? Just stab me in the heart, why don't you Fiona? I actually wondered how Ayla would react if she saw this?

Kelsey actually pulled back and stared at her wide-eyed, "What was that?"

"A kiss," Fiona smiled at her, "From me." She spoke with such confidence like there was nothing wrong with this. If she was kissing me, there certainly would be nothing wrong with it.

"Um…" Kelsey looked completely lost, "Fiona, you know I'm… I'm with Ayla right?"

Fiona looked a little annoyed by her comment. I wouldn't blame her. How dare this new girl question Fiona's actions! She could do whatever she damn well wanted, even if I wished she would do it more with me.

"I kiss everyone Kelsey," She told her, "I've kissed Ayla before. It's part of being a Fiona Five member."

Kelsey really didn't know what to think of this. She just stood like a deer in the headlights. Fiona leaned in for another kiss.

I couldn't watch anymore, I had to walk away. I completely ignored everyone's comments towards me as I walked back to our hangout, hopefully before the others did. My mind seemed to perform a soliloquy:

How can Fiona do that with an apartment dweller? Why is she suddenly so interested in this lezbo? And why is she being so secretive about it. At least when she kissed Ayla, she did it in front of us, or even Jessica… actually Jessica isn't into kissing Fiona… I kiss her the best. Does Fiona not

like my kisses anymore? … All right, calm down Caldwell, you're probably just overreacting to this… Actually no I'm not, how else can I react to this?

I found myself in a secluded area outside by one of the trees. I allowed my thoughts to form better. I even said them to myself, looking into the sky:

"There's just something totally not right with this whole Kelsey situation… Fiona's can't be into her… can she? … She's not a lesbian too? Oh God, that would just be horrible. First Brenda, now Fiona. Am I the only one who has a sense of decency? … And why Kelsey? Why not me DAMN IT?! Why is it that no one EVER picks me?! I'd gladly be Fiona's girlfriend… Oh God did I just say that? I'm not gay… but for Fiona… Ughhh… Well even so… I mean Kelsey's with Ayla, Fiona knows that. Everyone knows that. Even I wouldn't try to break them apart… or would I? …"

I began to feel a chill run up my spine and a smile on my face as ideas came to mind:

"I'm the outsider, but I've still got Fiona's ear… If she really does have something for Kelsey, maybe they need to explore it better… I can't believe I'm saying that… There's only one girl she should be exploring that with, but… if Kelsey is getting to familiar with Fiona, and Ayla were to find out… well that would just send her over the edge… Jessica and her are so tight, I don't think even Jessica would allow it… Maybe they'd both leave… No that's no good, then Fiona's stuck with her apartment dweller and I'm the odd girl out… yeah that part I gotta work on… but if I can then play matchmaker… get Ayla and Kelsey back together… hmmm… then it's just Fiona and me… as it should have been in the first place."

I smiled at the thought.

"Fiona's mine and no one else's!"

I suddenly realized though how happy Fiona was. At the moment, we were five again, which is what Fiona wanted.

"For now… I'll hold my tongue. We're The Fiona Five… everyone's happy…"

I walked back to the lounge.

Chapter 16

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 16 - Kelsey

When Fiona kissed me out of the blue, my first reaction was, "Oh my God, Fiona Winston is kissing me!" She couldn't even shake my hand before and now her lips were pressing against mine.

I mean as much as of a shock as it was for Ayla to kiss me, this was Fiona Winston! It was like having a celebrity come up to me and smooch me out of random. When Ayla kissed me, we had at least gotten to know each other a little bit, going on an actual date. But here... I mean where did this come from?

As much as I liked it at first, I had to step back. I had a girlfriend, let alone one who was a member of Fiona's clique. Why in God's name would Fiona do this?

But then she explained that it was part of some form of initiation. I'd heard of college sororities and the like doing things like this. Maybe it was a test to see how loyal I was to her. I mean... Fiona Winston wasn't a lesbian... was she? And even then, why me? I was the lame apartment dweller who was only in the group because of my girlfriend. She did know Ayla was my girlfriend right? Why were we doing this in the bathroom if it wasn't some sort of secret? Surely if it was something every member did, then Ayla would

understand. Besides, maybe I could get a kiss from everyone: Jessica, Olivia, and finally, my beautiful Ayla.

Or was this supposed to be some kind of secret?

Either way... I have to admit... kissing her turned me on...

When we walked back to the lounge, she didn't say anything. Maybe she was more socially awkward then I gave her credit for. Making small talk with her was damn near impossible. It was still amazing to walk beside her statuesque body, but the uncomfortable silence was getting to me. Thank God for Jessica. That girl could talk forever. Even if she was talking mostly about herself, in a somewhat conceited way, it was fun listening to her speak. She was obviously born to be a public speaker. And Ayla was like a good sidekick for her, chiming in at the right times. Even Fiona seemed to come out of her shell, but Jessica didn't give her the time of day. Those two could battle on; I felt more at home having Ayla's hand holding mine.

One thing that puzzled me was how flirty Jessica was with Ayla. She kind of teased her like they were a couple, and Ayla just sort of went along with it. I thought for sure Jessica was straight, or was there some sort of lesbian connection between all of them that I wasn't aware of?

What had I gotten myself into? I wasn't even a member for a day and already I was starting to question whether this was a good idea or not.

Also... where was Olivia? When I came back, she had just disappeared. Ayla said she went to the bathroom, but we didn't see here there... Oh God, had she seen the two of us kiss? ... Maybe not, she probably just went to a different bathroom. Fortunately, she came back soon enough, but by

that time, the bell had rang and it was time for the next class.

Well, that was my first time alone with The Fiona Five. It was very strange to say the least. It was hard to concentrate on my next class.

After school, I met up with the girls and Fiona planned on us going out. Before that, Fiona asked for my phone number, which I was happy to give her. Then she wanted my address… fine. Then she asked for my measurements… I guess this was in case she wanted to buy me more fitting clothes… then my shoe size, my blood type, my social security number, at some point Ayla and Jessica put a stop to it. Ayla said she could tell Fiona any other important information… though what was left?

Once again we walked through the school and I was in line with the other girls. The newfound popularity was really starting to sink in. It felt good.

The first thing we did was go to this Italian restaurant, don't ask me how to pronounce it. Even there, Fiona and her group were treated like royalty. We skipped right to the front of the line and got a window-side table in the back. It was a nice place, though looking at the menu kind of scared me.

"This place is expensive," I whispered to Ayla.

"It's okay," She whispered back, "Fiona will get the bill. Her father's good friends with the owner anyway."

"Oh," I whispered back.

Ayla held my hand under the table, "Get whatever your heart desires my baby." She inched closer to me, but Olivia waved her hand.

"No making out at the table!" She said.

"Damn Liv," Jessica laughed, "You are such a killjoy!"

"I don't want to vomit up my food after I eat!"

I understood where Olivia was coming from. If I was her, I probably wouldn't want to watch two friends of mine make-out either. So I let go of Ayla's hand. She looked a little disappointed in that.

"Sorry Olivia," I smiled at her.

She didn't seem to acknowledge my apology.

"Well," Jessica moved over to Ayla and started hugging her, "I'm gonna show this girl some love. Come here Ayla!"

Ayla laughed as she and Jessica began hugging and rubbing their cheeks together. Once again, I found myself feeling a bit jealous.

We got some drinks and placed our orders, but once again Jessica seemed to dominate the conversation:

"Anyway," Jessica continued her story from school about this guy she had been going out with, "So Chuck was supposed to take me to that restaurant that has big-band jazz. I forget the name."

"Ellington's?" Fiona asked.

"No not that one," Jessica answered waving her gloved hand in the air, "The other one."

"Goodman's," Olivia responded.

"Goodman's!" Jessica pointed towards her.

"I like Ellington's better," Fiona said.

"So we were supposed to go to Goodman's, but apparently he made the reservation on the wrong night and they were booked up. It was Saturday night."

"Oh no!" Ayla gave a look of concern but also chuckled at this.

Olivia seemed to laugh it off more, "Moron," I heard her mutter.

"Did you give them my name?" Fiona asked.

"I didn't have a chance to," Jessica talking about the situation with disgust, "Bandejo was arguing with them and eventually just pulled me by the hand out of the place." She threw her hands up and rolled her eyes.

"That's messed up," Ayla said and held onto her hand.

I tried to think of something to add to the conversation, but my mind came up blank. Maybe it was better to just listen in for now.

"Anyway," Jessica continued, "He took me to a sports bar."

"A sports bar?" Everyone seemed to shout out in unison.

"Yeah," Jessica laughed, "And his eyes were pretty much glued to the TV watching baseball. It wasn't too bad, they had a pretty good Philly Cheesesteak, but it was quite a step down from Goodman's."

"That sucks!" I finally blurted out.

Everyone, even Ayla looked my way, silent for a second. I was wondering if I made a faux-pas.

"You're damn right it sucks!" Jessica nodded to me. "And then he wanted me to go back to his place afterwards."

"I hope you said no!" Olivia blurted out.

"Of course I said no. I probably even used that 'I'm a lesbian' line or something."

"You know," Ayla smiled at her, "You say that so often, I'm starting to question whether it's true or not."

"Believe me," Jessica took a sip of her drink, "I'm considering it." She put her drink down and sighed, "Men!"

Olivia rolled her eyes, "Great, now we've got three lesbians in the group," she spoke sarcastically.

I sort of felt dejected hearing that. Was Olivia really that homophobic? I mean there was so much flirting going on between members, she must have been used to it by now. And by saying that, did Olivia insinuate that Ayla and I were the only two lesbians in the group. I still wasn't so sure about Fiona, or even Olivia, honestly.

"We should go to Ellington's," Fiona spoke up. She looked to Olivia.

Pulling her phone out with her yellow gloves, Olivia replied, "I'm on it."

"I guess," I decided to try to chime in talking straight to Fiona, "You'd have a pretty easy time getting a reservation, being Fiona Winston and all."

"You're catching on," Fiona smiled at me, "I like that."

That gave my a heart a throb. I felt like I was starting to crack Fiona's shell and we were making a connection. But this was beyond just impressing her, I felt like I wanted her to like me as a... for lack of a better word, girlfriend.

However, my real girlfriend grabbed my hand, "You swing dance much Kelsey?"

I was ashamed to answer, "Not really." I expected that Ayla and the rest of the girls were the best dancers around, maybe haven worked out some synchronized dance routine. "But," I assured her, "I'd love to dance with you."

"I'm sure you'll be fine."

"If not," Jessica held onto Ayla's shoulder, "I'm gonna have to steal your girl away for a dance. The two of us are the champs!"

"Oh please!" Olivia took a drink.

I didn't want to appear any more insecure than I already was regarding Jessica and Ayla, so I just chuckled and made my own suggestion, "Well, Ayla, if you wanna dance with Jessica for a tune, maybe I can dance with Fiona?"

Ayla, Jessica and Olivia all seemed to look at me strange at that suggestion. Now I felt I really did make a faux-pas. I don't understand, I thought to myself, what am I doing wrong? Jessica and Ayla are flirting with each other and nobody seems to mind. But if I suggest it with Fiona… okay maybe suggesting anything with Fiona is a bad idea. Maybe it was because I was the new girl and I wasn't supposed to talk? I was lost.

Fortunately, my comments didn't phase Fiona at all. She simply replied back, "I don't dance."

"Neither do I," Olivia mimicked her.

"Yeah," Jessica teased, "They only dance to waltzes."

I decided not to say anything else and just nod politely.

As our food came out, rather quickly, I found it to be a relief. I just sucked at joining in on the conversation.

As we ate, they were talking about Aspen. I never visited Aspen and knew nothing about it, but the way they talked about it, even Ayla, was like they lived there. The one interesting part of the conversation was hearing Fiona talk more. She was saying something about the different properties around the area; I honestly couldn't follow her.

Fortunately, while Olivia and Fiona were talking amongst each other, Ayla put her hand on my lap, smiled and asked: "You all right?"

"I'm lost," I told her smiling back.

"So," She spoke quietly, "We went to Aspen last Winter, it's a ski resort in Colorado."

"Right, I know that," I assured her, trying to sound somewhat sophisticated.

"So," She explained, "While we were there, Fiona was talking about buying a place in Aspen. It's like super expensive, but she's more concerned about which places would be closest to the best mountain ranges."

"Oh okay," I was amazed it was that simple. The way Fiona described it seemed so much more complicated.

"You ever been skiing before?" She asked me.

I was ashamed to say no. "I've snowboarded before if that counts," I told her honestly, "Ashley invited me to stay at her aunt's place in the mountains, and she had a couple snowboards. I could barely stand on it."

Ayla laughed and tapped on Jessica's shoulder, "Hey Jessie," The girl in question turned around, "Kelsey's a snowboarder."

Jessica chuckled. At first, I couldn't tell if they were teasing me or not, but then Jessica explained, "Yeah next time we go out, let's rent some snowboards. I wanna try."

"It's fun," Ayla said and looked back to me, "I actually went snowboarding a few times before I joined the group."

"For the record," I blushed, "I'm not really a snowboarder."

"Snowboarding?" Olivia interrupted our conversation, "Again?"

"Olivia thinks snowboarding is stupid," Ayla told me.

"It is stupid!" Olivia answered and took a bite of her dish, "It's just a bunch of guys on drugs jumping over cliffs and breaking their legs."

"I seem to recall," Fiona joined in, "You wanting to do some ski jumps."

Olivia looked at her group leader and stumbled, "Well ski jumps are different. Snowboarding is… I mean, Fiona would never be seen on a snowboard."

"No," Fiona took a bite of her meal.

"Fine," Jessica mocked them, "You two go ski on prissy peak, while the three of us shred the half-pipe!" She looked to Ayla, "Is that what they call them? Half-pipes?"

"I think so," Ayla answered.

I just shrugged my shoulders.

Ayla had finished her meal. I was amazed at how fast she could eat so much food. The rest of them looked like they'd barely touched their plates, "If you'll excuse me," She stood up. I got up to let her out.

Fiona nodded her head understanding that she needed a bathroom break.

"Can you come with me Kelsey?" She asked me.

"Yes," Olivia spoke up, "Go make out away from us!"

"Don't feel bad," Jessica spoke to us, "Liv and Fifi make-out in the bathroom all the time."

"We do not!" Fiona spat back. Olivia held her head in embarrassment.

That got me thinking. They may have denied it, but I don't think Jessica was lying. Plus, the way the two blondes reacted to it was a dead giveaway. So Olivia and Fiona made out together in the bathroom? Where they a couple? I didn't understand, Olivia was so anti-gay and yet that's what they did together? Of course, Fiona made out with me in the bathroom… this was so confusing. I was actually embarrassed to ask Ayla. I kind of didn't want her to know I was kissing her friend in the bathroom.

Once we got there, Ayla didn't waste any time giving me a sensual kiss on the lips. It felt so nice, but my mind seemed to come back to kissing Fiona. Stop thinking about that, I told myself, Ayla's kissing you now. Show here some affection.

"Are you okay?" She asked me, feeling something was wrong.

"Uh," I hesitated, "Yeah, it's just uh…"

"Feeling a little overwhelmed? Being with Fiona and the girls?"

"Yeah," I nodded looking down at the floor.

"I went through the same thing," She put her arms around me. I did the same, "I feel like I'm only just now finally starting to feel like an equal part of the conversation. You'll catch up. Feel free to ask me anything, I'll bring you up to speed."

"It's strange," I admitted, "The group dynamic is so much more different than I thought. I always imagined it was like this… I dunno, this polite tea party of sorts but… I mean Fiona and Jessica seem to go at it a lot."

"Oh yeah," Ayla scrunched her eyebrows, "They fight like cats and dogs. But they love each other. We all love each other."

I wanted to ask her more about the idea of them all loving each other, exactly how far that went, but I decided not to pry any more. It was enough for the first day just trying to keep up with the conversation. So I simply smiled and said, "Cool."

Then Ayla kissed me again and got a mischievous smile on her face, "Wanna do it right here in the bathroom?"

I laughed, "Aylee!"

"I'm just kidding," She chuckled, then went back to her mischievous smile, "Or am I?"

Chapter 17

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 17 - Jessica

I liked Kelsey. She was pretty chill, though he was obviously a little shy. Of course, this was to be expected.

When Brenda first brought Ayla into the group, she barely spoke at all. It was the typical kind of thing when you bring your girlfriend into your own group of friends. I kind of felt a little out of place myself when I started hanging out with the three gueras, but being the pinch puta I was, I didn't have any trouble asserting my authority over them.

Ayla only really talked to Brenda, but when I took it upon myself to get to know her better, she opened up pretty quickly. I had her pictured as this shy nerdy Asian girl who probably was into math books and didn't say a word. But the more I spoke to her, the more I realized how cool she was; how much fun she was to be around, even more so than the other members. Finally, it felt like there was another abnormal one in the group, someone with more zest for life. However, I think Ayla still wanted to fit in, so she tried to maintain a stoic personality within the group.

The first time the two of us hung out together was this goth metal concert one of my friends was playing. The blondetourage wouldn't be caught dead going to a concert like this, but Ayla agreed to go with me. In fact, she dressed the part, looking ilke something out of an Amy Lee video,

even switching her blue gloves to long black ones. She was hot. Granted, the band was pretty bad, but Ayla made the best of it bopping her head and asking me to dance. I really wanted to hold her, not trying to take her away from Brenda, she was just so soft and fun to hold onto. And she was fine with it. She held onto me too, not in a sexual way, just in a loving friendly way. I had so much fun with her that night, from that moment on, it felt like we shared this special connection.

See I could never do half the things I wanted to with Fiona. I couldn't go see rock concerts, go snowboarding or even eat hamburgers with her, so that's where Ayla came in. She was willing to do all these very un-lady like things with me. And don't get me wrong, both Ayla and I love sophisticated classy activities, but sometimes we just had to let loose a bit.

When Ayla broke up with Brenda, I like to think she leaned on me the most. Not to say that Fiona and even Olivia weren't there for her, but ever since then, she and I would talk on the phone almost every night.

Now with her new girlfriend by her side, Ayla seemed much more comfortable and personable. Of course, it might take Kelsey a while to come out of her shell, but I was willing to help her along.

Much later that night, we went to Ellington's. We were all still dressed up to the nines, our gloves still on, and Fiona told the concierge who we were. There was already a line outside, but we didn't have to wait. Being a weeknight, I figured the venue wasn't going to be hosting one of their top of the line bands. I was wrong. While the venue was noted for being a swing-jazz venue, the act for this night played a wider range of material.

The restaurant's sidewalk sign read: "The Amy Lynn Orchestra." They had played the venue a number of times. Amy Lynn was their guitar player and leader. They had a big horn section and a number of hot singers, who all wore long matching gloves, except for the male singer obviously. Over half of the band was female, which I thought was cool. They played big band swing music, but were known to dip into some R&B, some salsa, even some rock and roll. I remember one night seeing someone request "Rock and Roll" by Led Zeppelin, and Amy Lynn just rocked this guitar solo hard. This would be fun.

Most importantly, I knew there would be some dancing tonight. I hope Ayla and I could get at least one dance in together, even if she wanted to dance with her girlfriend.

First we had to go to our table, and we had to order drinks and some appetizers. The place was pretty packed. The band was playing some big-band jazz and the dancefloor was pretty crowded.

"Can't wait until we're old enough to drink," Fiona sighed.

"What are you talking about?" I told her, "We drink at your place all the time."

Fiona gave me an annoyed look, "I'm talking about drinking in public places, Jessica!"

"Tip him twenty bucks," I said, "He'll give you whatever you want."

The band finished up some big-band song and were greeted by applause. The immediately launched into some fast swing song.

"C'mon Kelsey!" Ayla dragged her girlfriend by the hand, "Let's dance."

"Okay," Kelsey laughed getting up.

"You can't wait more than two minutes to get on the dancefloor?" Olivia yelled at them, but they were already gone.

We watched them on the dancefloor. Ayla was leading Kelsey, who obviously had no idea what she was doing. Everytime Kelsey tried to dance in sync, she almost fell forward laughing. Ayla laughed too. They were having fun obviously, but I really felt like Ayla and I needed our moment to shine.

But I waited, sipping my iced-tea. The only problem was Olivia and Fiona were silent for a while. Eventually Olivia started talking:

"Isn't this symbolic?" Olivia spoke, "Ayla's got her girlfriend with her, and she's already left us alone, as has this new unofficial member of ours."

"Quite," Fiona seemed to agree with her, "That was rather rude wasn't it? Something's really gotten into her."

"Give them a break," I spoke up for her, "They're a new couple, they want to have fun with each other. I know I'd want to."

"I understand," Fiona spoke, "But the way she just got up and left… It does feel… It feels," She looked to Olivia, unsure of how to finish her thought.

"Feels as if she no longer cares for us," Olivia said.

"Liv," I saw what she was doing. She was trying to poison Fiona's mind, as usual, "That is such bullshit. Just because Ayla doesn't feel like sitting around talking about shoes for another half an hour doesn't mean she's no longer a part of the group. Come to think of it, I'm considering leaving this group for the same reason."

"I'm surprised she didn't ask you to dance with her," Olivia suddenly changed the subject.

"Well of course not," I answered her.

"But look at them Jessica."

I turned to see Kelsey struggling to keep up. She had a point, Ayla was putting on a smile, but after a few songs, it was apparent that Ayla needed someone more up to her speed. Someone like me obviously.

"As much as I hate to admit this," Olivia put her hand on my shoulder, "You are a spectacular dancer. Right Fiona?" She turned to the blonde.

Fiona shrugged her shoulders taking a drink, "If you're into that sort of activity."

"You got a point to make Liv?" I really didn't know what she was getting at.

"They've danced enough," Olivia waved them off, "You should be there ruling the dancefloor. Obviously Fiona and I can't do it."

"Hey," Fiona answered.

"Okay," Olivia corrected herself, "I can't. Fiona can."

"So you wanna dance Fifi?" I asked her.

"Oh God no," She answered, "Get all sweaty and ruin my outfit. Are you kidding me?"

"What was that song you and her danced to last time this band was here?" Olivia asked me.

I thought about it, "Uh… it's that Earth Wind and Fire tune… Boogie Wonderland."

Olivia pulled out a one-hundred dollar bill and handed it to me. I don't understand why, I could have easily pulled one out of my own bag.

"Show Ellington's who the real dancing queen is: Jessica Perez of The Fiona Five."

I looked at Olivia again. She was acting strange, but to be honest, I wanted to get on the dancefloor and shake it up. By now, Kelsey and Ayla had danced enough, it was time to be reunited with my dancing partner. So I took a drink and got up.

"Have fun," Olivia smiled at me in a strange way.

"Don't sweat too much," Fiona laughed.

I made my way through the dance-floor, ignoring guys hitting on me… unless they were hot… and patted my hand on Ayla's shoulder. Kelsey was practically holding onto her.

"Hey Jessie," She smiled at me.

"Hey Kelsey," I asked her partner, "Is it all right if I steal your girlfriend for dance?"

Kelsey laughed, "Yeah probably a good idea. I don't know what I'm doing."

"Nah you're fine," I lied, "'Scuze me a sec."

The song had died down so I went right up to the side of the stage where Amy Lynn was playing guitar thanking the crowd for their applause. I wasn't sure if she would remember me or not, probably not, but I pulled out my hundred dollar bill and waved at her:

"Hi, how are you?"

"Hello," Amy Lynn smiled at me looking through a notebook on a music stand, which I assumed contained charts for the multiple songs they did. Only now did I actually realize that Amy wore white gloves when she played. I could see her piano player, a blonde woman, wearing similar ones. Perhaps Fiona's mission to have every woman on the planet wearing gloves was starting to become a reality.

"Do you still play 'Boogie Wonderland' by Earth Wind and Fire?" I handed her the hundred.

"Sure do," She said confidently as she took the bill out of my hand. She looked through her book and then turned to to her Keyboard player, "Hannah, you got 'Boogie Wonderland?'"

"Yeah, I've got it," The blonde pianist spoke in what sounded like an English accent.

"Thank you!" I answered and turned around to face the club. The guitarist counted off the song and some blaring horns broke out. Immediately I started moving along to the music, throwing in some Michael Jackson moves. I spun around, threw my hands up, even did a split. This seemed to get

some immediate attention from everyone around me. It was like Saturday Night Fever all of a sudden. Of course, this was just a warm-up.

I went right up to Ayla and took her hand. She walked over to the center of the dance-floor with me.

"I'll lead," I told her.

We wasted no time. Holding hands, we just went into a jive, kicking our legs in the air, going full force. We were completely in sync, not taking our eyes off each other. One particular move involved a simple lace and me dipping her as she came back. For a brief moment, I stopped and looked into her eyes. There was a sensual look between us that almost broke my concentration. Suddenly I heard some applause around us, and I brought her back up. We changed it up going into a full out mambo. Ayla was smiling every so often, but I could tell she was trying to concentrate, especially when we got into more complicated moves.

No one else seemed to be dancing at this point. A circle gathered around us. I saw Kelsey in the midst of it looking amazed at us. I began to wonder if she felt at all jealous that I was dancing so sensually with her partner and getting this much attention. I wondered how Ayla felt about it.

But Dios Mio, Ayla and I were on fire. I was having so much fun, I kind of just didn't care. The music Amy Lynn's band was playing was smoking. The singers had great voices, the beat was unmistakable, how could I leave a beautiful girl like Ayla alone on the dancefloor with a novice?

At some point, we got really close to each other. Ayla's back was against my chest. My hand was on her stomach. We spun around with our eyes locked. Our faces were so close to each other. I could imagine if I was in her position and a

man was holding me, not that I could see any man dancing as well as I could, I would be overcome by sensual feelings.

I'm not gonna lie, a horrible thought came in my mind to suddenly kiss her on the dance floor. Ayla was so adorable, and so hot, I was tempted to. But I kept my self-control. I could almost see Kelsey behind me looking worried.

Spinning her out on the dancefloor, we separated. Still looking at each other from a distance, Ayla went into some insane Flashdance like moves while I inched my way towards her. The song began to die down. Eventually one of the singers pointed us out:

"Let's give a round of applause to our two beautiful ladies here."

Ayla and I were greeting with noticeable applause. We both laughed and hugged each other. Of course we weren't done, but the song changed. The band kept the same upbeat groove, and people were now joining us on the dancefloor again.

After a while, I surrendered the dancefloor and led Ayla back to Kelsey. Who looked pretty dejected by then.

"Phew," I wiped my forehead with my gloved arm, "Sorry Kelsey, I got a little carried away."

"You guys are amazing," Kelsey said meekly, "I wish I could dance like that."

"We'll have to teach you," Ayla held onto her, "Come to dance class with us."

"I'm never gonna get that good," Kelsey looked to the floor.

"Nonsense," I said.

"Wanna dance with me some more?" Ayla was still holding onto Kelsey trying to make up showing her attention.

"I don't know," Kelsey seemed pretty insecure, "Shouldn't we go check in with Olivia and Fiona?"

"Don't worry about them," I told Kelsey, "The two blondes prefer to be alone making out with each other. Listen, I'm gonna go outside for a bit, get some air."

"All right," Ayla said.

I walked out to the front and allowed the cool air to calm me down. My adrenaline was really kicking in. Dancing with Ayla really just enticed me more than dancing with any other guy. Fate was kind to me, because a group of guys were pulling out a pack of smokes. I really needed one now, so I asked if I could have one. They looked me up and down and smiled, offering me a cigarette. I held it between my gloved fingers and allowed one of them to light it for me. Taking a puff released the tension, though now I had to entertain them for the kindness.

"Jessica?"

I turned around to see Kelsey right next to me. Shit! Here I was smoking a cigarette.

"Kelsey…" I was surprised, but suddenly I sighed.

"Are you smoking?" She asked, looking concerned.

I hesitated looking at the ground, "Yeah, I am. Don't hate me okay?"

Kelsey looked a bit conflicted. I'm not sure if she approved of smoking and just didn't want to say anything, she was still a trial member after all. There was an awkward pause.

"Your friend want one?" One of the guys offered her a cigarette.

"No," I protected her, "She's okay."

"Sure," Kelsey took the cigarette. I was surprised to hear her say that, now with a frown on my face, "I've never tried before."

The guy lit it for her, but she looked very unsure holding it in her purple gloved fingers.

"Kelsey," I held her hand, "You don't have to smoke to impress me."

"No it's fine," Kelsey smiled, "I've always wanted to try."

She took a puff, and almost exactly as I expected it to happen, Kelsey coughed. I patted her back.

"Take it easy," I told her, "It's not a habit you really need to get addicted to. Believe me."

"So," She was coughing, "Why do you do it then?"

I honestly asked myself the same question, "I don't know." Regardless I took another puff.

Kelsey tried again, but she just couldn't get the hang of it without coughing. I felt like taking it from her mouth and stamping it out, but it she wanted to smoke, that was up to her. I kinda felt guilty that I would be responsible for her developing a habit.

"Um," She cleared her throat, "Jessica, can I ask you a question?"

"Shoot," I looked to her.

"Is there something going on between you and Ayla?"

I stopped and looked at her. To be honest, I wasn't surprised that she asked me that. Ayla and I were pretty friendly with each other, and I was really holding back on the dancefloor. But I was careful to answer:

"What makes you say that?" I asked, "Did Ayla say something?"

"No," Kelsey admitted, "It's just… I dunno, I feel like there's something going on with this whole group that I don't know. And the way you and her are together I… I'm sorry, maybe I'm being paranoid."

"No it's all right," I told her, "I know what you mean. I guess," I hesitated laughing, "Ayla and I were really going at in on that dancefloor weren't we?"

"It was fun to watch," She smiled.

"I'm sorry Kelsey," I gave her a hug, "I guess that was pretty shitty of me."

"Oh it's fine," She hugged me back, "I know you guys are really good friends. I don't want to come off as the jealous girlfriend type. I just want to know if there's something else going on, just to keep in the loop."

"Well," I looked up at the sky, "I can't speak for Fiona or Olivia, but as far as Ayla and I are concerned… I mean I told you, the girl's like a sister to me. I just love her to death. I

won't lie, she's beautiful, she fun to be around… but that's as far as our relationship goes. I have no desire to go further than that."

Kelsey sighed in relief.

"I'm really glad she has someone in her life again. If you feel like I'm getting a bit too touchy feely with her, just let me know. I'll back off."

"No it's fine," Kelsey held my hand for a brief second and then let go noticing what she was doing, "I mean I know you're all close, so… I'll just try not to get too jealous."

I finished up my cigarette and flicked it away. It was only then that both of us noticed Olivia standing against the doorway smiling at us with her arms folded.

"Hey Olivia," Kelsey waved to her forgetting that a cigarette was in her hand.

"Teaching her how to smoke Jess?" She looked to me.

I rolled my eyes. Kelsey put our her cigarette in shame.

"Fiona wants to split," Olivia told us, "She's bored. Let's pay our tabs and get out of here."

"But we just got here," Kelsey looked disappointed, "I was gonna work up the courage to dance with Ayla some more."

"My dear Kelsey," I put my arm around her and led her inside, "You'll find being with this group that whatever Fiona says goes." I stopped in the doorway and let Kelsey move in, standing next to Olivia, "I'll catch up with you guys. Olivia and I are gonna make out for a minute."

Kelsey laughed, "You make out with everyone."

"Now you're getting the hang of it!" I laughed.

Once Kelsey was out of sight I looked to Olivia. She had a mischievous smile on her face:

"All right Liv, what the fuck are you up to?"

She gave me a fake look of innocence, "What are you talking about?"

"You got that Disney villain smile on your face."

Olivia rolled her eyes and spoke sarcastically, "Yeah, I'm planning on murdering the mayor and taking over Seattle." She raised her hands in disgust as if to say I was the dumbest person on the planet.

I really had no idea what she was up to. Maybe she planned this whole moment of jealousy between Kelsey and I. It was no big deal, Kelsey was a pretty understanding person, but Olvia succeeded in winding me up and getting me to dance hot and heavy with Ayla. Was she trying to break us apart?

"I got my eye on you," I pointed to her.

"I'll keep that in mind," Olivia said.

Suddenly one of the guys we got the cigarettes came right up to Olivia and offered her one: "You want a smoke babe?"

Without even looking at him, or even changing expressions, Olivia swiftly took out a can of mace from her purse and sprayed it in his eyes. The guy obviously ran away in pain, but Olivia simply walked back into the bar with her head held up high.

Something was going on...

Chapter 18

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 18 - Ayla

I wasn't surprised when Fiona wanted to leave so soon. That's generally how it went, and why I wanted to get on the dancefloor so quickly. Dancing with Kelsey was somewhat underwhelming, nothing a few dance classes couldn't fix, but I loved being close to her. Once Jessie took over, it was the total opposite. It was hard work keeping with her, but great fun at the same time. However, I wanted to get back to dancing with my girlfriend. She must have been exhausted just watching Jessie and I.

"So," I asked Kelsey as we rode in a limo Olivia had ordered, "There's this dance class this woman Rhonda has. I think she worked with 'Dancing with the Stars' or one of those shows."

"It's a good class," Jessica backed me up, "And she's pretty 'lax, you wouldn't have to worry about it."

"Kelsey," Fiona looked to her, "If you want to develop a better appreciation for high-class society, perhaps you should enroll in Madame Shannon's Ballroom Dance studio. It's much more engaging. Olivia and I have been attending her class since we were young girls."

Kelsey smiled. She seemed happy that Fiona was taking such an interest in her. I knew how much she wanted to

impress her. Truth be told, I was surprised Fiona was taking to her so much. I was happy the two of them were becoming friends, my heart was skipping. I now knew how Brenda must have felt when Fiona accepted me, though I felt like it took longer for her to do so.

"That school sucks," Jessie barked back.

"You suck!" Fiona went back at her.

"You swallow!" Jessie smiled insulting her back.

Fiona gave off a disgusted face, "Ew!"

I laughed resting my head on Kelsey's shoulder. She seemed to be enjoying herself. The only one who was being silent was Olivia. She had been acting strange all day. Who knew what was going through that girl's head?

After enjoying the limo ride, we pulled up to Fiona's mansion. I saw Kelsey's eyes nearly pop out of their skull when she saw it:

"Oh my God!"

I was impressed the first time I saw her house, but Kelsey was like a kid seeing Disneyland for the first time. She was practically jumping up and down in the car.

"Would you sit down?!" Jessie laughed at her, "You're gonna destroy the limo!"

"It's fine," Fiona grabbed Kelsey and sat her next to her, "I can get someone to fix it." Fiona held onto Kelsey in a rather intimate way. Kelsey looked a little uncomfortable at first, "You like my house?"

"Uh…" She was now concentrating on Fiona who was holding her close, "Yes?"

Kelsey looked over to me almost asking for help. Now I was starting to scratch my head. Sure, Fiona could be touchy-feely on occasion. She was certainly that way after Brenda left, but… was she drunk or what? I could understand Kelsey feeling out-of-place. She was a bit uncomfortable when I first held her, and having Fiona Winston act that way is a whole other story. Impulsively, I got up and grabbed my girlfriend by the hand. I eyed Fiona rather sternly, I think she got the memo, because she let go of her.

"Come here baby," I pulled Kelsey back to my side of the limo.

Kelsey looked more at ease. I kissed her in front of everyone. Maybe i was acting a bit possessive, but I just felt like I needed her back by my side at the moment.

I would have studied Fiona's reaction more closely, but Jessie snuggled up to her in a teasing way and spoke in what sounded like an over-the-top british accent:

"Oh Fifi!" She snuggled her cheek against Fiona's, running her gloved hands along Fiona's arms, "Your mansion is just so magnificent!"

Suddenly Jessie started kissing her on the lips in a silly Pepe-Le-Pew manner. Fiona now looked uncomfortable again, "Get off of me!"

I could hear Olivia mutter something to herself as she started out the window, "I'm surrounded by idiots!"

Fiona gave Kelsey a short tour. It would have been too much to go through the entire mansion. Fiona assured her she

would see more of it. Kelsey was staring at everything in awe. We held hands the entire time. At one point, Olivia went up to Fiona and held her hand, which the blonde in pink allowed. This left Jessie at loose ends, so she came up to me. I felt her gloved hand hold my free one.

"Kelsey," Jessie smiled at her on the other side of me, "Hope you don't mind if I share your girlfriend." She gave her a wink.

Kelsey chuckled, "Not too much now!"

"No Promises!" Jessie joked.

It suddenly dawned on me that Kelsey had probably had private conversations with the other members, at least Fiona and Jessie. I started feeling like I was now the one being left out. However, I didn't want to start any commotion over it. Plus, I knew how much Jessie liked to tease everyone. So I allowed her to hold my other hand.

Fiona looked back to us as she walked along and chuckled, "Since when did you get so popular Ayla?"

This eventually led us to the game-room.

"Oh my-" She hesitated, "This place is like an arcade!"

It was a big room. There was a pool table, a foosball table, some pinball machines and old arcade games like pac-man and donkey kong. There was a full bar with plenty of alcohol behind it, and in the back, a Vegas-style blackjack table and roulette wheel. Kelsey was pulling me along looking at every single piece of machinery or furniture it had to offer. After explaining how her father built the room, or rather had other people build it for him, and acquired the games, Fiona led us towards the blackjack table.

"Hey Fifi," Jessie went over the bar, "We're alone tonight right?"

"Yes," She called back to her, "You want drinks?"

"I got em," Jessie smiled, "I'm playing bartender," She looked into the pantry.

Kelsey looked a little freaked-out hearing us talking about drinking alcohol.

"Do we always have to drink alcohol," Olivia complained, "Every time we're in here?"

"Olvia," Jessie called back to her, "Since when did you become a mormon?"

"Oh shut up!" Olivia spat back.

"Olivia," Fiona spoke quietly pulling out a deck of cards from the bottom of the blackjack table and began shuffling them with her pink leather gloves, "You don't have to drink if you don't want to."

"Yeah," I defended her, "I'm not gonna drink."

"Oh come on Ayla," Jessie teased me, "Not you too."

I drank on occasion, but I had to be in the right mood. During our summer world-trip, while we were in Europe, I drank quite a bit, probably to help me forget about Brenda. I got smashed drunk many times and woke up the next day with a terrible hangover. Since we had school the next day, I didn't want to experience that again.

"Well I have to drink now," Olivia raised her hands up.

"Peer pressure!" Jessie shouted out. The teasing mood changed slightly as Jessie looked back at Fiona, "Fi, where's the gloves at?"

"They're not there?" Fiona walked over towards the bar, leaving the three of us at the blackjack table. After looking around the pantry, she finally pulled out a few pairs of rubber gloves.

"Aha!" Jessie smiled, "They were hiding."

With that, she began to pull on a pair of yellow dishwashing gloves over her red leather ones. They were tight on her. I always liked seeing double gloves, especially rubber ones over long formal ones, though Jessie wore shorter leather gloves than the rest of us. Kelsey in particular stared at her.

"Margharitas all right with everyone?"

"Fine by me," Fiona added as she looked through the pantry some more.

"Yeah I'll take one," Olivia spoke begrudgingly.

"What about you Kelsey?" Jessie asked the new girl.

Kelsey looked nervous. I could tell she had never drank before. She stayed silent for the moment. I held her hand and whispered, "You don't have to Kelsey."

As Jessie began to prepare some cups and make some margaritas with her double gloved hands, Fiona interrupted by pulling out a pack of cigarettes, "I knew they were back here!"

"Oh yes!" Jessie smiled.

Olivia held her head like she had a headache.

"Since you already told Kelsey we smoke-" Fiona scolded her.

"It was an accident!"

"-Might as well make the most of it."

I looked to Kelsey surprised. She must have caught Jessica smoking outside the club. She gave me a look of guilt. I didn't know how to feel about this. Again, I had smoked on our trip, but because of my asthma, I really couldn't have smoke in my lugs. So I stopped shortly after that. I didn't mind watching the others smoke, but I really didn't want my girlfriend picking up the habit. I'm sure Jessie wouldn't force her to pick up the habit, but I knew how much Kelsey wanted to fit in and how much peer pressure influenced people's decisions.

Jessie immediately lit up. It was funny seeing her smoke with her rubber gloves on. She then lit up Fiona's cigarette, which she held between her pink leather gloves. With that, Fiona took the pack, a couple ashtrays, and walked back to the table.

"Give me one," Olivia asked begrudgingly.

Fiona hesitated giving Olivia a cigarette and lighting it up. Olivia took a puff, "Now my gloves are gonna smell like smoke."

"How about you Kelsey?" Fiona smiled offering her a cigarette.

Part of me wanted to take the cigarette and break it in two. I didn't want my sweet cute Kelsey smoking. But this was up

to her. I didn't want to be that controlling girlfriend. Besides, maybe Kelsey would be smart and simply not accept it.

"Okay, I'll try."

… Or not…

Watching Kelsey smoke was painful. She was coughing pretty bad. It got so bad, I eventually took the ciagrette from her and finished it myself to save face. Now I felt like shit smoking one of these things. Olivia looked at the two of us seemingly understanding our predicament.

"Anyway," Fiona seemed oblivious to Kelsey's coughing, "Let's play some blackjack right?"

I ignored her and ran over to the bar. Jessie eyed me as she was finishing up her margaritas, "Let me get some water."

"Sure," Jessie understood what was going on.

I grabbed a glass, filled it with water, even getting some drops on my leather gloves and brought it back to my girlfriend.

"Thanks Aylee," She smiled at me and drank the whole cup.

"So Kelsey," Fiona was taking her time finishing her cigarette, "We're gonna play blackjack, you know how to play?"

"Of course," Kelsey tried to perk back up.

"Ever played strip black-jack?" Olivia eyed her with a smile.

I knew we were going to do that the minute Fiona brought us to the table. Betting with money had gotten boring for Fiona, so she decided that strip black-jack would be more

enjoyable. Indeed, it was more fun, but how Kelsey was going to react to this was beyond me.

"No," Kelsey's eyes widened. She looked to me. I simply shrugged my shoulders.

"You might see your girlfriend naked!" Fiona smiled.

"Not likely," I joked around, "I always win."

"You don't always win!" Olivia laughed at me, "Though I know you want to so you can have lesbian fantasies about all of us."

"True," I took Olivia's jokes in stride, "But I'm still gonna win."

"So," Kelsey scratched her neck, "Remind how this works. We play hands and whoever has the worst hand has to take off a piece of clothing."

"Of if you go over 21," Fiona explained, "However," She held up her hands, "The gloves never come off. That's pretty much a rule in my house. You're not allowed to take gloves off at anytime in my house."

"Wow," Kelsey chuckled, "Even in private, everyone has to leave them on, even if the rest of your body is completely naked."

"Kelsey," Fiona smiled, "You're a very quick learner. I like that."

Kelsey blushed.

"Anyway," Olivia continued, "There's another rule. Whoever is the first to take off all their clothes, minus the gloves, has

to stay naked the rest of the night."

Kelsey gulped at that.

"And," Fiona smiled, "They must pay a penalty of my choosing, as I'm the dealer."

This was when the game could get scary. Fiona was known to demand some pretty crazy things for the penalty. There could be kissing involved, or kissing someone's ass-cheeks. I remember Brenda losing first, and Fiona made her and me feel each other up (and I was already in my underwear). It was awkward, but among friends. How would Kelsey feel about this? Of course, she didn't tell Kelsey the specifics, so she was in the dark about it. For all she knew, it could have been as simple as making a sandwich for her.

"What if you lose first?" Kelsey asked.

Fiona and Olivia both laughed at her, "That's not going to happen."

Finally, Jessie came in with a tray of drinks, still with her yellow rubber gloves on: "Margaritas para mis chicas!"

"Thank you," Fiona took her drink and set it on the table, she handed one to Olivia as well.

"Aqui esta un refresco por la hermosa Ayla!" She handed me a soda.

"Gracias Mi Amor!" I smiled at her taking a sip of my soda.

"Kelsey," She looked to the black-haired beauty and offered a drink, "Que te gustaria una margarita?"

Kelsey very slowly took the drink with her purple leather gloves and looked at it.

"Y," Jessie put her drinks down and threw the tray away, "Dos para mi!"

"You're having two?" I asked her.

"Si!" She held up one of her glasses, "So how about a toast to our new friend Kelsey? And to Ayla for bringing her on?"

Everyone else raised their glasses. I was particularly happy that Jessie made an effort to welcome Kelsey into our group and calling me out as well. Kelsey blushed and picked up her glass, feeling welcome.

"I agree," Fiona smiled, "Kelsey, we're very happy to have you. I think you're going to be a classy addition to The Fiona Five."

I caught Olivia rolling her eyes.

"Salud!" Jessie gave the toast.

Everyone shouted "Salud" and drank their glasses. Jessie just chugged her's down all the way, still in her rubber gloves, but Kelsey seemed to give a sour face just from one sip.

"All right," Fiona put her drink down and grabbed the cards. She handed them to Olivia, who cut the deck. Then Fiona began to deal them, "So we're all in agreement on the rules. No turning back now."

"Okay," Kelsey still looked nervous.

"Bring em on Weda!" Jessie spoke up dropping her empty glass on the table.

So we were all dealt a deck of cards. Like Vegas-style, everyone's cards were visible except for Fiona's, who was the dealer. This made it harder to play conservatively; if you had the lowest deck, then you had to hit no matter what. And nobody knew what Fiona had.

The order around the table was Olivia, me, Kelsey, Jessie, and finally Fiona. The dealt cards were:

Olivia - a three and an eight: 12

Me - an ace and seven: 18 (I was relieve having received a good hand)

Kelsey - a jack and a five: 15

Jessie - a queen and a king: 20

Fiona - A King, the other card hidden.

Olivia was first. Having a concentrated look on her face, she obviously hit, simply tapping the table without saying anything. Fiona dealt a five: 17. Olivia looked a little hesitant, but decided to play it safe and stay, simply waving her hand.

I was next, "I'll stay," knowing I was safe with Olivia's lower hand.

Kelsey leaned her elbows on the table knowing that she had a tough hand. If she stayed, the only way she could win is if Fiona went over. "Okay," Kelsey said, "Hit me!"

Fiona dealt a king. She was over. Kelsey gave a moan which everyone laughed at, including Olivia, "Already?"

"Well I'm staying!" Jessie laughed.

Fiona turned over her card to reveal a seven: 17.

"It's okay," I smiled and held her hand, "You'll do better."

"What do you want to take off Kelsey?" Fiona asked.

"Well," Kelsey looked down remembering what she had on, "I guess my shoes."

Kelsey kicked off her shoes and the games continued.

Unfortunately for Kelsey, she lost the next round, she played conservatively with a 14 and ended up with the lowest hand. This time she would have to take off something more revealing. Since she couldn't take her gloves off, her dress had to go.

"Now we're talking!"

Kelsey was very self-conscious about taking off her dress, pulling it off very slowly. Once it was off, she was down to her bra, panties and gloves. I started getting turned on seeing her in her underwear. I couldn't help but hug her naked torso:

"Isn't she cute?"

I think this alleviated some of Kelsey's nervousness. She laughed and kissed me on the lips.

"Oh God!" Olivia snarled, "Now I want to get naked first just so I don't have to see these two lezbos go crazy on each other."

"Better hope I don't get naked," Jessie joked, "Cause I'm gonna go crazy on everyone!"

"All right next!" Olivia demanded.

As the margaritas began to take hold, the others, Kelsey included, stated to loosen up a bit. I was the only sober one. Fortunately for Kelsey, she stayed alive the next round and Jessie went over:

"Shit!"

"All right!" I teased her, "Let's go Jessie."

Jessie smiled and began to tug at the rubber glove that was over her leather ones.

"Hey!" Kelsey joined in the teasing, "You're not supposed to take off your gloves."

"My leather gloves can't come off," Jessie playfully admitted, "But these rubber gloves can come off." She grinned at everyone.

"No fair!" I laughed.

"You are such a cheater!" Fiona shook her head.

As Jessie began to pull off her second rubber glove, she accidentally pulled off her leather glove along with it: "Oh shit!" Jessie dove her hand underneath the table and slipped her leather glove back on. I could see Fiona's face turning white at this. "It's all right," Jessie said showing both her red leather hands without the rubber gloves on, "Gloves are still on. No need to panic."

"Wow," Kelsey chuckled, "I almost saw your hand there for a second."

"Enough!" Fiona shouted, seeming angry at this, "All right Jessica, as punishment for almost exposing your hand, you have to take something else off!"

Jessie sighed and began to strip off her dress. She still had a skirt and a tank-top underneath, not to mention her jewelry, red bow in her hair, and her shoes.

"There!" Jessie said showing off more skin, "That better?"

Fiona went back to dealing cards.

Now it was my turn to go over. "FUCK!" I shouted. I was really mad at myself for this, but I knew it wouldn't happen again. I decided to join Kelsey and Jessica, taking off my dress. I still had my underwear, my shoes, my glasses, my necklace.

But now came a crucial moment. In the next round, Kelsey was over again. She suddenly turned pale. Everyone was watching her. She had two choices: take off her bra, or take off her panties. So couldn't be comfortable with either one.

"All right Kelsey," Fiona smiled, "What would you like to take off now."

Kelsey took a drink, she was shaking now. Part of me didn't want Kelsey to take off anymore clothes. That naked body of hers belonged to me. I kind of didn't want anyone else getting a glimpse of it. But rules were rules, and Kelsey had to remove one or the other. She hid her face behind her gloved hands and whimpered: "Ohhh, I don't want to do this anymore!"

"You have to take one off!" Olivia demanded.

"It's okay Kelsey," I put my arm around here, "You have nothing to be ashamed of. You're beautiful."

"Take off your bra," Jessie said lighting another cigarette, "Your boobs can't possibly be worse than Liv's!"

Olivia looked at her annoyed.

"C'mon Kelsey," Fiona said, "We're all sisters here. When we go use my hot-tub, you're going to have to be naked anyway. So just take it off."

Kelsey sighed heavily and stood up. Very slowly, and very sensually, she unhooked her bra. She hovered her hands over her bra-covered breasts.

"Don't hide them," Fiona said, "Show us."

Kelsey let her hands slowly pry away from her chest. The bra fell and now Kelsey's beautiful breasts were out for everyone to see. Kelsey was very scared to show me her boobs in the privacy of our own bathroom, but now she had three other pairs of eyes looking at her. There was silence in the room, Kelsey had a look of unease on her face. She wanted to cover up her breasts with her purple gloves, but resisted.

"Damn girl!" Jessie laughed, "With boobs like that, what are you so worried about?"

I decided to take the edge off of Kelsey and stand up to hug her, "I told you baby!" I kissed her.

Olivia rolled her eyes, "They're okay…" She then put her arms around her chest covering herself up, even if she was

fully clothed.

"Can I?" Fiona stood up with her hands out, "Can I touch them?"

This made me turn around in shock. So did Olivia, who looked at her like she'd seen a ghost. You can imagine Kelsey's reaction: "What?!"

"I want to touch them?" Fiona came up to her, "Can I?"

I don't know if it was the alcohol or just Fiona being bi-curious as she tended to be. I wasn't comfortable with the idea of someone else touching my girlfriend's breasts.

"C'mon Fiona," I implored her, "She took them out and you get to see them, don't make her feel any more uncomfortable."

"I'm not gonna grope them," Fiona had her hands out waiting to touch Kelsey's chest, "I just want to touch them."

"Um…" Kelsey was now hiding her breasts unsure of what to say. I think she still wanted to impress Fiona because she immediately nodded, saying "Yes" in the smallest voice possible.

So I watched as Fiona brought her pink gloved hands up to my girlfriends boobs and began to lightly squeeze them. Kelsey looked a little weirded out, almost wanting to push Fiona away. I wanted to do that same. I could see the look on Olivia's face, her jaw dropped open. She was not happy about this. I know Olivia always felt jealous about the rest of us getting more attention than her, but I kind of felt this was justified. I looked to Olivia non-verbally telling her that I agreed with her.

"Wow," Fiona chuckled, "These feel nice. It's hard to see how big your breasts in that dress. And I don't think that bra helps you either. We need to get you something that accentuates your beauty."

"Okay…" Kelsey smiled embarrassed, her hands still down to her sides.

By now, Fiona really did start groping Kelsey's breasts. Kelsey finally closed her eyes, like she was getting turned on by this. Truth be told, I was getting turned on as well. But I didn't want Fiona giving my girlfriend this kind of treatment. That was my job. I wanted to take her into the bedroom later and do her myself. In the gentlest way possible, I grabbed Fiona's hands and said in a low tone, "All right that's enough."

"Yeah," Jessie said, seemingly unabashed by this, "You're gonna give Liv a heart attack."

Ordinarily, Olivia would have given her the finger or something, but she looked too out of it to respond.

"Okay," Fiona walked back to the table, "Back to the game."

Everyone was a little on edge this time around.

Olivia got an 18. I was stuck with 16. To be honest, I would've been fine losing another article of clothing. In fact, I probably would have taken off my bra just to give Kelsey some company. Jessie had 21, and from the looks of, Fiona might have had 21.

Kelsey had a jack and a five: 15. The worst hand, especially since she was now the lowest amount. I think the alcohol calmed her system down a little, but she was still nervous.

One more loss and she was naked for the rest of the night and had to pay Fiona's penalty.

"Uh…" She shuttered.

"What's the decision Kelsey?" Fiona asked her very matter-of-fact like, "Hit or Stay?"

Kelsey held her face again. I put a hand on her shoulder.

"I'd hit if I were you," Olivia offered advice.

"Need an answer Kelsey," Fiona said.

"Um…" Kelsey finally dropped her hands to the table. Her breasts were fully exposed, "Okay hit me!" She said this was such restrained aggression.

Fiona looked at the card first. Nobody else could see it. Olivia was the first to turn and look at it. Kelsey was shaking. The suspense must have been killing her. Fiona and Olivia both looked towards her without breaking their poker faces.

Slowly, Fiona turned over the card: A queen of spades… she was 4 over 21.

"No!" Kelsey collapsed her head onto the table and placed her hands on her neck. I rubbed her back.

"Sorry Kelsey," Fiona smiled, "You lose. Need to take your underwear off."

"Fiona," I said, "Does she have to? I mean she already lost-"

"Come on Ayla," Jessie spoke seeming a little more tipsy, "Don't get soft of us now. We've all done it before."

"Okay okay," Kelsey sat up and calmed herself, "I'll do it."

"That's a good sport!" Jessie smiled.

"Wait!" Fiona said, "This is gonna be part of your penalty!"

"What do I have to do?" Kelsey looked nervous. I think after having Fiona touch her breasts, the edge was slightly taken off.

"Stand up on the blackjack table," Fiona said.

I knew exactly what she was going to make Kelsey do, and I think my girlfriend had an idea as well.

"You want me to stand on the table?"

"Yes," Fiona smiled.

Sighing, Kelsey did as she was told, climbing up on the table. I could now look up to see that incredible body of hers, covered only by a pair of panties and long purple leather gloves.

"Okay," Fiona said, "I'm gonna go easy on you, since you're the new girl. While you're stripping off your panties, I want you to feel yourself up with those gloves."

"Like a stripper?"

"Oh," Fiona held her chest, "Don't use that word. It's so tasteless. More like a classy burlesque kind of thing."

"In other words," Jessie said, "Yes like a stripper."

"It's not the same thing," Fiona spoke up.

"Yes burlesque is far more classy."

"Okay," Kelsey said with a pause. Before anyone else could say anything, Kelsey began to move her hips side to side slowly. Then she slowly began to bend her knees and rubbed her leather gloved hands along the side of her face. Kelsey just seemed to fit right into the role leaving everyone staring at her speechless. I in particular was starting to get turned on watching her act like this.

As Kelsey continued, she slowly inched her gloved hands down her neck, "These gloves feel really good actually."

That made me SO wet!

I couldn't even imagine what the others were thinking. Soon enough she massaging her nipples. She turned around to look directly at me. Our eyes were locked. I was shuddering. I wanted her badly, impulsively, I began to touch my own breasts.

And then she moved her hands down to hips, still swerving side to side. She let out a soft gasp realizing what she was about to do. She inched her panties down, so slowly. At one point her pubic hair became visible, but she was still struggling to inch those panties down. I was now touching myself in anticipation waiting for them to drop. It's like I completely lost where I was.

Then, just as she took off the panties, she swerved to face Fiona. She must have gotten a good look at Kelsey's naked snatch. I only got a look at her ass. And while her ass was hot, I wanted to see her shaking her pelvis in front of me. Fiona got the feature presentation. And at once, Fiona's eyes seemed to bulge out. It took a lot for Fiona to do that.

Why was she so enticed by this? She'd seen me naked, she'd seen all of us naked.

"Ayla," Jessie broke my train of thought, "You lucked out good with this girl. She's hot!"

"Okay," Kelsey stopped, "Can I get off now?"

"Oh," Jessie teased, "You can get off all right!"

Kelsey got off the table looking embarrassed. She immediately held onto me. Holding her naked body was now making me horny again.

"Well," Fiona said, "I don't think we can top that. Shall we call the game for the night?"

"Awww," Kelsey complained almost smiling, "That's no fair, I have be naked by myself?"

"Um…" I stood up and looked to Fiona, "Fiona, can Kelsey and I have a room for the night?"

"Oh God!" Olivia started to freak out, "The two of you are going to do it aren't you?"

Kelsey looked really embarrassed by this, but I didn't care. I wanted her now.

"Yeah," Fiona said, "You can take the usual guest room on the second floor."

"Have fun you two!" Jessie smiled taking another drink.

First thing I did was grab Jessie's discarded rubber gloves. It didn't take long for me to drag her up to the room. Meanwhile I was throwing the rest of my clothes off as quickly as possible. Then we reached the room. We hadn't said a word to each other. I just threw her on the bed and started making out with her. There was no room for words.

Kelsey matched my intensity holding my naked body. We pressing our breasts together. I was kissing her neck, It was intense.

Then I pulled the rubber gloves over my leather ones and began to touch her. I used my tongue slightly, but just let the rubber gloves bring her off. Kelsey was moaning and whimpering until she finally climaxed.

Afterwards, I practically begged her to touch me with the rubber gloves on. As she pulled the gloves on, she shook her head, "I can't believe this is happening. We're having sex in Fiona Winston's house! And I was naked in front of her! She grabbed my breasts, she saw my pussy!"

"Kelsey please," I begged her, "Just make me cum!"

Kelsey did just that with the rubber gloves. It didn't take long. I got off so quickly, and screamed so loud, I knew the others must have heard me.

After that, I passed out. The built up tension from everything, getting her into the Fiona Five, dancing at the restaurant, strip-poker, it was too much. Kelsey cuddled up next to me and stroked my hair. I eventually came to and saw her staring at me face to face. Her rubber gloves were off, but the purple leather gloves were still on.

I sighed, "How long was asleep," I asked her.

"Just a few minutes," She told me.

"Sorry," I told her, "I just lost control."

We kissed sweetly and Kelsey leaned back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. It's only now that she finally looked

around the room to see how nice it was. The bed was very comfortable, the ceiling was painted like the Sistine Chapel.

"This has been such a weird day!" Kelsey said and looked to me, "Is this what you girls do all the time?"

"Not really," I said, "Usually it's pretty boring. We haven't played strip poker… probably since Brenda left."

"Well," Kelsey chuckled, "It was fun, but… I think I better learn to play cards if I want to survive." There was a beat between thoughts, "Fiona is nothing like I thought she would be… she's… weird!"

"Of course she is," I explained, "What did you think she'd be like?"

"I don't know," Kelsey admitted, "Like some sort of stoic goddess."

I had to laugh at that, "Kelsey, she may look like some sort of goddess and live like one, but she's just a girl. A very strange, weird, socially-awkward girl. Olivia's the same way, though she's a little more in-your-face about it."

"Jessica doesn't come off that way," Kelsey looked to me curiously.

"Jessie," I explained, "Is just a cool chick. Yeah she's hot and rich, but she's obviously completely different."

"I have to tell you Aylee," Kelsey scratched her neck, "I was asking Jessica about her relationship with you earlier. I don't mean to pry, it's just that the two of you are so comfortable with each other, like girlfriends."

I wasn't surprised that Kelsey brought this up. I could tell there was something strange going through her mind when she and I went back to dancing after me and Jessie ruled the dancefloor. I think we overdid it.

"You have nothing to worry about Kelsey," I told her, "Trust me, Jessie's gonna be all over you once she gets to know you better. That's just her personality."

"I know," Kelsey said, "She explained it… but I think she might have a crush on you."

"You know," I wanted to bring up something that was actually bothering me, "Who I think has a crush on you is Fiona! There was…" I shook my head in annoyance, "The way she was touching you, it just… it rubbed me the wrong way."

"Well," Kelsey said, "She was literally rubbing me the wrong way."

I had to laugh at that, "Well you gotta tell her when she's invading your space. She does that a lot." I then got a sneaking suspicion about something. I leaned my hand on my head, "Has she kissed you yet?"

Kelsey's face turned red. She looked ashamed, "Yes…" She said in a mousy voice.

"In the bathroom?" I guessed correctly.

She nodded, "I'm sorry."

"Took you long enough to tell me!" I scolded her slightly, but I didn't want to make her feel bad, "She's kissed me before, she kisses everyone."

"Oh," Kelsey looked relieved, "So it's not just me then."

"Well," I held her, "Just do me a favor, if she does anything else weird to you, let me know okay?"

"Okay," Kelsey sighed.

"Kelsey," I looked at her scared that this was all too overwhelming for her, "Are you okay being in this group? Because you don't have to do this just for me."

"No," Kelsey said with her eyes widened, "I mean yes… I mean… I want to be in The Fiona Five. Yes, I want to be with you, but… I mean walking around today it was… it felt good standing next to you all. I feel like a different person. Even just now taking off my clothes in front of everybody. I was scared… but it felt liberating."

I chuckled, "Sounds like something Fiona would say."

"I want to stay with this group," Kelsey admitted, "I want to stay with you!"

I was so happy to hear that. I kissed her long and good. Suddenly, we heard knock on the door:

"Hey," It was Jessie's voice, slightly tipsy, "I just brought you some water… I'll uh… I'll leave it out here."

"It's okay Jess," I called out pulling the sheets over me and Kelsey, "You can come in."

Kelsey looked a little concerned about this.

Jessie walked in staring at us. She was holding a pitcher of water and two cups, "I'm not interrupting anything am I?"

Chapter 19

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter Notes:

Another shout out to Glee-chan who helped me out with this chapter!

Chapter 19 - Olivia

"Okay, what's on your mind?"

Fiona looked at me as we were washing up the glasses. She had a scowl on her face having to do this, with the other three too preoccupied with their lezbo shit to help. Normally, neither one of us would even think twice about doing such dirty work, but we were destroying the evidence of ever having drank any alcohol. Obviously if one of her maids found out about this, they would relay it to Fiona's parents… which I don't think they would have cared so much, come to think of it, but better to be safe than sorry.

While Fiona was locking up the alcohol and washing the glasses in the sink, I was in charge of disposing the cigarettes, placing them deep inside the trash so they would never be found out. Fiona was wearing the other pair of rubber gloves she had pulled out of the drawer, pink rubber gloves. Of course, they were still over her leather ones. The last pair were more like latex medical-style gloves, which I wore. I would have rather worn the yellow ones, but stupid

Ayla brought them with her so she could have stupid lesbian sex with her stupid girlfriend… So stupid!

"Nothing!" She lied.

Fiona's mine and no one else's… that kept replaying in my mind all day, especially whenever Fiona would show any form of affection towards her. Even Ayla was really starting to look uncomfortable, and she was the lesbian in the group! That meant something was wrong.

… So perhaps it was time to start making my move. Now having finished my clean-up act, I pulled my latex gloves off, revealing my yellow leather gloves.

"Come on Fiona," I wrapped my arms around her sides as she finished the last glass, "You've been acting strange all day. What's the matter, you can't tell your sister? I've been more of a sister to you than anyone else here!" I then rubbed my cheek against her's.

Fiona sighed and looked around the room. It was empty. We both knew what Ayla and Kelsey were doing, we could almost hear them through the walls! Ewww… And Jessica had left to get them some water… were they in a threesome? Double Ewww!

Whatever happened to the days when the three of us (Fiona, Brenda and I) just went shopping and played dress-up without talking about having sexual relations with other girls?

Fiona carefully took off the rubber gloves and sighed, "Let's go to my room."

Picking up our bags, she took my hand and led me out of the game-room and upstairs towards her bedroom. We were

hoping not to run into Jessica or accidentally stumble onto the guest room Ayla was in, though thankfully, Fiona's room was further away. Once we were inside her bedroom, a beautifully furnished room with a queen-sized bed and treasured portraits on the walls. There was a large antique cabinet in the far corner, next to a full-length coeval mirror. Needless to say, I wanted it!

Silence continued inside the room as Fiona opened up the doors revealing her pink night-gown. There was a pair of opera-length pink satin gloves that she always matched with them. She even had a pair of pink bunny slippers that she's always worn since she was like five. It's so cute! Even nicer was that she had a yellow night-gown and matching satin gloves she kept there just for me.

"Unzip me," She turned her back to me and I proceeded to unzip her gown.

Anytime I could be as close to her as this was like heaven for me, watching her remove her clothes and show off that perfect body. As I inched the straps off her shoulders, through her gloved arms, and allowed the dress to fall to her feet, I was tempted to fondle her body the same way she had fondled Kelsey's. But I didn't, I had more respect for her than that. Unlike Ayla, I wasn't about to pin her to the bed and start committing dirty lezbo sex… though truth be told, I was very tempted…

Once her dress was off, she asked me to unhook her bra. I did so without question, and her chest was bare. Leaving her panties and gloves on, Fiona turned around and I found myself staring at her beautiful breasts again. They always made me feel excited to see them.

"Turn around," She said, "I'll unzip you."

I turned and felt the soft touch of Fiona's leather hands on my back. My dress was inched down, and soon my bra was off too. I instinctively hid my breasts as I always did, but Fiona grabbed my hands and we looked at each other for a minute. Next, we removed our jewelry: the pearl bracelet and necklace Fiona wore, the gold necklace around my neck, and our earrings.

Fiona reached for both her satin gloves and mine, handing them both to me. With the accessories in my left hand, she grabbed my free hand and led me to the bathroom. We still had barely said a word to each other since we left the game room. I knew Fiona wanted to be ready for bed before confessing her secrets to me. That's the way she always operated.

In the bathroom, I placed the satin gloves on the towel-rack, and we both made our way for the sink. It was here that Fiona finally held up her leather gloved hand gesturing for me to take it off. I probably saw her naked hands more than anyone else, so it was no big deal to me. Even so, anytime I revealed her naked hand was a very sensuous process. I pulled the fist finger off very softly, then the second finger, repeated the process for all fingers and her thumb. Then grabbing the palm of her hand, I very slowly pulled the long glove off. It slid along her arm. I saw Fiona close her eyes and sigh at the sensation. It was almost very orgasmic for her.

And there it was: with the glove off, her naked hand. She wore gloves so often, her hands and arms were a bit more pale. But they were beautiful. Soft creamy hands that could have been in magazines. I then proceeded to take off her other glove and she held her naked hands up, wiggling her fingers and staring at them.

"You have such beautiful hands," I told her for the millionth time.

"I know," She smiled but began to play with her fingernails. "I need to get a manicure soon."

Her nails were perfect, but she knew better than me.

"Is Kasia available this week?" I asked her; Kasia being her personal beautician.

"I'll call her," She then looked at me. She gestured for me to put my hands up.

If you can believe it, Fiona was even more delicate removing my gloves. But I didn't have the same sensuous feeling taking them off. I really didn't want them off.

"You have beautiful hands too," She lied to me as one glove came off.

"You're just saying that," I told her feeling insecure. My hands were all bony, my fingers were too long, I had a noticeable vein, my hands were awful. I had to hide my hands with gloves.

"They're fine Olivia," Fiona patronized me, "When are you going to stop being so self-conscious?"

I sighed. I didn't want to argue with her. We spent another minute in silence holding her naked hands together. In truth, they both pretty sweaty, but I still loved holding Fiona's naked hands in mine. It was so intimate. I wondered if Ayla and Kelsey had held each other's naked hands… I bet you not!

"Come on," Fiona pulled my hands into the sink and we began to soak them in soap and water. Fiona and I rubbed our hands together. It was a very pleasurable sensuous moment. I always loved doing it with her. I was wondering if Fiona was gonna want to have a bath together, but she didn't say anything. We then proceeded to brush our teeth and wipe our make-up off.

"Do you remember," Fiona asked in a lower tone as she wiped off her mascera, "The last time you touched yourself with your bare hands?"

I looked to her confused. It's not we didn't talk to each other about sexual things, but this just came out of nowhere. Once again, this made me want to get to the bottom of her behavior. However, I answered, "I can't remember. I don't do it very often."

Fiona didn't buy that. She looked at me and gave me a 'Yeah right' kind of look. With her hands clean, our teeth brushed, and our make-up removed, she pulled out a couple towels, handing me one. Rather, I dried off her hands and then shed dried off mine. Fiona discarded the towels and squirted some moisturizer cream on her hands. I waited to do so for me. Looking at her natural face, she was just as beautiful without make-up. I wish I could say the same for myself...

"I've been touching myself a lot lately," She admitted then looked to me and smiled, "With gloves on of course."

"Of course," I assured her, "You don't want to ruin those beautiful hands of yours."

"Never," She spoke in a more classy way that I was used to. With the cream rubbed in, she suddenly held her hands up. I grabbed the pink satin gloves on her towel rack and slowly rolled the cuffs up. I wanted to plant the hands of the gloves

right on her to keep the hand-cream intact. Once they were on, I pulled up the cuffs.

"So why Fiona," I asked her and reached to moisturize my own hands, "What's going on?"

"Let's go to bed and I'll tell you about it."

Once my hands were moisturized enough I held them off and felt Fiona drawn the satin garments on my hands and arms. They felt amazing, as always, especially with her putting them on ever so precisely.

Back in the bedroom, we slipped into our nightgowns and lied on the bed, not even getting in the covers yet. Fiona was lying on her back, I was on my side, lying next to her. I gently ran my hands across her body.

"Talk to me Fiona," I asked her in the most girly way possible.

Fiona was silent for probably a full minute. I didn't force her into talking. I knew she'd speak up when she wanted to.

"Olivia," She looked up at the beautifully painted ceiling, as if she was noticing something she never saw before, "Don't it find it strange that I, Fiona Winston, have never had a boyfriend before? Or even a girlfriend?"

I hugged her and assured her, "Because nobody is good enough for you. You haven't met that perfect soul-mate yet."

"I don't buy that," She shook her head still staring at the ceiling, "I mean, I'm the most popular girl in school, and I'm still a virgin. That's pathetic."

"That's not pathetic," I pushed myself up, "I'm a virgin too. It's better that we're saving ourselves. God knows what sort of STDs Jessica has having slept with all those disgusting guys."

"I'm not really talking about having sex," Fiona finally looked to me, "I mean just having someone there for you and… I don't know."

I paused for a second debating whether to say this next sentence, "I'm here for you."

Fiona rolled her eyes, "You know what I mean."

My heart hurt hearing her talk like that. If Fiona came up to me and asked me to be her girlfriend, I'd say yes in a heartbeat… even though I'm not gay.

"Seeing Ayla and Kelsey together," Fiona smiled, "They're just so cute. It's like when Brenda first got together with her… such beauty and dedication that I wish… I wish I could experience that."

I knew what she meant. As gross as their lezbo romance was, it was charming in it's own right. And yes, it induced jealousy amongst all of us.

"I like Kelsey," Fiona finally admitted.

I sighed. This didn't come as a total shock to me, but it was so baffling.

"Why?" I questioned her.

"I don't know," Fiona answered, "I just do. She's hot."

"How is she hot?" I started getting defensive, "I- I'm really confused her. I feel like I'm the only one thinking clearly about this whole situation. She's a-"

"Apartment dweller," Fiona interrupted me, "Unsophisticated, I know, you've said that a million times."

I was angry that Fiona interrupted me like that, but I didn't argue.

"Look you asked me," Fiona said, "I'm just telling you. I know what Ayla sees in her. Even though she's poor and unglamorous, there's a certain presence she carries about herself that's so appealing. And… how did she woo Ayla like that? It's so intriguing. I'm actually-"

She quickly shot up and looked at the closed door. She held me close and whispered:

"I'm actually really annoyed that Ayla and Kelsey are together. Forget the whole jealousy thing about her having a girlfriend, it's like… first she gets Brenda, then she gets Kelsey."

There were so many questions I had to ask Fiona about, specifically regarding her possible homo-sexual desires. Anytime it was brought up, she wouldn't talk about it. I suspected that she had a crush on Brenda back in the day, but she wouldn't admit it. Maybe she was jealous that Ayla had taken her crush away. And now Ayla had this other girlfriend that Fiona had a crush on.

Again, where was I in all this lesbian fantasizing? Was I really that ugly and unappealing that Fiona wanted nothing to do with me in that regard. I wanted to finally ask her right here, right now: "Fiona, do you want to go out with me?" But… I couldn't. It was just too weird, the thought.

However, my mind turned back to what I had been thinking earlier… about breaking Kelsey and Ayla up. Fiona already admitted to liking her. This was actually perfect! I was so preoccupied with wondering why she was so into Kelsey, I forgot all about it. Here was my chance to set my plan in motion.

I changed my tone, smiling and twirling Fiona's hair. I whispered in her ear:

"Fiona, if you like Kelsey, then why don't you just take her?"

Fiona looked to me as I had suspected, in shock, "I can't do that," She almost scowled at me for even suggesting this, "She's with Ayla."

"For now," I didn't let my smile fade, I had to keep up the confident advisor role, "What if they break up?"

"Olivia," She seemed to back away from me.

"Think about it Fiona," I told her, "Why should Ayla get to date everyone she wants while you have to sit here on your own, the virgin!"

Fiona's eyes finally started to consider the fact.

"Now of course," I put my hand on her shoulder, "You don't want to break them up but… I mean there's so many volatile aspects to this relationship that make it unsuitable. Did you see the way Ayla acted when you were talking to Kelsey or just being close to her? She's jealous. She's possessive. Kelsey doesn't deserve someone like that. No disrespect towards Ayla, I love her like a sister, but… there's just something not right with it."

I now got on all fours and hovered over Fiona's body. I locked eyes with her. She looked so helpless, "And meanwhile, Jessica's all over her. The way they were dancing together. She wants her. Such treachery!"

"She doesn't want her," Fiona tried to convince herself, but then found her eyes wavering, "Does she?"

I petted her hair again, "Fiona… If you want Kelsey, then take her."

"All right Olivia," She pushed my hand away and sat up, "That's enough. We got the Fiona Five complete again. Just forget I said anything."

"Can you control yourself though?" I asked her, "You were all over Kelsey tonight. Do you think Ayla is going to allow that? She's not going to let you-"

"I can do whatever I damn well please!" Fiona yelled and then calmed herself down realizing the walls might have ears. She held me again having my ear, "Olivia, just let it go tonight. Okay? I had a really fun day with everyone together again, everyone's happy. Let's just enjoy being The Fiona Five again."

"Okay," I hugged her back whispering, "But don't shy away from showing your affections. And if be prepared for when that moment comes where Kelsey and Ayla break up."

Fiona sighed, "I want to go to bed," she pulled the sheets up.

I suddenly had a thought come to me. My mind was begging me to keep it to myself, but I had to suggest it:

"Fiona," I held her under the covers, "If you're feeling so tense… I can help you out."

I meant exactly what it sounded like. I was willing to give her an orgasm to help calm her down and release tension. Perhaps she would also do the same for me. I know, I know, I keep saying I'm not gay, but… I wanted to be closer with Fiona and this was the way I knew how. It didn't help that Kelsey and Ayla were in the door down the hall doing this and God knows what Jessica was doing.

Fiona chuckled. This was actually not the first time I had suggested something like this, but I was hoping she had changed her mind. She didn't, "I just want to sleep okay?"

Disappointment immediately made me tense.

"You can help me out by holding me tonight."

"Okay," I said and began to cuddle with her. I kissed her on the lips. Oh my God, that felt so good to kiss her. At first, she allowed it, even placing her gloved hands around my back. But as I got more bold, she pushed me away and said, "Let's go to sleep."

I bet if Kelsey was doing this to you, I thought angrily to myself, you'd allow it! That made me pissed, but I had to acquiesce to my sister's wishes.

Sure enough, she fell asleep, but I couldn't. My mind was just racing, and I felt a strong lewd feeling that made me want to touch myself. In fact, I softly rubbed my satin hand over my panties, not wanting to awake Fiona. It only made it worse, cause I couldn't do anything more. After an hour of insomnia, hearing Fiona snore, I finally got out from the bed, releasing myself from Fiona's grip. I found my throat dry, so

I decided to get some water. I walked out into the hall, using my phone as a flashlight. It was quiet.

Out of curiosity, I stopped by Kelsey and Ayla's room. Their door was closed, but I opened it as quietly as possible. In the dark, I could see Kelsey and Ayla in bed sleeping. It didn't look like they had any clothes on, but I didn't want to shine the light on them and chance waking them up. I should have, those two dykes rubbing their relationship in our faces! Fortunately, Jessica wasn't there. At least she had some sense of decency.

So I walked down a flight of stairs and stopped by a room where Jessica tended to sleep, but she was awake. I could hear her moaning inside, so I knew exactly what she was doing. To make matters even worse, she left the door slightly open. Why would she ever leave the door open while masturbating, unless she wanted someone to walk in on her?

I couldn't help myself. I peeked in. There she was, Jessica Perez, lying on her back completely naked, except for two pair of gloves: her red ones underneath those yellow rubber gloves. She was using them to touch herself, and she was moaning like crazy. I was scared she was going to wake everyone up, but I didn't want to make my presence known, that would be embarrassing. I should have left right away, but I found myself staring at her as her back arched and she let out an orgasmic scream. Then she turned around and lied on her back, leaving both pairs of gloves on. As she breathed heavily, I walked away. I just needed to get some water, go back to Fiona's room and try, for the love of God, to get some sleep.

The next morning, there was a knock on the door. I woke up to the sun peeking into the window, found Fiona lying next

to me, slowly opening her eyes.

"Ms. Fiona," One of the maids voices came through, "Wake up time."

"Thank you," I called our for her.

"Oh," She must have recognized my voice, "Is that you, Ms. Olivia?"

"One second please," I got up and made my way for the door. Fiona was grumbling, not wanting to wake up. I felt even worse, having barely gotten any sleep. Upon opening the door, I saw it was one of Fiona's personal maids, I forget her name. She wasn't much older than either of us, and she accessorized her black and white maid uniform with long white gloves, at Fiona's request. The rest of her parents' maids were older with less revealing uniforms. But Fiona insisted that her personal servants were cute, close to her age, and wore gloves all the time without ever taking them off. I felt her requests were justified looking at this hot young maid.

"Good morning Ms. Olivia," She smiled at me, and bowed in respect, "Do you or Ms. Fiona need any assistance this morning?"

"I think we're fine," I leaned against the doorway, "Might want to wake up the other three."

"Yes," She looked uncomfortable, "I found Ms. Jessica in the downstairs guest-room, in a-" She scratched her wrist, "Well, she's up."

I shook my head in annoyance. How could Jessica be so stupid to fall asleep naked with her gloves on? "Whatever, Ayla and Kelsey are in the room down the hall." I pointed.

"Kelsey?" She questioned.

"New Fiona Five member," I answered.

"Oh!" The maid held her gloved hands together and smiled, "That's wonderful. Ms. Fiona must be so happy about that." Her hands separated, "Why didn't one of them take the third floor guest-room?"

"They're lesbians," I told her without batting an eye.

It was fun to watch the young maid squirm at this information, "Oh… okay then. Well let me know if you or Ms. Fiona need anything. Breakfast will be ready for you in fifteen minutes."

As she began to walk away, I heard Fiona shout out, "Thanks Maria."

Fiona immediately got up, pulled down her night-gown and panties at the same time. She was now standing in front of me naked, without only her gloves on. She yawned and rubbed her eyes. Her hair was messy, she had no make-up on, but… God, she was still amazing!

"Want to take a shower together?" She asked me.

I blushed and began to take off my gown, "Okay."

Chapter 20

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 20 - Kelsey

So yeah… that was my first day as a Fiona Five member…

… was I dreaming all that?

I mean… I'm at Fiona Winston's house… I'm naked, except my gloves are still on, with all four of them staring at my body… and then I end up having sex with Ayla in one of Fiona's rooms! The next thing I know, I wake up to one of her maids knocking on the door. I'm still naked, with my gloves on, with an equally Ayla's gloved arms around me. My head is pounding, I'm freaking out. However, Ayla responds to the maid behind the door like it's no big deal. And then we shower together, I end up wearing the same outfit, which one of Fiona's maids steam-cleans for me, and we're off to school again.

And nobody mentions anything! I mean granted Jessica had a hangover, but I'm thinking, "Is this normal? Is this going to be a regular occurrence?"

Well, not exactly. I'm convinced that the whole day was some form of initiation to the group, even if they didn't say anything.

My God, I had Fiona rubbing my breasts! I couldn't believe that. I mean the strip-blackjack game was fun, if not

embarrassing, but once she started groping them, with Ayla by my side… I mean what the hell was that?! First she kisses me, then she gets to to second base with me. Was she going to round third the next night? Hell, I was strip-dancing right in front her… Oh God! Was I going to have to have sex with her… Did I want that?

I didn't think about it much that night, thanks to the alcohol and that fact that my girlfriend was pleasing me. Thank God for that.

So yeah… imagine going back to school after all that and acting like nothing happened. I now rethought all the times I saw The Fiona Five walking around the halls like nothing was wrong. Had they been experiencing alcohol and sex the previous night?

Well, I allowed the first day to settle in my mind. For the next week, I adjusted to being the new popular girl on campus.

It was a bit difficult at first. I now knew why everyone was together all the time, it made us feel like we shared the pressure of being so popular. I had an easy time in my science class, because Ayla was with me, but every other class felt strange. Everyone stared at me. They wanted to come up and talk to me about God knows what. Even the teachers treated me different. Even though Ayla and I were an official couple and everyone in school seemed to know it, guys were hitting on me. Girls were hitting on me! It was just too much.

But as time went by, I began to get used to it. Fiona could tell I was overwhelmed by it and gave me some tips on how to handle admirers. Obviously she was used it. The funny thing was everyone dealt with this fame in their own way:

I knew how Ayla dealt with it. She just took it all in stride, it didn't really bother her. That was one of the many things I admired so much about her.

Jessica embraced it, which is why she was our voice. She could easily be a politician. When some admirer came up to her, she treated them like a friend she hadn't seen in so long. She made polite conversation and asked how their family was doing, how classes are for her, etc. Once the admirer I was gone, I'd ask her how she could know so much about everyone. She confessed that she didn't, she was just pretending she did. That was impressive.

Olivia was the exact opposite. She didn't talk to hardly anyone except the four of us. She wasn't comfortable around outsiders, and didn't even really like outsiders. However, she was gracious enough to give me some advice, though it was more along the lines of ignoring people because they weren't worth our time.

As for Fiona, she was somewhere in the middle. Generally speaking, she didn't talk to people much, like she didn't talk to me that first time, she had Jessica for that. But if she needed to, Fiona could be personable enough.

But Fiona was a completely different person when alone. Shortly after I joined, Fiona started taking me shopping, updating my wardrobe, and also giving me a make-over. They had gotten someone to style my hair better. I kept it short, but it looked more classy this way. I liked it. Fiona also wouldn't let me wear glasses anymore. She told me Ayla was already the "Cute geeky one," and we didn't need another. So she bought me a lot of contact lenses, which I was more than happy to wear. Most of the time while we were shopping, it was with all five of us, or with at least three of us together. But one time, it was just Fiona and I.

She took me to this seamstress to hem a dress accentuating my cleavage. Yeah, she was kind of obsessed with my breasts ever since that card-game. She even paid for it herself. I started wondering just how much money Fiona actually had… on second thought, maybe I didn't want to know.

However, talking with Fiona one on one was just awkward. She was very quiet, though would occasionally prattle on about something I had no idea about. Then she'd mention something in passing, like when she and her parents were in Africa and were almost attacked by a group of wild lions. I'd be like "Wait, I want to hear that story!"

But she'd dismiss it saying "Another time," and go back to talking about shoes.

When I tried to talk about something that happened to me, which really wasn't much to be honest, it didn't seem like she cared what I had to say.

When Jessica was with us, it was a completely different story. I came to the conclusion that Fiona felt threatened by Jessica somehow. She was the only one of the group who gave Fiona absolutely NO special treatment. Olivia worshiped the group she walked on, Ayla was usually very respectful towards her, and obviously I was just trying to get on her good side, but Jessica could just go right up to her and say: "You're a bitch!"

And Fiona would just go right back at her, "You're a fag!"

And then they'd start talking about something else. I wanted to get to know Fiona well enough that I could talk to her like that… okay maybe not calling her a bitch, but just being very comfortable with her.

Oh… and I have to admit, there was sexual tension between us. I could feel it. And it was way more awkward than when Ayla first went out with me. Ayla was confident, she didn't let on that she wanted to date me at first, but once she made it known, she was irresistible. If Fiona wanted to hook up with me, she was very insecure about it. How ironic that I was the new girl, and the leader herself was insecure around me. Of course, none of this mattered. Fiona could hit on me all she wanted, she could touch my breasts, kiss me, whatever, but I was with Ayla, and I wasn't about to leave her for anyone… at least that's what I thought at the time.

Yes, I was attracted to her. Who couldn't be? She's the most beautiful woman I know, rivaling any famous star out there. I mean Ayla's beautiful too, but in a more quirky sort of way. Fiona is just classic sublime beauty.

The Fiona Five outfit took a bit of getting used to. Wearing a dress ALL the time… I hardly ever wore dresses before then. I had to be more careful not to let my skirt get dirty; more self-conscious about maintaining my appearance. But wearing gloves all the time was still a challenge. I liked wearing gloves and I was intrigued when going out with Ayla enough to try to wear them as much as possible. But here's the thing: When you're constantly covering your hands every day and every night for over a month, it does wear on you after a while. Your sense of touch is cut-off, and your hands start to feel almost alien. If it's hot, the gloves just trap heat and make your hands clammy. Thankfully we were in Autumn so hot weather wasn't so much the case.

I think Jessica understood my feelings about the gloves more than anyone. She seemed the least enthusiastic about wearing them, though she never took them off. Jessica told me she had found the gloves difficult to wear the first time she joined the group, but she got just used to it after a

while. And that's what happened with me. Soon enough, it felt strange whenever I took the gloves off!

A lot of people wanted to ask me about The Fiona Five, but I was sworn to secrecy not to divulge too much information. Hell, I didn't even talk to my dad that much about it. However, even if I was allowed to, there wasn't much to tell. It wasn't this grand experience I thought it would be, not like going on the road with Pop Rocks, it was just a group of friends that hung out and did stuff… some very lavish upscale stuff, but just stuff none-the-less.

I remember when I was first brought to see an opera. This particular night was "Change up your outfit night," so Fiona was in this incredible white embroidered gown with matching white gloves and shoes. She even wore her hair in an up-do which made her look so different, yet still so divine. Strangely enough, Olivia wore a pink gown and gloves looking exactly like Fiona usually did. She even wore her hair like her. Jessica teased her for being a copycat, or even a wannabe Fiona. I have to admit, I found myself agreeing with her… wow I was already starting to agree with members about critiquing other members… I really was changing.

Jessica was in her "Fall-outfit" which was a red dress with this red and orange lace dress. She matched them with orange gloves and stockings, as well as a red velvet scarf. Ayla was almost her exact opposite color-wise, blue and green, but her lacy gown had a similar kind of design. Her skirt was still ungodly short. I was staring at it all night. She still wore blue gloves, but they were light baby blue. She had a matching scarf and what could only be described as some Sailor Moon-style tiara around her head. And of course she had to wear her glasses.

I decided tonight was as good as time as ever to finally try that black dress of mine, the one I owned. True, the girls had bought me lots of different outfits over the past month, but I wanted to do something different. Much to my surprise, the dress worked very well, and it accentuated my new hairstyle, though Ayla suggested I accessorize with white gloves and shoes, as well as a belt, to give off a nice contrast. I ended up wearing gloves similar to Fiona's, but she was actually okay with it. I was surprised, as I think everyone was.

Knowing next to nothing about opera, growing up listening to rock and pop music, I wasn't sure what to expect. The theater was beautiful, we had incredible seats, those fancy-style binoculars to see the stage better, it was an experience unlike any other. Me, Kelsey Greenburg, in this lavish dress with four other high-class ladies, in the balcony of a luxurious theater listening to fine-art.

As for the music itself… I guess it was okay. I didn't really get opera. Olivia mentioned that this wasn't going to be as good as some of the other operas they had seen, but I was willing to give it a try. Fiona was on one side of me, while Ayla was on the other. Fiona kept whispering random things into my ear, about who some of the performers were and what movement we were on and… I dunno. The music was well played, and the singers were impressive but I did find myself leaning into Ayla's ear and saying: "Wouldn't it be awesome if they went into 'Don't Speak'?"

Ayla was trying to hold in her laughter from that. Olivia shushed us, but Ayla gave me a cute kiss on the cheek for that. From that moment on, we held hands the entire time. At one point, Jessica, on the far end of us, leaned over to catch me and Ayla's attention. She playfully stuck her finger

in her mouth like she was gagging. Ayla laughed but Fiona and Olivia both shhhed her.

"We should've taken Kelsey to see Carman," She told us after the show as we were walking along the building.

"We didn't know her back then Genius," Olivia snapped back at her.

"You are so immature you know that?" Fiona joined her in scolding Jessica.

"Hey, just because it's an opera," Jessica put her arms up, "Doesn't make it automatically good. Right Ayla?" She gestured her hand towards my girlfriend.

"Yeah I agree," Ayla nodded.

"Of course you would," Olivia said.

Fiona looked a little dejected from her two friends teasing her, so I decided to take her side. "I liked it," I said. And I wasn't lying, I did enjoy the opera, even if I didn't really understand it… and found myself kissing Ayla during a lot of the slow parts.

"Thank you Kelsey," Fiona smiled at me and put her army around my shoulder.

"Teacher's pet!" Ayla joked.

"Exactly!" Jessica laughed.

I know Ayla was joking around but… for some reason that comment bothered me. I looked back towards her and gave her a stern look. Why would she say something like that to

her own girlfriend? Maybe I was reading too much into it, everybody joked around with each other.

"For that," Fiona turned to me, "You get a kiss," She immediately kissed my lips. I was used to them by now, but they were always unexpected. And overtime she did so, Ayla also shot a concerned look towards us. Olivia had shot looks at us early on, but now it almost felt like she was smiling at our slight intimacy. "And," Fiona grabbed my matching white gloved hand, "You get to hold my hand the rest of the night."

And that we did, holding our white hands together as we walked along the concert-house. I think Ayla was annoyed by it, so she ended up holding Jessica's hand. Poor Olivia was left by herself… though she seemed to be enjoying her solitude.

Then there was Halloween. Fiona threw an annual Halloween party at her mansion. I had heard about this famous Halloween party The Fiona Five always threw, but I wasn't invited and didn't know anyone who was. I even teased Ayla and the girls about it. Now I was one of the five hosting the party. How the tables had turned.

Fiona always had a theme among the sisters, and their signature Disney Princess outfits were going to make another appearance. Jessica argued with her over this, feeling they had already done this too many times. Ayla thought it would be fun to do Sailor Moon, which Jessica was into, but Fiona had no idea what that was. Even Olivia couldn't explain it. So Disney Princesses it was.

Fiona was Sleeping Beauty, which was not far off from her normal attire, though instead of long pink sleeves, she had

her long pink gloves. Add a golden crown and some other pieces and she looked exactly like her.

Olivia was Belle from Beauty and the Beast. Again, it was no far off from her normal attire, though the color was a more light yellow and a more lavish gown. More matching yellow gloves were used. However, Olivia wore a brown wig. She kept complaining about it, but I have to say, I actually liked her as a brunette. I think her natural hair-color was brown, but I couldn't be too sure.

Jessica was Snow White, which seemed like a weird choice for her. Yes, there was the obvious ethnic difference, her having tanned skin, but it didn't seem to fit her personality. I think the original three members just wanted someone to be Snow White and complete their classic Princess lineup. Truth be told, Jessica looked very beautiful in her Snow White outfit. She kept her red gloves and bow which matched perfectly, though didn't bother changing her hair to black.

Ayla on the other hand, did change her hair. She had a long black wig, accessorized to look like Princess Jasmine from Aladdin. And… damn did she look sexy, completely different from the other outfits. She had that green crop-top and matching pants and it drove me crazy. Of course she had these long matching green gloves on. I think Fiona wanted her to look a bit more classic with a dress, but Ayla wanted to be Jasmine.

So that left me. Fiona probably wanted me to take Brenda's place; she was Cinderella. But both Ayla and I felt uncomfortable with that. Back when I was a little girl, I was the Little Mermaid for Halloween. That gave Fiona the idea to make me look like Ariel's human form, with a blue dress (mix of dark and light blues) and some midnight-blue gloves that she bought for me. With a long red wig to complete the

look, I felt pretty hot with this outfit on. Ayla thought the same… as did Fiona.

The Halloween party was fun, if not a little ritzy. Most of the people invited were people I didn't really know. Anyone from school was one of the more rich popular kids. Waiters and waitresses were all over the place, waiters in vampire garb, while waitresses were… well still in maid uniforms, but much skimpier, like something out of a Japanese maid cafe. When Fiona lead us down the staircase in our lavish Disney gowns, it was quite fun:

"Happy Halloween everyone," Fiona addressed the crowd, though her voice did not command the same amount of presence as Jessica's. Everyone still listened regardless, "Welcome to my home for our annual Halloween party. I want to welcome for the first time our friend Kelsey Greenburg."

Fiona smiled and lightly gestured towards me. I was greeted with handclaps. Nodding towards everyone, Ayla held my free hand and Jessica patted my shoulder smiling. I really did feel like a Princess for the first time in this magnificent gown and gloves. Here I was, atop the staircase, feeling I was above all these people; elite royalty.

"So please enjoy yourselves," Fiona continued, "And be sure not to destroy anything while you're here."

Some scattered laughter followed that statement. Then Jessica walked forward and addressed the audience.

"Vamanos de parranda!" Jessica's voice echoed throughout the mansion. This is when the part guests really applauded. A DJ played Michael Jackson's "Thriller," And the party was underway.

Ayla stayed close to me, and the two of us mingled through the crowd. Neither one of us were necessarily the most social people in the world. However, I was fully embracing people treating me so differently.

At some point, Ayla pointed out a familiar looking couple. The guy was dressed as The Dude from The Big Lebowski, with a bathrobe, long wig and fake-beard, and sunglasses. The girl was dressed as a 1920s flapper, though with somewhat cheap looking jewelry: white pearls and and a headband. However, she did have long black gloves on and fishnet tights.

Finally, I realized that couple was Ashley and Tom! How did they get invited? Fiona wouldn't have done that. However, Ayla admitted she invited them. I felt a little awkward. I had barely seen or heard from Ashley and Tom in a while. Everytime Ashley tried to invite me out with them I was busy doing something with the girls.

"Oh my God!" Ashley hadn't changed a bit, "Look at you! You're Ariel right?"

"Yes," I laughed awkardly, "Hi."

"What's up Ashley?" Ayla went up to her and gave her a hug. Ashley returned the affection in a cute manner. She did the same to Tom, "Tom, how are you?"

"I'm not Tom," He said in a Jeff Bridges' like voice, "I'm The Dude! Or his Dudeness…"

"Enough Tom," Ashley scolded him putting her gloved hand on his shoulder, "You've been doing that shtick all night. So if you don't mind-"

"No," Tom continued his act, "The Dude minds. This will not stand… this aggression will not stand man!"

I always used to enjoy Tom's constant Big Lebowski references, but tonight, it felt awkward. Ashamed to admit it, I was afraid of what Fiona would say if she saw these two friends of mine. Ayla, on the other hand, laughed at his tomfoolery:

"I haven't seen that movie in so long," Ayla said.

"Now," Ashely held up her hands, "I don't remember Princess Jasmine wearing gloves like these."

"Well," Ayla batted her eyelashes, "I embellished the costume just a little bit."

"You sure Fiona didn't do that?" Tom laughed at her slightly dropping The Dude routine and sipped his drink.

"You still look hot," Ashley said.

"Thank you," Ayla was sweet, "You too, I'm glad you came."

"Thanks for inviting us," Ashley now looked to me, "I'm curious as to why my old friend here didn't invite me?"

"Uhhh," I wasn't sure how to respond, "Sorry Ashley, I actually didn't know I was allowed to invite anyone. I thought that was Fiona's department."

"Oh of course you can," Ayla put her hand on my waist, "You can invite anyone you want… except Samantha Sterling. She hates her guts."

"No it's all understood," Ashley pinched my cheek and teased me, "We're not good enough for The Little Mermaid

anymore!"

"Yeah," Tom looked annoyed as well.

Now I was starting to feel guilty. Was I letting this newfound popularity go to my head? There was no excuse for me to have completely forgotten my two best friends, both of whom had supported my involvement with Ayla and The Fiona Five. This was so awkward, and I resented Ayla for putting me in this position.

"I said I'm sorry," I got defensive, "It's just been a bit of an adjustment getting used to all this."

"I can vouch for that," Ayla stuck up for me, "Fiona's kind of been absorbing all her time."

"I'm just teasing you Kels," Ashley hugged me, "I miss you girl." She then looked me in the eye, "You know how you could make it up to us? It's Tom's birthday later in the week."

"Far out," Tom nodded his head.

"We were gonna maybe go see a movie or something. Why don't you and Ayla join us?"

"Yeah," Ayla smiled, "That sounds like fun. We can make a night of it, go into town."

"Uh…" I said nervously, "Sure, if it's okay with Fiona."

"If it's okay with Fiona?" Ashley asked me in a very condescending manner.

I got a little annoyed with her at that moment. I shot her a dirty look, which she seemed to shoot right back at me. We

didn't say anything. This was uncomfortable.

"Hey Jessie," Ayla called her out.

Jessica was talking to this guy she had been seeing, who was dressed like Zorro. He was a tall, handsome looking latino guy, could have passed for Antonio Banderas in that costume. Both of them looked to Ayla's way and walked towards us. Jessie's eyes widened when she saw Ashley and Tom:

"Oh hi," She offered a pretty smile and gloved handshake, "Kelsey's friends!"

Ashley's demeanor changed seeing Jessica. She was still a little starstruck by her, but she seemed to speak with her comfortably, "Hi Jessica. How are you?"

"I'm good," She shook her hand and gestured to the guy next to her, "This is Louis DeAnda, er… Zorro."

"How are you?" He spoke in a tenor-like voice, no hint of accent, and shook hands with my friends.

Everyone familiarized themselves with each other. Louis seemed to enjoy Tom's Dude getup. Ayla suggested the six of us go out for Tom's birthday later this week. Jessica told her that Louis' band, *S.O.S.* was going to be playing that Friday. I believe Jessica had briefly mentioned that she was dating a musician, but everyone started asking him questions about it. Louis said his band specialized in playing Seattle-based rock covers, from Hendrix to Nirvana to Band of Horses. Everyone seemed interested in checking it out. Ashley asked if gloves would be required, even if it was a rock concert, and both Ayla and Jessica nodded in synch, in a comical way. Ashley said she might wear her flapper costume out with us.

"Do I have to wear gloves?" Tom asked slightly confused.

"Up to you," Ayla smiled.

"Don't worry," Louis laughed, "I'm in the same boat always wondering if I should whenever I'm out with her." He put his arm around Jessica, who smiled. "Thankfully," He held up his black gloves, "This costume comes with gloves."

Everyone stopped in their tracks when Fiona and Olivia walked into the conversation. "Hello," Fiona spoke very matter-of-fact like as if she had greeted everyone at the party like a chore, "Welcome to the Winston house."

Ashley shivered like mad seeing Fiona Winston in front of her. Tom didn't seem to be as impressed by her, though he did look her costume up and down.

"Oh Fiona," I decided to take it upon myself to introduce my two friends. I kind of didn't want to, because I knew Fiona wasn't going to say anything to either of them, "These are my friends Ashley and Tom."

"Hi," Ashley squeaked.

"Dude," Tom nodded.

As expected, Fiona was silent for a moment looking the two of them up and down, but much to my surprise, she smiled and held her hand out for Ashley to shake, "How are you Ashley?"

I think everyone, me, Ayla, Jessica and Olivia all looked at Fiona slightly freaked-out by Fiona's act of kindness.

Ashley nervously shook Fiona's hand.

"Any friend of Kelsey's is welcome here," She said and looked down at her hand, "Nice gloves."

"Oh My God!" Ashley started fan-girling, "You are so beautiful and stunning. I mean, Kelsey hasn't really told me anything about you, but… Oh my God!" She was shuttering.

I saw Jessica look to Ayla and roll her eyes. Ayla chuckled at that.

"Sure," Fiona said and then looked to Olivia, "Hey have you met Olivia Caldwell yet?"

Olivia looked very nervous, but also knew what she was doing. Fiona was done talking and didn't want to be bothered anymore.

"Oh uh…" Olivia walked up and held her hand up to my two friends, "Hi. I'm Olivia."

"Wow," Ashley was still in fan-girl mode.

I didn't get to see much of what happened next, because Fiona grabbed my hand and gestured for me to follow her. I did so as Ashley was talking to Olivia. Ayla gave me a curious look. But I turned around and went with Fiona upstairs to her room, with her maid, Maria, guiding us. When we were inside, she closed the door and told Maria to guard it.

Fiona looked at me very strange. She inched her way towards me and asked me to sit on the bed. I did so and she sat next to me.

"How are you enjoying yourself?" She asked me putting her pink gloved arm around my waist.

"It's fun," I answered. In my mind, I concluded that she didn't like seeing my old friends at her place, so I did some damage control, "Just for the record, I didn't invite Ashley or Tom. Ayla did. She did it without my permission. It was actually kind of rude. So I'm sorry-"

"It's fine Kelsey," Fiona spoke to me calmly, "Your friends are welcome here… well, for the party anyway. Though I must say that one guy's costume was rather…" She searched for a proper adjective, "Unfashionable."

I didn't respond. I didn't know how to explain Tom. He meant well, but whether Fiona would accept any excuse for him was beyond me. But she smiled towards me and played with my red wig.

"You look so beautiful tonight," She spoke so softly, so sensuously. I found myself shuttering by her soft touch, "What a change."

"I couldn't have done it," I spoke instinctively, "Without you… and Ayla too."

"This is the first Halloween party," She said continuing to caress her gloves across my hair, my face, my body, "We've had without Brenda. I've spent every Halloween with her for as long as I can remember." She came closer to me. Her face was very close to mine. Our eyes were locked in, "We used to pretend we were the real Aurora and Cinderella, waiting for our princes to come."

I started feeling a warm sensation in my pelvis. The same feeling I usually got from being around Ayla. This made me feel slightly nervous. I didn't want to feel feelings like that for anyone else other than my girlfriend, especially when I was in her bedroom; on her own bed nonetheless!

But Fiona… God she was tempting me.

"But then," Fiona licked her lips, "We thought it would be more fun if Cinderella and Aurora stopped waiting for the princes and… kissed each other. So we did. We did it every Halloween."

She was going to kiss me. There was no way around it. Fiona was taking the long way around explaining that she was going to make-out with me, and behind Ayla's back none-the-less. Now the obvious right thing to do would be to tell her, "Sorry Fiona, but I love Ayla and I can't kiss you." But my mind wasn't really working like that at the moment. I wanted her to kiss me. I… wanted her to make love to me.

"I miss the touch of her soft lips every Halloween," Fiona looked down.

That was enough. I kissed Fiona. I couldn't believe what I was doing. I initiated the kiss!

But Fiona didn't seem to mind. In fact, she wrapped her arms around me and welcomed it. There was a small break and Fiona whispered, "I guess getting a kiss from Ariel is just as good."

It then dawned on me that Fiona was play acting. She wasn't Fiona at the moment, she was Princess Aurora and I was Ariel. Did that make it okay? As we continued, Fiona lied on her back and pulled me with her. I was over her body kissing her like she was my girlfriend. Our tongues were now involved. This was a real make-out session, and the way she was rubbing my body, we were going to hit second base again soon. She had already fondled my breasts, but I couldn't allow it again. I knew how annoyed Ayla got when she did that.

So I stopped, "I'm sorry," I got off the bed.

"Don't be sorry," Fiona got up and ran after me. She was holding me again and trying to continue the kiss, but I wouldn't let her, "It's all right Ariel. Let's keep this scene going. Your prince will never know about this-"

"Fiona stop," I had to put her hands down. This seemed to bring her back to reality, "I'm not Ariel and you're not Aurora. You're still Fiona Winston, I'm still Kelsey Greenburg, and my girlfriend is still Ayla Zhen!"

Fiona sighed, "What's wrong? We're just having fun. Ayla wouldn't mind."

"Really?" This was the first time I ever questioned her before, "Did you ask her? Should I go ask her?"

"No," Fiona stopped me, "Of course not!"

"Then what we're doing is wrong," I told her.

Fiona pouted like a child not getting what she wanted.

"Fiona," I told her hugging her, "I love being with you, I love spending alone time, I even like it when you kiss me in front of the others. But behind closed doors…"

Fiona looked at me without saying a word. She turned her back to me, "Why don't you go back out?"

I sighed. I didn't know how to respond to that, "Fiona, I'm sorry but I'm-"

"Just go!" She snapped at me.

After staring at the back of her for a while, I opened the door, stepping outside. Maria was outside looking worried,

"Is everything okay Ms. Kelsey?"

"Uh…" I said to her, "I dunno."

Maria knocked on the door, "Ms. Fiona?"

"Come in Maria," Her voice sounded sad. Maria went inside and closed the door.

I suddenly felt bad. I didn't mean to make Fiona cry. What if now she wanted to expel me from the group. I liked being in the group. I liked hanging out with Fiona. I didn't know what I was going to do. I started walking away, turning my attention away from the door, but I accidentally ran into Olivia.

"Hey watch it," She said.

"Olivia," I started feeling out of breath.

"Are you all right?" She looked legitimately concerned putting her gloved hand on my chest. I got a good look at her. Olivia always seemed to have this off-putting presence around her, but tonight, in this Belle costume, she looked like someone I could trust. A friend.

"It's uh…" I didn't know how to explain what just happened, "I think I upset Fiona."

Olivia looked to the door, "What did you do?"

"She's talking to Maria right now."

Olivia was about to knock on the door, but she stopped. Her eyes vacillated. Something was going through her head. Maybe she felt like Fiona needed to be left alone at the

moment. So instead, she eyed me and came closer, crossing her arms, "Kelsey, what's going on?"

I sighed heavily and grabbed Olivia's hands. She was the one I needed to talk to at the moment. She knew Fiona better than anyone:

"Olivia," I said, "Can we go somewhere private just the two of us?"

Her eyes stared at me, and eventually, she led me by the hand to the third floor.

Chapter 21

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 21 - Jessica

I had seen Louis DeAnda around campus and had a few casual conversations with him. Louis was another Chicano (Mexican-American). He had pretty long dark hair, and for the longest time had a thin moustache and goatee. But recently, he shaved it off and, to be honest, he was really hot. Louis always brought his guitar to school and would play acoustically with his band mates in the cafeteria. I know they did a Battle of the Bands at school, but I didn't really watch them. This year, he was in my U.S. Government class, so we hit it off a little more. When Chuck turned out to be a disappointment, I started flirting with him more. He and I would talk to each other in Spanish if we wanted to say something behind the Teacher's back, or talk smack about another student.

Before Halloween, I went out with him to a party downtown. I knew Fiona and Olivia would never attend. I invited Ayla and Kesey, but I think they already had plans. But Louis and I had fun regardless and he and his band played a little acoustic set. They did a sort of MTV Unplugged thing, playing Soundgarden, Nirvana, that kind of stuff. Louis tried to coax me into singing something, but I wasn't about to embarrass myself. This one guy got up and rapped some N.W.A. while they backed him up. That was pretty cool.

He didn't seem to be that interested in Fiona, as most guys were, but more about me. Louis found it fascinating that I was a "Punk-rocker chick" at heart, but dressed in such an uppity fashion. He asked me a lot about my gloves, specifically why I never took them off, which I explained was a Fiona Five thing. And by this point, I was so used to wearing them all the time without removing them, I wasn't about to. I sort of felt like taking off my gloves was like taking off my top. In fact, I think I told him that: "I don't take off my gloves on a first date!"

Louis drove me home and we ended the night with a make-out session in his car. I went home and thought about him. I started to feel all gaga, like some teenage girl in an 80s John Hughes movie, slowly sitting down against the doorway.

So I invited him to the Halloween party, and while I was mingling with everyone, I spent a long time with Louis. Once we convened with Ayla and Kelsey's friends, we sort of had some fun amongst ourselves. Fiona whisked Kelsey away for some reason, and Olivia went after them. I didn't know what they were doing, and truthfully wasn't that interested.

While getting to know Ashley and Tom was fun enough, as the night wound down, I took Louis into my room (the one I was staying in for the night) and we sat on the bed. Both of us were talking in Spanish just for the hell of it. He was Zorro after all. It felt weird speaking spanish in my stupid Snow White costume, but Louis though it was cute, so I guess that's what mattered.

While Louis was speaking Spanish, it translated in English to, "It's amazing that you get to stay in this mansion whenever you want."

"Meh," I actually said that in English but switched back to Spanish, "It's nothing too spectacular. I prefer staying in my own place." I leaned my hands on the bed and kept my eye on him.

"Well you got an amazing house," He put his arm around my shoulder, "That was your house I dropped you off at the other night, right?"

"My parents place, yeah."

"Certainly better than my place," He said, and then switched back to English, "Struggling musician. You know the drill." He laughed.

From this point on, we just talked in English.

"Right," I understood, "Well you have a few fans tonight. We'll come support you."

"Thanks Jessie," He smiled. He gave me a kiss on the lips. It was soft and simple.

I pulled away and looked back at him. I laughed, "I've the strangest feeling that we're acting out someone's fanfiction: Snow White saved by Zorro."

He laughed. Louis had a great laugh, really jovial and friendly. I couldn't help but laugh too: "A Chicana Snow White? With Red Gloves?"

I held out my hands, "Why not?" And laughed.

We kissed longer. I felt his leather gloved hands along the back of my head as he dipped me closer to the bed. I was looking at his masked face and hair and decided that was enough of Zorro. I began to pull it off. Once his handsome

face was revealed, I felt a chill run down my spine. It was like a sexy reveal.

"My turn to take something off," he said and went for my gloves.

"Uh uh uh," I stopped him, "Not my gloves."

He chuckled, seemingly a little disappointed, "It's not our first date anymore."

I playfully joked around with him, "You'd really rather take my gloves off when you have a chance to take off something else?"

He looked me up and down, "Good point."

"This skirt," I pulled it up lightly, "I really wouldn't mind taking off."

So he began to take off my skirt, though seemed to be having trouble with his Zorro gloves on, "Kind of hard with the gloves."

"See," I said holding my gloves off, "You have to practice."

Well he managed to get my skirt off and reveal my panties. We made-out some more, as his gloved hands ran along my legs. His leather hands felt soft and sensual. I was beginning to feel a warmth taking over me. Then he tried to massage the outside of my panties. I had to put a stop to him. Yes, I wanted it, but I wanted to go slow. "Relajate!" I laughed, "If you go too fast, you won't get to see my boobs. Now I know you don't want that, right?"

Louis chuckled, "You are very persuasive today my dear."

Well he did manage to pull my top down. Getting that collar out of the way, he kissed my neck. A tingling feeling ran down my neck through my torso down to my warm pucha. I would have been digging my nails into his back if they weren't covered by gloves. His kisses got a bit more aggressive and I felt him suck the side of my neck. I recoiled slightly at the feeling, though it was still invigorating. Then he moved the cups out of the way and discovered my boobs. I was a little nervous, but I wanted it.

"Do you want me to keep my gloves on?" He asked.

"Yeah why not?" I didn't really think about it.

He chuckled and just left his gloves on. I had touched my own breasts with leather gloves on before, never went too far with it (I never got myself off with the gloves on) but feeling his leather gloves cupping my breasts, a soft squeeze as the material of the leather sunk into my skin… it was a very intimate feeling. I liked it. Like all guys, Louis was fascinated by my boobs. I couldn't blame him, breasts were hot. And I certainly had some big beautiful breasts to keep anyone preoccupied for a few hours. Louis was gentle. He didn't squeeze too hard, and the way his leather gloves massaged against my nipples made me moan. He must have been with a girl before me. I kind of wondered how far he went with it.

I wanted to see what he had under there. So I lifted his shirt. Obviously, he wasn't going to have breasts… at least I hoped not. Yeah, I have a breast fetish, I think we all do. But fortunately, Louis was a muscular man and his pecks were very defined. Maybe his abs weren't as cut as I wanted, but once I placed my leather gloves on his pecks, he smiled. It was nice to have something to play with on his chest.

"Do you like my gloves?" I asked.

He stared at me curiously, "They're nice. I'd like to feel your hands though."

"Maybe next time," I smiled at him.

I'd love to go on, but I didn't go further than that. We continued to feel each other's torsos up, but with the party still happening and with it still being a school night, I had to stop the scene and escort him back outside. Louis was patient enough. I knew guys appreciated a woman more who waited to put out, and Louis was no exception.

Once we joined the party, it was dying down. Ayla seemed to be the only Fiona Five member left. So Louis took off, I gave him a kiss goodnight and hung out with Ayla for the rest of the night. She wanted to find Kelsey, but I asked her to come in my room with me. Whatever she and Fiona were doing, or her and Olivia were doing, I figured was not for us to disturb. It might have been strange, considering Ayla was Kelsey's girlfriend and deserved to know where she was but… I guess I also wanted to have some alone time with her myself.

"So…" She asked me sitting on the bed, "Did you?"

"No!" I laughed, "It's only our second date."

"I practically had sex with Kelsey after our first date," She admitted, "It was over the phone, but it still counts."

"I guess that makes you a ho!" I teased her.

"Oh shut up!" She took a pillow and beat me over the head with it. We both laughed. "Speaking of Kelsey, I'm not sure

where she is." She suddenly had a look of worry on her face, "You don't think she's… she's with someone do you?"

"What?" I was surprised to hear her say that, "With who?"

It was hard to come off of Cloud-Nine being with Louis to comforting Ayla in this moment of panic.

"I don't know," She said, "I get this weird feeling that there's something going on between her and Fiona." She lied down on the bed. She looked so hot in her Princess Jasmine outfit. I could just eat her up.

I lied next to her, "She's probably acting out one of her Princess RPGs again. That woman really belongs in a mental institute."

"I don't like that," Ayla pouted, not laughing at my joke, "She's my girlfriend!" She seemed really distraught by this whole situation.

"When did you get so overprotective?" I asked her. I had never truly seen this side of Ayla before.

"I guess…" She hesitated, "When Brenda left." She sighed.

"Come here baby," I put my arms around her. With both of us lying on our sides, we looked at each other face to face. "Ayla, you know we all have a very unconventional relationship with each other. The Fiona Five are dedicated to each other like no one else can be. That's what's important. Sure, we'll all have boyfriends or girlfriends, but we also have each other. We share each other, maybe not in a sexual way, but still intimately… I mean, Fiona and I don't really do that… or Olivia and I… but I have you."

"Yeah but," Ayla tried to rationalize it, "We're not doing anything wrong when we're together."

"And I'm sure," I assured her, "Fiona and Kelsey aren't doing anything wrong either. You know how Fiona is, she invades all our personal space. She has a very free, almost possessive, way of showing her affection. Kelsey's the new girl, so she's going to be touchy feely with her. But Kelsey's smart, she knows when to say 'that's enough' like the rest of us."

Ayla hugged me, "I hope so."

Holding Ayla in my arms on the bed was a sweet tender moment I would never get from being with Louis or any other guy. It really was a weird dynamic between us, but Ayla was my girl for intimacy. If Fiona got to snuggle with Kelsey every once in a while, I got to snuggle with Ayla.

I gave her a soft kiss on the lips. It's funny how different it was from kissing Louis. I actually wondered what he would think if he ever found out about this. Of course, knowing how most guys' brains operated, he'd probably find it hot and want a three-some. Hmmm… I'm not sure how I'd feel about it. I preferred the intimacy with Ayla alone.

Ayla recoiled at the kiss, "I can't do that anymore. It's unfair to Kelsey."

"Okay," I told her, somewhat disappointed, "See, you draw the line. That's good."

"I guess so-"

Suddenly a knock came on the door, "Hey Jessie," It was Kelsey's voice, speak of the devil. "You in there?"

"Yeah!" I called out.

"Do you know where Ayla is?"

"She's here with me."

I got up and opened the door. She was standing outside with Olivia next to her. I couldn't help but wondering what was going on with them. "You two bonding?"

"What were you two doing in there?" Olivia spoke in a snake-like voice to me.

"Yeah," Kelsey went along with it, "What's going on Ayla?"

"We were just talking," I said.

Suddenly Ayla came to my side and looked right at Kelsey, "Where were you?"

"I was talking with Olivia," Kelsey admitted.

"Oh," Ayla seemed surprised by this, "What were you two talking about?"

"What were you two talking about?" Kelsey got a bit snippy with her. I hadn't seen Ayla and Kelsey show any signs of resentment as of late.

"We were talking about," Ayla continued, "What you and Fiona were talking to each other about."

I think all of us kind of scratched our heads at that statement. I looked to Olivia silently asking her to explain what was happening.

"Well, Fiona's down for the count," Olivia interjected.

"Well," I looked around the party realizing everyone was gone except the maids who were cleaning up, "Another successful Halloween huh?"

"Is that," Olivia looked at me, "A hickey on your neck?"

I patted my neck with my gloved hand. Instantly I saw Kelsey give Ayla a look of distress. Even Ayla looked a little nervous at this. I had to tell the truth right away: "I was with Louis earlier."

"Let's go to bed Kelsey," Ayla said very matter-of-fact like.

Chapter 22

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter Notes:

A shootout to Glee-Chan and SomeguyJim for giving me some ideas for this chapter. Thank you both!

Chapter 22 - Ayla

After the Halloween party, we were both pretty tired, so Kelsey and I just went to bed without saying anything. I would ask her a lot of questions the next morning while we were in class. We had a lab, so Dawson was the first to bring us a box of latex gloves again.

"Here you are Ms. Zhen and for you as well Ms. Greenburg."

Mr. Dawson was treating Kelsey much differently these days. Obviously, I intimidated him explaining my relationship with her, but once she became a member of The Fiona Five, Dawson was practically kissing her ass.

"Thank you Mr. Dawson," I tried to still be polite.

But Kelsey didn't acknowledge him. She hadn't even taken her sunglasses off yet. There was a reason behind this, Kelsey occasionally wore sunglasses rather than use contacts, but hiding behind them was very Fiona Winston-like. Kelsey looked so different now: Her dress was lavish, she wore her leather gloves like a second skin, her hair was better styled, she had make-up and jewelry. All throughout

classes, girls and guys alike were coming up to her. She almost ignored them. This really wasn't the girl I fell in love with.

She was becoming Fiona.

But speaking of which, I had something to get to the bottom of. I asked her what went down at The Halloween party. That's when she calmed down and dropped the diva routine. At least she wasn't acting that way towards me. For all she did to appear confident in public, she was still the same insecure girl she always was. I though she was cute like this.

Kelsey explained to me what happened, about Fiona kissing her, going to far with it, the fantasy, etc. It was the same thing Jessie had suggested and it all sounded too familiar. I knew she and Brenda used to kiss on Halloween. Olivia used to talk to me about it. She hated it, obviously jealous of Brenda getting more attention than her. But I felt even more lost. I got that they had this sisterly unconventional relationship, but the fact was Brenda was my girlfriend and Fiona was almost stealing her from me. Maybe if I was more aggressive back then, I would have confronted her, but I was also still the new girl. Brenda assured me that they were just playing with Fiona's dumb fantasy, that they never went much further than kissing… though to be honest I always assumed there was some groping involved. If I found out actual sex had taken place… I really would have lost my shit.

But Kelsey did something Brenda could never do, stand up to her. That's more than Brenda or even I ever did. So I smiled at her and hugged her. I thought Kelsey would never cheat on me. I loved her so much. She gave me a hug back, though it felt a little shallow… was I maybe being too trusting?

It took us a little while to shake off our mutual admirers as we left class. Kelsey joked that we were the latest celebrity couple on campus. That was true. We eventually ran into Fiona and Olivia downstairs in the hallway.

"Where's Jessie?" I asked.

"She's with her stupid boyfriend," Olivia rolled her eyes.

"Ah," I nodded, "Good for her."

Kelsey and Fiona both may have been wearing sunglasses, but they were looking at each other in a very odd manner. Fiona didn't say a word.

I put my hand on Kelsey's shoulder, "Hey, we said we'd meet up with Ashley and Tom and talk about Friday."

"Oh," Kelsey remembered, "Right."

"Actually," Olivia eyed Kelsey, "Fiona needs to talk to you about something."

Kelsey's eyes vacillated between both of us. She nodded to Olivia as if this was something they had planned.

"What about?" I asked.

"Fiona Five stuff," Olivia told me.

"What?" I got a little annoyed by that remark, putting my gloved hand on my side, "Am I not a Fiona Five member all of a sudden?"

Olivia groaned in annoyance, "No, you are," Fiona grabbed Kelsey's hand as Olivia talked to me and led her away from the two of us, "But the two of them just need to clear the air about something."

Now I was starting to get pissed off. I turned Fiona's way and shouted, "You mean about how Fiona was making out with my girlfriend?!"

"Ayla!" Kelsey turned back to me in a pleading manner, but Fiona grabbed her side and led her away.

Suddenly every student and teacher around stopped what they were doing and stared at us. I frankly didn't care, I just wanted answers.

"Would you-" Olivia grabbed me and dragged me to a corner. She spoke softly, "Look, I completely sympathize with you Ayla. I don't think it's right for Fiona to be making out with Kelsey, especially behind your back. You know who I feel about her."

"So why can't I be involved in the conversation?" I said, "It's common sense!"

"Listen," Olivia put her gloved hand on my cheek. This was one of the very few times Olivia showed me any kind of affection. I kind of hated it, but admired it at the same time, "Kelsey's a big girl. She did the right thing, she just needs to set some ground rules. I think it would be good for Fiona to hear that from her rather than you or me. You know how she is. I don't think either one of us want this to become another Brenda situation."

My eyes scanned the hallway. Olivia made sense, but I still felt like I was being kept out of the loop.

"Don't worry," Olivia smiled at me, in a somewhat conniving way, "I'll be chaperone, nothing bad's gonna happen."

Olivia walked away. Kelsey was still in ear-shot so she waved to me, "I'll talk to you after school. Say hi to Ashley and Tom

for me."

And I was left alone.

I couldn't remember the last time I walked through campus during Nutrition by myself. Of course, I got everyone coming up to me asking questions, "Hey, where's Fiona," "How's Kelsey," all that.

My thoughts turned dark. I started to think maybe we and Kelsey had jumped into this relationship too fast. Think about it: In the course of one week… no, take that back, four days, Kelsey and I went from meeting each other to being a couple. Tuesday after Labor Day was the first day of school when we met. That Thursday we went out on our first date, and had phone sex. And Friday we consummated our relationship.

Thinking back to it, I did express my hesitation, and Kelsey was okay with taking it slow, but I ended up being the one to act impulsively. I guess I was so starved for affection having lost my long-term girlfriend, I just wanted Kelsey so bad. She was so awestruck and maybe so pressured into this, how could she say no? I still loved Kelsey and wanted it to work, but I wondered if our relationship was doomed.

Back to reality, I made it to the Cafeteria. It suddenly reminded me of how dirty the cafeteria was. The tables were covered in slob, there was trash everywhere; the sound of guys further away yelling like maniacs. This used to be my life… before I met Brenda, and then Fiona, and then Kelsey.

A lot of students were staring at me. They would not expect a Fiona Five member to be walking around by herself in the cafeteria. But Ashley saw me and waved for me to join them. So I put on my brave face and sat down next to her.

She gave me a hug and then I noticed she was wearing the same black gloves from last time. She interlaced her fingers with mine playing around with our gloved hands. Tom rolled his eyes at this, which made me laugh. I really liked hanging out with these two. I only wish Kelsey was with us.

"Where's Kelsey?" Tom asked as Ashley and I were being girly.

I sighed and softly said, "She had to meet with Fiona."

"Of course she did," Ashley seemed disappointed. She then held my sides, "Ayla I've decided to make you my new best friend."

I couldn't help but blush at this. Ashley was so cute, reminded me of Kelsey in many ways… the way Kelsey was when I first met her.

"What about me?" Tom looked to her somewhat insulted by her declaration.

"Be quiet," Ashley waved him off, "You have no friends!"

I laughed at their antics.

Suddenly I heard a disturbing voice creep into my ear, like Batman was trying to sneak up on me: "Ayla Zhen, I'm gonna make you mine!"

I turned around and saw Jessie hovering over me with a stupid smile on her face. She was holding hands with Louis who had a guitar on his back.

"Hey!" I waved at her.

"Oh my God!" Ashley yelled, "Jessica Perez is at our table!"

"Okay," Jessie eyed Ashley and Tom, scratching her chin, "I'm gonna get it right this time…" She looked to Ashley and pointed at her, "It's… Ashley!" The girl in question smiled and nodded. She then looked to Tom, not seeming to be able to place his name, "And uh… The Dude!"

Tom didn't seem to take offense to this. He nodded his head and put his arms out, "The Dude abides!"

The rest of the conversation was dominated by Jessie, specifically talking about Friday night. Louis explained that his band's show was at Zombieland on Broad Street. I knew of the venue, I'd passed it before, but I'd never actually seen a show there. I was actually excited about it, as was Ashley. Jessie of course was egging Louis on to play a song for us, but he played it cool saying we'd have to wait until the show to hear the songs.

Nutrition was fun, but after school I had to go back to dealing with Kelsey and the rest of the girls. Jessie and I relayed our plans. Now obviously Fiona and Olivia weren't about to go to a rock club, but thankfully this was one instance in which Kelsey didn't go along with them. Kelsey was still going to accompany her friend for his birthday. She was definitely feeling guilty about having blown off her friends for this long, as she should have! Olivia still had to remind us that we were planning to go up to Snoqualmie Falls this weekend; get up early. Bottom line, she warned us not to stay up too late. Jessie pestered her for nagging us: "Thanks mom!"

I walked and talked with Kelsey for a little while. She joked around that I was becoming very chummy with Ashley and Tom, maybe feeling a bit jealous. But I turn asked what had she and Fiona were talking about while I was at Nutrition. Kelsey didn't reveal much, except that she simply wanted to

stay on Fiona's good side without letting her run all over her. I guess that was the best answer I could hope for.

Fast forward to Friday evening:

Kelsey was actually looking through her dresses thinking which formal ensemble she should wear. Jessie had to remind her that this was a rock concert, not a tea party. Obviously we were going to stick to wearing gloves, but we had to still look the part. Jessie dressed the part in a red leather short-sleeved bolero, revealing a bit of skin between her sleeves and red leather gloves. With a lacy red top underneath, a brown belt, faded blue jeans, long black boots, and enough gold jewelry to pay off the U.S. budget, Jessie looked super hot. I couldn't help but fawn over her, which I don't think Kelsey liked very much. I tried to outdo her by simply wearing a very low-cut blue top, which looked like I was only wearing a bra, as well as my trusted short blue skirt, with this flower-decorated belt I had. And to complete the look, I took out my black leather jacket which I hadn't worn in ages. Now it was Jessie's turn to fawn over how hot I looked.

So that left Kelsey with the most conservative attire between us, but she still had a black leather mini-skirt and sexy stockings. She covered her purple top with a brown suede jacket, so the three of us still looked cool.

"I wonder what Fiona and Olivia would think," Kelsey joked, "If they saw us like this."

"Who the fuck cares?" Jessie admitted very quickly.

We met Ashley and Tom at Zombieland. Ashley actually dressed up more than she needed to, probably trying to impress us. Of course, this included those long black gloves of her's. Tom was dressed the same, t-shirt and jeans. Well,

it was his birthday, he could dress however he wanted. Come to think of it, maybe Ashley was dressed up to impress him, her possible love interest. Jessie asked me and Kelsey about that and we still didn't have an answer.

When we got inside, Jessie disappeared to go find her boyfriend, who was backstage with the band, getting ready. Meanwhile, we all focused on Tom, toasting his birthday; without alcohol obviously. We were talking about bands we all liked, some of which even played at this very venue. Jessie eventually returned with Louis, appropriately dressed in an open vest, to show off his abs, and wearing eyeliner. He thanked us all for coming, and wished Tom happy birthday. With a quick kiss to his girlfriend, he walked back and prepared to take the stage.

"You'll have to be my dance partner again," Jessie told me, holding my hand.

"I wouldn't have it any other way," I smiled at her, running my hands through her hair.

Kelsey gave me a disappointing look. I think even Ashley looked at us curiously.

"Baby," I held onto her, "You'll dance with me too right?"

"I uh..." Kelsey chuckled nervously, "I can't keep up with Jessie, you know that."

"Okay," Jessie interrupted, "We're going to Rhonda's dance class next week and that's final."

"All right all right!" Kelsey laughed.

Ashley and Kelsey started talking into eachother's ears. I couldn't hear what they were saying. But just then, the

house music died down, S.O.S. took the stage and Jessie dragged me to the front of the stage screaming. There were quite a lot of people there, many from school, some I recognized. Some of them looked a little razzed seeing me and Jessie there. She threw off her bolero towards Louis, who caught it. Jessie also pulled my jacket off, somewhat forcefully, and threw it onstage. Louis caught that too.

They started playing. The music was loud, the guitar amps sounded like they were about to explode, and the singer just seemed to scream into the mic and jump around unintelligibly.

"This is so awesome!" Jessie screamed in my ear.

I agreed, it was fun. Thank God Fiona wasn't here, she'd be running for the door after the first drum hit!

Jessie spent the first song eyeing her boyfriend. He was a pretty good guitar player shredding some Metallica licks. I mean, he was no Amy Lynn, but he was the best part about the band. There was certainly a lot of energy. For the second song, which sounded an awful-lot like the first one, Jessie grabbed my hands and started dancing with me again. I wasn't really used to dancing to heavy-rock, but we found a way. It was fun. Once again, our dance routine kind of stole the show. Everyone near us was clapping along. Louis smiled at this, but I think the singer was jealous of us stealing the attention.

Jessie looked hot… but I must admit, something seemed a little off about her. She always had a certain intensity about her on the dance-floor, but this was something else. When I looked in her eyes... well they looked strange. At one point, she dropped me down on the floor, lying there like we were about to make love on the floor. Her lips were close to mine.

It was so weird, but so enticing at the same time. Jessie suddenly got paranoid about everyone staring at us and picked me back up. She made it look like it was all part of the act. I think by this point she started calming down.

By the third song, we both finally realized that Kelsey, Ashely and Tom had joined us. Tom tried to dance with Ashley in a way that was very… well, white. But Jessie cheered him on, and he certainly had a lot of confidence. Ashley seemed to enjoy this. That's really what Kelsey needed… more confidence.

"Can I uh…" Kelsey tapped Jessie's shoulder.

Jessie let me go and gestured for Kelsey to take my place. Kelsey smiled at me and I took her hands to dance. She still had her jacket on, so I pulled it off and threw it onstage, as Jessie had. Kelsey still looked as hot as ever. Her makeover did nothing to improve her looks for me, it was that natural smile and aura about her that I always loved. Of course, Kelsey still couldn't really dance, and unlike Tom, didn't have the confidence to get over it. But I led her through it, all the same. Jessie pretty much moved to the front of the stage eyeing her boyfriend.

At some point in-between songs, Louis went into his mic and wished Tom a happy birthday. The four of us cheered for him as did many people in the audience. He waved appreciatively at the guitar player. Louis then went into a Van Halen like guitar solo, coming to the edge of the stage and kneeling down to Jessie.

The show wasn't that long, the four of us eventually went to the back to order some onion rings. Some ten or fifteen minutes after the set finished, Jessie and Louis came over to us. With his hand over Jessie's shoulder, he thanked us all

for coming. We talked a little bit about the show, how great he was.

"It was good," Tom spoke in a cocky tone of voice, "But you really need me in the band!"

Ashley rolled her eyes at this. Both Kelsey and I laughed knowing we had heard this conversation before.

"Oh," Louis smiled, "I didn't know you play. What instrument?"

"Uh..." Tom stuttered, "You know, the uh... the one uh... that uh... the royal instrument of music! The, well... uh..."

Ashley, Kelsey and myself all found ourselves laughing at this. What was with Tom's insistence about being in the music business when he didn't actually play music?

Louis laughed too, "Well, when you figure it out, let me know."

"We're gonna go hang out backstage," Jessie explained.

With another thank you and a friendly hug to everyone, Louis led Jessie backstage. She looked back and, told us not to wait up for her. Kelsey and I spent some more time with Tom and Ashley. Tom was even talking about going bowling, but the alley would have been closed by the time we got there. So we called it a night, wished Tom a happy birthday, he walked off with Ashley holding hands.

Kelsey and I playfully joked around about the two of them being a couple. She was holding my hand, laughing; it felt like things were back to normal. I resided myself to accept that these kind of snags were bound to happen in our

relationship every once in a while. Of course, it would lead to some great make-up sex.

When I got Kelsey home, I was so hot, I pinned her to my front door, before even going in, and made out with her. My gloved hands were already sliding into her jacket feeling up her boobs.

"Aylee," She chuckled clutching my hands, "People can see us."

"You're right," I opened the door, "Lets go do it on the balcony!"

Her eyes panicked at this suggestion.

Okay, we didn't actually do it on the balcony. It was too cold for that (add it to my to-do list for the summer). But once we got inside, I stripped her down, replaced her leather gloves with those long latex ones, as well as mine, and fucked the shit out of her. It felt amazing as always. Maybe a little more intense this time around with the make-up sex.

Our orgasms were so intense, we passed out right then and there: completely naked with our dirty latex gloves still on, holding each other. I really hope my parents wouldn't come into my room to discover us like this.

I was rudely awoken by my phone's vibration. It was on the nightstand next to my side of the bed. Still half-asleep, I tried to answer the phone, realizing my latex gloves were still on. I used my nose to swipe the phone and answered it. It was Jessie.

"Hey," Her voice sounded really low and tired. Something was bothering her.

I looked to Kelsey and saw she was still asleep, so I had to whisper, "Hey, what's up?"

"Sorry," She said, "I didn't mean to wake you I… I just uh…"

I quickly awoke from my semi-slumber, grabbed my robe, and walked downstairs. I didn't want to have the conversation in the room at the risk of waking my girlfriend.

"Jessie," I asked in a very concerned manner, "Are you okay?"

"I-I-I'm fine," She stuttered. She didn't sound like herself.

I sat down at the dining table placing one hand on the surface. Of course my black latex gloves were still on.

"Where are you?" I asked.

"I'm home," She clarified.

"You sure?"

"Yeah," She spoke almost as if she wondered why I didn't believe her, "I…" She sighed, "I mean I-I'm a little wasted, but I'm fine."

"Weed?" I wouldn't have been surprised, we had smoked marijuana once in Europe.

"X," She told me.

She meant ecstasy. I never tried it before, never had desire to try it, but I wasn't completely surprised that Jessie had, especially since she was hanging out with a bunch of musicians. I reserved no judgement on her. She was always more experimental than the rest of us, and never to make a habit of it. Plus, it made sense why she was so wild on the

dance floor. I wanted to look it up on my phone, but the latex gloves wouldn't allow it.

"Well," I guessed what would help, "Drink a lot of water, have a protein bar or something."

"Ayla," She now sounded ashamed, "I need to ask you something very personal. And I want to answer me. Okay?"

I felt like I was gathering wrinkles in my forehead over this conversation, but I wanted to stay with her on the phone, "What is it?"

"You have a glove fetish right?" She asked.

… How to answer that…

It was no secret that I liked wearing gloves, that all five of us did to different degrees. I knew Fiona had her own weird obsession with them that probably went beyond her whole "Posh" demeanor. But as far as my glove obsession being a fetish, a sexual one, there were only two people in the world who knew about it: Brenda and Kelsey. Both my girlfriends at different points. It was obviously no one else's business. I didn't really talk about my sexual orientation that much, though was not hiding it. But no one knew that when I was alone, or with my girlfriend, I put on black latex gloves and used them to make me cum, that I never had an orgasm without wearing them.

Even before I realized I had a glove fetish, before I even met Brenda, I always liked touching myself with them on; that is actually touching my skin with satin or cotton gloves, not in a sexual way. It just felt so unique to me. But once Brenda introduced me to the idea of gloves as a sexual object, almost magical in a way, it was indescribable.

I suddenly found myself staring at my black latex gloves. Inside, they were tight, hot and sweaty, but also enticing. I liked having my hands covered like this. Outside, they looked so amazing: shiny, they fit so snuggly, they looked like they were just painted on my hands. You could see the imprint on my knuckles, the little wrinkles in the material. The way the long black latex disappeared into my robe sleeves made me feel excited. I can never describe the exact feeling.

"Ayla?" Jessie brought me back to reality.

"Yeah," I answered, "Hey sorry… I um… why do you ask?"

"I don't want to say why yet, I'm embarrassed."

What was she embarrassed about?

"I want you to tell me," She spoke slowly, "If you have a glove fetish. If you use them for sex."

I really felt uncomfortable talking about this: "Jessie, I don't feel like this is something we should be discussing on the phone. Why don't we talk about it tomorrow at the spa?"

"Because," She explained, "I don't want Fiona or Olivia eavesdropping on our conversation."

I sighed, "All right, yes I have a glove fetish. I wear them for sex. In fact I'm wearing black latex gloves right now. Those fetish kind."

"Oh," She answered very matter-of-fact like. I always imagined that if I ever told Jessie this, she'd laugh at me, in a playful way. But It almost seemed like she understood where I was coming from, "Were you using them on Kelsey?"

"Jessie," I was starting to get annoyed, "Why are you asking me this. Talk to me. What's going on?"

"I used my gloves on Louis," Jessie finally blurted out.

"Huh?" I asked.

"I uh…" Jessie almost sounded like wanted to cry, "I feel so embarrassed about this…"

"Jessie," I assured her, trying not to raise my voice too much, "It's okay, you can talk to me about it. Yes I used my gloves on Kelsey, you don't need to be embarrassed about it."

"But he gave me this look," Jessie said, "This look like… like I'm weird. I mean wearing gloves as some funky fashion statement is one thing. But wearing gloves to have sex?"

"You need to give me more details." Did I actually say that? I didn't really want to hear details about her sex life with her boyfriend. But maybe I needed to in order to help her out with this moment.

"Okay," She explained, "We were in the backseat of his car, both of us were still on X, horny as hell, and we're making out like mad. I still got my red leather gloves on. He took off my top and my jeans, he takes off his shirt. He's playing with my boobs, sucking them, yada yada yada. Anyway, he tried to take my gloves off, but… I dunno, I just didn't want to. I was totally cool taking everything else off in a goddamn car in the middle of a parking lot, where people can see me. But I can't show my hands. It's so strange."

I knew that feeling.

"So," She continued, "I told him I wanted to keep them on but… well then he uh… he took it out."

"Right," I answered knowing exactly what she meant.

"He wanted me to touch him, but I… I kinda felt nervous."

"Well that's normal," I told her, "The first time I was Brenda I was shaking."

"So I just…" She stuttered, "I- I touched him my gloves on. And he's looking at me like, 'You're really not going to take your gloves off?' And I'm also realizing, 'Wait a minute, I can't touch him with my leather gloves they're gonna get…' Well you know what's gonna happen. But I just instinctively took out my rubber doctor's gloves out of my purse. You know, the ones you and Fiona convinced me to keep with all the time."

"So…" I gasped a little.

"Yeah exactly," Jessie realized I was putting the pieces together, "I wore doctor's gloves over my leather gloves to jerk off my boyfriend. He gave me a look, Ayla, like you wouldn't believe. I mean he was still happy as could be, for obvious reasons. I think I even joked that the rubber gloves made clean-up really easy. But… I just feel like he now thinks I'm weird because I wear gloves for sex, or maybe he thinks that I think he's gross or something. I don't know."

"Did you talk to him about it?" I asked.

"How could I talk to him about it?" She whined, "I barely know what to think of it myself. I mean he was nice about it and all and gave me a kiss when he dropped me off. But... something was there. And it's not the first time I've done this either. Remember that night we stayed at Fiona's place

when Kelsey joined the group? I used rubber gloves to touch myself! I felt so dirty doing it, but it felt so good. I mean… where did this come from? It's so weird!"

"Well," I assured her, "It's definitely unconventional, but I don't think it's weird. It's just a fetish. Everyone has different kinks to what they like in bed."

"Yeah but Ayla," She almost sounded like she was crying, "I don't want to have a glove fetish. I want to be normal."

I took a breath and schooled her, "Jessie, do you have any idea how hard it was to come to terms with the fact that I'm a lesbian?"

It was Jessie's turn to take a breath, "I- I guess not, but… I kind of always assumed you were okay with it."

"I'm okay with it, but," I thought back to those days in middle school when I had to accept my sexual orientation, "That doesn't mean I didn't agonize over it. I mean you grow up thinking that you're gonna marry some guy who's tall, dark and handsome and you're gonna have this traditional wedding and have kids but… then I'm in middle school and suddenly I'm have romantic feelings for girls. After coming to terms with that, the gloves don't seem so strange."

Jessie hesitated but then amicably answered, "That's a good point."

"And to answer your other question, where did this come from? The glove fetish? I have no idea. Maybe I've always had this fetish, maybe I got it from Brenda, maybe Fiona has somehow influenced, I don't have an answer. But you know what? Kelsey didn't mind. And as much as you're freaking out about it, I don't think Louis really minds either. He's probably gonna be at school on Monday bragging to all his

friends about how he got a handjob from Jessica Perez, even if it was a gloved handjob."

"I'm gonna kill him if he does that!"

"At-a-girl!" I laughed hearing he speak more in a manner I was used to, "Look it's late, we have get up soon to go to Fiona's dump spa thing, let's talk more then."

"Wait," Jessie stopped me, "What am I supposed to do?"

I hesitated at that, "What do you mean, what are you supposed to do? About what?"

"About my glove fetish?" She asked.

"I don't know," I told her, "Put on some rubber gloves and touch yourself." I realized this sounded very blunt, but how else was I supposed to answer her?

She chuckled, "That's so funny… that's exactly what I'm doing right now."

I had to stop for a moment, because that image just came to mind: Jessie naked on her bed, wearing rubber dishwashing gloves over her red leather gloves, and using them to polish her pearl. In fact, I was staring to hear her let out soft breaths of pleasure. "Uh…" I finally answered and chuckled, "Well good. After your finished, get some water and get yourself some sleep. Tomorrow we have to-"

"Wait wait wait," She stopped me, "You… you have gloves on too right?"

"… Yeah?"

"Do you," She asked me, "Do you want to touch yourself with me?"

This was starting to get uncomfortable. I won't lie, I almost found my free latex hand moving towards my pelvis, but I had to stop myself, "Jessie, Kelsey's upstairs sleeping."

"Oh right…" She said, "I'm sorry, I'm keeping you up."

"It's okay," I told her, "We'll talk more tomorrow."

"Wait," She stopped me again.

"Jessie please," I groaned.

"Just," She hesitated, pleading with me, "Stay on the phone with me. You don't have to do anything, I just… I just don't want to do this by myself. I want you to stay on the phone until I'm done."

"I can't listen to you masturbate Jessie."

"Just a little while longer, please!" She was now moaning louder, "Oh my God Ayla, the gloves feel so good. Oh, why do they feel this good?!"

Now I was starting to feel a warm sensation surge through my body. I suddenly wanted to touch myself, but resisted. Instead, I just sat there and listened to Jessie. She kept describing her session in great detail, until finally I hear her climax over the phone. God I hoped no one upstairs could hear this.

"Okay?" I finally asked her, "Can I go to bed now?"

"I'm sorry Ayla," She started crying, "I'm so sorry. Do you hate me?"

"No I don't hate you Jessie," I told her, "I just want to go to bed. We can talk more tomorrow!" I was getting tired of saying that.

"Okay… Thanks Ayla. I really hope you don't hate me."

"Good night Jessie," I told her.

"Ayla," She said finally, "I love you."

Without thinking about it, I simply responded with, "I love you too."

And finally the phone call ended. I had to put the phone down and bury my face in my latex hands after that crazy conversation. I had just had intense sex with my girlfriend hours earlier, and here I felt horny again.

"Aylee?" I heard a voice call from the staircase.

I hid my gloved hands under the table when I saw Kelsey leaning forward trying to eye me from the staircase. I calmed down and put my hands back up.

"Hey," I whispered.

She inched closer to me revealing that she was wearing her pajamas now, and some satin gloves. I wasn't sure if she still had the latex gloves on under them. She always had trouble taking them off. I usually had to do it for her.

"Who were you talking to?" She asked.

I held my forehead feeling a headache coming on, "It was Jessie."

That seemed to be the wrong answer as Kelsey gave a look of shock. She practically ran to my side and placed her

gloved hands on my shoulder, "What were you guys talking about?"

I didn't really understand why she was so worked up over this, but I explained that she had a weird moment with her date. I didn't want to get into the ecstasy or her glove fetish.

"Is that all?" She asked.

"Well," I hesitated, "I mean there's more, but I want to go to bed." I got up and took her hand, "We gotta get up soon and drive to Snoqualmie Falls."

Kelsey looked at the floor, "Okay."

I led her upstairs and decided to finally remove my latex gloves. Kelsey did the same, taking her satin gloves to reveal them. Once our latex gloves were off, we washed our hands, and Kelsey played with my naked fingers and hands, as she tended to do a lot. Then we placed our so called 'Pajama gloves' on and went to sleep.

Jessie and I were gonna have a lot to talk about tomorrow.

Chapter 23

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter Notes:

I gotta give credit to Glee-chan who basically co-wrote some of the dialog with me. Thank you again!

Chapter 23 - Olivia

You know, I just read Chapter 20… Why the hell would that stupid Kelsey cut off the chapter just when she gets to her conversation with me? I'm the important one here! What, am I not good enough for her to talk about in her dumb story? God I hate her!

I guess if you want something done right, you have to do it yourself…

Anyway, back at The Halloween Party, I ran into Kelsey outside Fiona's room. She looked as lost and confused as she possibly could've been. Her face gave away the whole story. I knew exactly what had happened in there. So when I led Kelsey up to my room on the third floor, she was touching her heart, beating quickly over what happened.

"What's on your mind?" I asked her sitting her down on the bed next to me.

At first Kelsey was looking down almost panting. "Olivia," She asked me holding onto my hands, "You've known Fiona the longest, what's her deal?"

"What do you mean?"

"I was inside her room, she was-" She hesitated, "I think she…" She then whispered, "I think she likes me."

Wow, she sure was overly-confident. Unfortunately, she was right. I couldn't let her know that though:

"Well," I told her, "I find that hard to believe, but she likes all of us," I grabbed her gloved hand and tried to act as nurturing as possible, "What's going on? Tell me what happened in there?"

Kelsey explained what had happened, also mentioning the kiss I caught on her first day with Fiona at school. I gasped at that and pretended I didn't know. She had no idea I was play-acting. I really should become an actress, I'm so good… She also hinted that Jessica had mentioned something about Fiona's affectionate side. However, she looked down and started freaking out. So I held onto her.

As much as I hate to admit it, holding Kelsey didn't repulse me as much as I would have thought.

"Kelsey," I tried to explain to her, "Fiona's a very affectionate person, as you've seen." It was hard for me to not talk down to her like a child but… well I talked down to her like a child, "You must understand, we're sisters. We have a very sophisticated relationship with each other. We're not bound by the conformist boundaries that society has tried to tie us down with."

"But Olivia," She leaned back, forcing me to let go of her. I couldn't help but have a bored look on my face. She's soooooo boring! But she continued, "This wasn't just affection, I'm sure of it. I think she really wanted to do it for real."

I was really starting to get annoyed at her rambling. Not to mention that the idea of Fiona having sex with Kelsey the apartment dweller just repulsed me.

"And I'm so confused because I really like Fiona. I've admired her forever. But I'm with Ayla. She knows that. Even if we're supposedly play acting or showing sisterly affection, it feels wrong. It's… it's just weird."

Was she done? Okay my turn… "So you like Fiona?"

Kelsey didn't answer. She just stared at me incredulously. I sighed in annoyance. What did I have to do to get through that thick skull of her's. Well, I put on a smile and held her hands like a sister:

"Come on, tell your sister. This'll stay between us: A Kelsey and Olivia secret. We haven't had one of those yet, have we?" I ran my gloved hands throw that red wig of her's.

Kelsey breathed in, finally summoning some effort of courage. She looked me in the eyes: "I love Ayla," she spoke in a low tone. I must admit, her change in demeanor made me focus on her more. "I really do. But I've always been attracted to Fiona."

"Everybody is," I reminded her.

"When she pays attention to me, it makes me… well it makes feel… I don't know if I should say." She looked down.

I nodded without saying anything.

"Just now… shooting her down was so hard. I really wanted to get closer to her."

"So why didn't you?" I asked trying to get back to the main issue here.

Kelsey gave me a look like I was crazy. How dare she! But I held my tongue… God I was getting so tired of doing that around this girl, "Because of Ayla!" Is all she said.

I sighed, having to evaluate this situation for a split second. To be fair, I couldn't necessarily fault Kelsey for wanting to stay loyal to her girlfriend. It was a noble quality. But this didn't help me much. I still had a mission to break those two apart. I was very close, Kelsey just needed some persuasion:

"With all due respect Kelsey," I let go of her hands, and stared at her cold, "You are so blind."

She seemed to frown at this harsh truth.

"Do you have any idea how many women and men want to date Fiona? Do you have any idea how many girls come up to me on a daily basis and beg me to set them up with her? Women who aren't even lezbos who want to go out with her just to be with Fiona Winston." I raised my hands, "Now Fiona is offering herself to you and you're too work up on Ayla to embrace it!"

Kelsey placed her hands up trying to calm me down, "I - I get what you're saying. But shouldn't Ayla's feelings matter too?"

She was getting cocky again. I had to smack her down a few pegs, "Do you think Ayla takes your feelings into consideration anytime she flirts with Jessica?"

That was the kill right there. Kelsey went wide-eyed. I hit a sweet spot. Amazing! I could pat myself on the back for my strategic use of words. All the gears in her head were

turning. She was starting to come around. All I did was smile.

"I…" She stuttered, "I guess not…" She seemed lost.

Still smiling, I lightly tapped my temple with my index finger as if to say 'Use your brain.'

"Do you…" Kelsey rubbed her gloved hands together, "Do you think they are… are doing things behind my back?"

"Oh Kelsey," I looked to ceiling looking innocent, "I don't know the answers to such questions. And-" I held my yellow gloved hands out staring at them, "It's not in my best interest to get involved in things like that. But you must not let such things occupy your mind. That's a very… poor-class way of thinking."

Kelsey looked down, "I guess I'm still learning about what it is to be a Fiona Five member."

I smiled at her and hugged her, "My dear Kelsey." She hugged me back resting her chin on my shoulder, feeling comfortable with me. "I was wrong about you. I know I was hard on you. I may not have seen you as a member at first. But I was wrong. Fiona was right. You have proven yourself to be a crucial member to our team. And you've made Fiona so happy. She loves having you in our group, being The Fiona Five again. She-" I hesitated before saying this next bit, "She loves you!"

This seemed to hit another sweet spot, Kelsey pulled away and stared at me.

"Oh…" I chuckled, "Perhaps I shouldn't have said that."

"Loves?" She was shaking and rubbed her upper arms.

"Kelsey," I put my hand on her shoulder, "Take my advice. Next time Fiona wants to get close to you, embrace it. Don't fight it." I then put my hand and gave a fake melancholic look, "Provided she still wants to since you obviously insulted her just now." I sighed, "I really hope she doesn't kick you out."

Kelsey swilled, "I feel so stupid."

"I'll tell you what," I told her, "I'll talk to Fiona, smooth things out."

Kelsey hugged me and smiled, "Oh thank you Olivia! Thank you so much!"

"Anything for my sister," I told her.

And the Oscar for best actress goes to… Olivia Caldwell!

Oh you like me! You really like me!

Seriously…

So I was replaying my Oscar-worthy scene from Halloween Night in my head; looking out the window watching the sun come up. We had gotten up early the following Saturday to travel to the spa by Snoqualmie Falls, at Fiona's request of course. While we had discussed bringing our manicurist in, she figured it would be more fun to travel to the spa. I was quite happy to accompany her. The spa was a most relaxing place overlooking the waterfall, and the weather was still pleasant enough. Jessica was up for it as she seemed to have a strange affinity for seeing the leaves change color. I never understood people's obsession with leaves dying. It seemed rather morbid. But she was sleeping in the van, as were Kelsey and Ayla, resting their heads on each other's

shoulders. They were probably out late the pervious night at that stupid rock club.

But Fiona and I weren't about to let that ruin our spa day. We all sort of broke up into couples. Naturally Fiona and I were together. We got the full treatment: massages, facials, and even a manicure. The manicure was a big thing for us. We had specific requests regarding that. For anything else, we would just walk completely naked with only our satin gloves off. But obviously we had to take them off to get our cuticles done. So the rule was that we had our own private room, only female manicurists allowed, the ones we knew. Also, they had to wear latex gloves themselves and never take them off in our presence. Because we're Fiona and Olivia of the Fiona Five, they were happy to oblige us… at least they better be!

Obviously, we didn't have our nails done in any sort of elaborate way, covering them up with gloves, but it did feel nice to have them cleaned and styled. After all, we need to look our best no matter what. As we sat in the chairs allowing our hands to dry-off, Fiona spoke up:

"Can't these dry any faster?" She seemed anxious, "I want to put my gloves back on."

I'm sure one of the manicurists would have suggested putting some fingerless gloves on her, but Fiona wouldn't be caught dead in fingerless gloves. Neither would I for that matter. Disgusting!

"I agree," I supported her, "We've been sitting here ungloved for…" I looked at the clock on the wall, "Thirty two seconds!"

Fiona sighed, "Thankfully we don't do this very often."

I knew how she felt. We could walk around the spa naked and not care. But showing out hands was what really made us feel self-conscious.

"So you and Kelsey are okay now?" I asked her, getting back to the subject.

"You were there the other day," She spoke of our meeting at Nutrition the day after Halloween.

"I know that," I explained, "But I'm still fuzzy on the details." I actually wasn't, but I wanted Fiona to tell me.

"I told you," Fiona said, "I was in the room, we were play-acting and suddenly she freaked out. She's certainly no Brenda."

"Well," I said, "She did apologize at Nutrition, didn't she?"

"I guess," Fiona didn't sound impressed, "But I'm never doing that again."

"Forgive me if I don't believe you," I looked her way.

Fiona sighed and looked up at the ceiling.

"Fiona," I wish I could grab her right now, but my hands were still drying, "I told you before, if you like Kelsey than just take her."

"Olivia-"

She was about to scold me, but I beat her to the punch, "Take her out on a date! Ayla doesn't need to know. Just do something fun with her, like you do with me, take her home and feel her up as much you'd like."

"You're ridiculous," She told me.

I sighed. I was getting nowhere fast. I had to do something, but then I thought about what has brought Kelsey around.

"All right," I looked her way and prepared myself for another Oscar speech. I had to use some method acting skills, tapping into my concerned best friend role. "I wasn't going to tell you this. Kelsey begged me to keep it a secret."

Fiona then looked my way curious.

"Kelsey came crying to me after what happened. I could tell she was really broken up over what she did to you. She was inconsolable really. And would you believe that Ayla was too busy flirting with Jessica to be there for her so called 'girlfriend'? So I consoled her and she told me how stupid she was and blah blah blah. She didn't really go into details about what had happened between you two, but she did confess something." I looked up to the ceiling like I was delivering some Marilyn Monroe line, "She was crying into my shoulders, and suddenly screamed, 'I love her!' I'm surprised no one else at the party heard us. But she said it: 'I'm in love with Fiona Winston,' over and over again."

"She said that?" Fiona eyed me somewhat suspicious.

I put up my hand, "I swear to it! And of course, I was trying to tell her, 'No no no, you love Ayla.' But there was no getting around it." I smiled at the blonde beauty, "She loves you Fiona. She always has for as long as she can remember."

Fiona lied back and though about it.

I looked at my hands. They were dry enough: "Excuse me!" I cried out, "Our hands are dry. We need our gloves back."

Suddenly the manicurists came running in with our satin gloves. Drying off our hands, they slowly pulled the gloves on. It felt really nice. It felt equally nice seeing the gears in Fiona's head turning.

My plan was coming together...

By the end of the afternoon, all five of us were in the outdoor hot-tub overlooking the falls. The sun was beginning to set, the typical kind of thing you'd see in a postcard. We had the tub to ourselves, only the female servants coming out to serve us drinks. All of us were completely naked, except for our color-coded satin gloves which stayed outside of the water. Kelsey still looked uncomfortable with this, but Ayla was holding her hand outside the water. Can't those two ever not have a lezbo moment in front of us?

What did feel strange was the fact that Jessica wasn't shooting her mouth of as usual. She had her arms out and her head leaning back. In fact, no one was really talking. I personally found it soothing to not hear pointless chatter, or Jessica ramble on in Spanish. But Fiona had to say something:

"Jessica," She said to her, "You're awfully quiet today. What's wrong?"

I studied everyone's reactions. Kelsey and I were the ones who gave the normal curious reaction, looking at Jessica. Ayla seemed to have a guilty smirk, like she knew something we didn't know. Typical. But Jessica didn't really seem to move.

"I'm just tired," She spoke in a low voice.

Fiona moved closer to her, "Something you want to tell us?" Her voice sounded assertive, like she was trying to get Jessica to admit something.

Jessica put her head up and looked at her confused, "Like what?"

"You tell me," Fiona said, "I'm your sister, you're supposed to talk to me. Is it about that guy you're seeing or…" Her eyes shifted towards Ayla slightly, "Someone else?"

Kelsey seemed to pick up on what Fiona was getting at, and leaned in closer.

"Okay fine," Jessica looked at her, almost annoyed that she had to talk to her, "Yes, my mind's a little preoccupied with this Louis situation."

"I thought you guys had a good time?" Kelsey chimed in, "You were all over each other at the show."

"Please," I implored, "Spare me the details."

Jessica sighed. She addressed us all as she looked at her red satin covered hands, "What does it feel like when you have to take these gloves off?" She looked at Fiona, "I know you hate it."

Fiona closed her eyes and nodded, "I had to keep them off when getting a manicure just now. I hate it so much!" She held up her pink gloved hands, "Why can't my nails just keep the same shape?"

"I know, but why?" Jessica pried, "I mean what does it feel like when you have to take them off."

Fiona pouted. Why was Jessica bothering her like this? Fiona didn't want to talk about being gloveless. She just had to deal with it. I would have said something, but I think she wanted to defend herself.

"It's-" Fiona hesitated, "It's just… ugh. It just feels awful and cold and… I don't know. I just hate it!"

"It makes your hands feel exposed," Ayla spoke to Jessica holding up one of her blue satin gloves, "I think Fiona would agree with me on this. It's like your skin's being peeled off and you're bones are showing."

Fiona nodded, "Yes, what she said."

Jessica chuckled, "Sounds like something out of Terminator."

"Yeah," Ayla laughed, "Kind of like that."

Kelsey seemed to chuckled over that as well. Well so much for Kelsey having good taste in classic movies.

"Well," Fiona continued, "Whatever it feels like. I don't like it."

"I agree," I backed her up looking at my yellow gloves, "If I could find a way to keep my gloves on forever without ever having to take them off. I would."

Fiona turned to me and nodded, "Exactly. I wish every girl in school would wear gloves. I've tried to convince the principal to make gloves mandatory, but he's said no."

I playfully scoffed at that, "What impudence!"

"I guess," Jessica sighed, "I'm gonna be the same way. I'm gonna be wearing gloves for the rest of my life. It's gonna

be odd for my political career. I can see the headlines now." She ran her had through the air like she was writing a newspaper line, "What's she hiding under those gloves?"

Ayla chuckled and moved through the tub closer to Jessica, letting go of Kelsey's hand, "It's okay Jessie. I'll still vote for you and your gloves!"

"I hope so," Jessica put her arm around Ayla's shoulders. Ayla allowed her head to rest on Jessica's shoulder, "You're gonna be my running-mate!"

Ayla laughed, "Sure."

Both Fiona and Kelsey scrutinized this small show of affection. Kelsey silently looked to me, obviously remembering what we had talked about. That's when I pointed to my temple again silently: Use your brain Kelsey!

Chapter 24

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 24 - Kelsey

With the middle of November creeping in, I had been a Fiona Five member for two full months. So much had happened and yet the time just seemed to fly by.

The most recent adventure was a trip to Rhonda's dance class, on Friday, with Ayla and Jessica. It was actually fun, Ayla and I got to dance together and work out some moves. Of course, I couldn't have been the most easy student to work with. But by the end of the day, Ayla and I were dancing to some old swing music pretty well. Ayla couldn't wait to bring me back to Ellington's and get me on the dancefloor. She was how happy with my progress, she was hugging me and kissing me right there in the studio. A lot of the other patrons stared at us. But I liked it. I could see Jessica giving us an "OK" sign, but I wondered if there was some jealousy behind her smile. Regardless, I was very happy with Ayla at this moment.

Naturally, Fiona and Olivia didn't come with us. I did plan to go to that Ballroom dance studio she told me about, but Jessica didn't want to go, and therefore, neither did Ayla. To be perfectly honest, it sort of felt like there were these two fractions at war with each other. I was caught somewhere in the middle. I guess technically I should have always sided with Ayla, but since the Halloween situation, I was still trying

to stay on Fiona's good side. And I felt like I had made a good connection with Olivia finally.

Shortly after the dance class, we met with Olivia and Fiona at the mall, and stalked up on winter clothes. This was the first time the five of us were buying clothes as a group rather than just me catching up to them. Of course, they already had winter clothes, but Fiona wanted to keep their wardrobe fresh. Fiona bought me a vintage style double button plum jacket, specifically tailoring it to my measurements. Ayla was not crazy about it but I loved it. When I said that, Fiona had a rare smile on her face.

And of course, we had to stop by the glove shop and pick up some new leather gloves for winter.

We didn't spend much more time after that, so I came home to find my dad there, all dressed up in a suit and tie. His hair was slicked back and he was wearing some kind of cologne.

"Dad," I looked him up and down as I put my bag down, "You're home early."

"Well," he smiled at me straightening out his tie, "Your old man's got a date tonight."

I wasn't that repulsed by the idea of my own father going out on a date with some other woman, but I still wasn't comfortable with the idea. I mean I couldn't blame him. He was human after all, and deserved to be happy with someone but… I don't know. It's weird.

"Is it that woman from work?" I asked him.

"Yeah," he walked towards me, "I finally got the nerve to ask her out. I guess I've been a little inspired by you and your Fiona friends."

I laughed. He had seen Ayla plenty of times obviously, but he never really said more than a hello to Fiona or the others. Maybe it was my courage to become part of their team, my makeover, I don't know necessarily what was inspiring about all that. But I suppose I had become an inspiration figure to all since I became a member, even to my own father.

"You're not hanging out with them tonight?"

"No," I responded taking off my coat, still admiring it, "I don't think so."

"What about Ayla?"

Sometimes I wonder if my dad knew that Ayla was my girlfriend. I mean, she had come by the house so many times, and we didn't exactly hide our relationship. While we never kissed in front of him or anything, he must have known something was up. He never said anything or asked me about it, so maybe he didn't… Or maybe he was simply too nervous to ask about it. We'd have to let him know eventually, but I wouldn't be surprised if he already had his suspicions.

"Ayla's got something with her family," I said. As I put my coat on a chair I smoothed up my long purple gloves.

Dad always eyed me curiously whenever he saw me wearing my gloves. I would have thought by now he was used to them. I wore them continuously for two months. In fact, he had asked me more questions about them then about Ayla or Fiona. I never really had all the answers either. Thankfully he avoided asking me about them this time.

"Ah sorry," he shrugged his shoulders, "I guess we could have had some father / daughter bonding time tonight."

I rolled my eyes, "Please, we can always have bonding time together."

"Not lately," he put his arm around my shoulder having another Wart Cleaver moment, "You're so busy with your new friends, I feel like we barely see each other anymore."

"We see each other every day!" I scolded him, "Look, don't worry about me. Go out on your date, have fun."

Dad laughed, "Aren't I supposed to be the one telling you to go out and have a good time? My little Kelsey really has changed, hasn't she?" He gave me a kiss on the top of my head.

"Daaaaad!" I whined.

"All right, all right," he finally let me go and grabbed his fedora hat. He definitely looked like something out of a classic movie from the past, "Listen, I uh... I might not be home tonight, I may... well."

"Please!" I implored him to spare the details, "I understand."

"Okay, have a good night Kelsey."

"Night Dad," I waved good bye.

Just before he exited through the door, he pointed at me laughing, "Take those darn gloves at some point. Your hands can use some fresh air."

"Never!" I held onto my hands.

Dad chuckled and left. Looks like I was on my own tonight.

I changed out of my outfit, wearing a shirt and pants while listening to another indie rock CD Ayla had loaned me. At

first, I decided to take my dad's advice and not wear gloves for a while. I had been wearing them all day, all week really. But strangely enough, Fiona's words were starting to ring true. My hands were cold. Of course, we were in the colder months, so wearing gloves made much more sense now than when I was wearing them in September. But Ayla really hit the nail on the head when she said they made my hands feel exposed. I had always wondered why Ayla was so uncomfortable showing her hands, but in that one moment, simply expanding on Fiona's feelings, she explained it.

So I put on my satin gloves. And just thinking about Ayla and Fiona, while slipping the soft satin garments on my hands, I felt a shiver ran down my spine. As I had so many times, I started feeling myself up with the gloves on. I was horny. I wanted to call Ayla and have phone-sex, but she was with her family tonight. Her parents so rarely had a night off, and I knew they'd be busy on Thanksgiving, so she needed this night of bonding. Too bad my dad and I couldn't do the same. But still, I needed some relief. I never realized how dependent I had become on company since joining the group. I was lonely.

I couldn't call Jessica, she was out with Louis. Plus, I couldn't ask her for phone sex. Actually, I was reminded of that night she called Ayla and masturbated over the phone. It was really strange, and Ayla never really went into it. To be fair, I think she was just as confused by it as I was, but… I don't know.

What about Olivia? I don't know if I could ask her for phone sex, I didn't think she was the kind of person who did those sorts of things, but we could talk at least. We had made more of a connection since the Halloween party. I dialed her, but she didn't answer. What was she doing?

(At home, Olivia was chanting while bowing to an elaborate shrine she had made of Fiona by candlelight.)

Scrolling through my phone, which had become significantly easier with gloves on, I found Fiona's number. I was still nervous to talk to her. I certainly couldn't ask her for phone sex. Plus, she never answered her phone anyway. I usually had to go through Olivia or Jessica to get a hold of her. Even Ayla had a hard time getting her on the phone.

"Fuck it," I dialed her anyway.

The phone continued to ring and I prepared to hang up, sending her a text. But then, the ring was interrupted and a Marilyn Monroe-like voice came through:

"Kelsey Greenburg."

"Hey," I answered surprised to hear her voice.

"How are you this evening?" She answered.

Even though I had been friends with Fiona for over two months, I still felt a little strange trying to have a conversation with her, "I'm just - just sitting here by myself. My dad's out on a date. I'm listening to a CD Ayla gave me."

"I see," Fiona answered, without saying much else.

"I uh…" I stuttered trying to think of something else to say, "I'm wearing my satin gloves. What about you?"

There was a pause before Fiona continued, "Why, I'm wearing the same gloves I put on this morning."

"Right," I answered feeling stupid. I was certainly not feeling that spark I had when I talked on the phone with Ayla.

However, I was happy to have Fiona on the phone. "So… what are your plans for the evening?"

There was silence for a moment, "Well… I haven't thought that far ahead. I suppose, I was going to wait for one of my servants to prepare dinner."

I wasn't sure how to respond.

"Unless," Her tone of voice changed slightly, "Do you want to go out tonight?"

Wait… Is Fiona asking me out on a date?

The only other time we had one on one time together was shopping. Not much happened, and it was pretty boring. This felt different. I had to be careful what I said. I couldn't make the same mistake as I did at the party. As Olivia had told me: 'Next time Fiona wants to get close to you, embrace it. Don't fight it.'

And of course, it didn't help to recount the most important thing she told me: 'She loves you.'

Fiona Winston loves me… wow.

"Sure," I answered enthusiastically, "Where do you want to go? I like that Italian restaurant we always go to-"

"You know what," She interrupted me, "Why don't we go someplace different this time. Why don't you pick the place? Show me how the under-class lives."

I was kind of unsure how to respond to that, "Under-class?"

"Oh Kelsey," She taunted me, "Don't be so self-conscious. I'm curious is all. What's that hamburger place Ayla is

always raving about?"

"Maxie's?" I answered in a surprised tone of voice. I tried to hold in my laughter, "You want to go to Maxie's? I thought you weren't a fan of hamburgers?"

"Well," Fiona spoke slowly, "You've gotten quite the taste of how the upper class lives, perhaps I should do that same… lower class that is."

"Okay," I responded. I could imagine what this was going to be like.

"Meet at my place in an hour," She said.

So I had to get ready again. Fix-up out my hair, reapply makeup, put my Friday gown on, and of course draw on my opera-length purple leather gloves. This time, I had to add tights and my new plum coat. I also brought a new pair of winter leather gloves to wear over my opera ones. But I didn't put them on.

I took a bus and walked to Fiona's place. The sun had just gone down, but there was enough light in the sky to bring out the beauty of her mansion. Maria invited me in and I waited for Fiona to come down. Once she did, I was totally surprised.

Fiona was wearing a pink t-shirt with her name on it and blue jeans. I had never seen her like this. Granted, she still looked beautiful in this attire, and you can bet she was still wearing her opera-length leather gloves, but… why was she dressed like this?

"Good evening Kelsey," She smiled at me.

"Fiona," My eyes widened, "You look so… casual."

It definitely seemed like Fiona was uncomfortable in this getup. She looked down almost regretting it, "I reckon," She looked to me and smiled, "Since we're going to some Hamburger place, I'd dress down."

"Oh," I laughed, "I wish you had told me, I'm still dressed like normal."

"That's good," Fiona came up to me and put her arms around me, "I like you better like that." She gave me a very soft kiss on the lips. I allowed it. Fortunately, nothing else happened, "Well, let's be on our way." She turned around, "Maria?"

"Right here Ms. Fiona," Maria came in with the fur-lined white coat she had bought today, as well as short white leather gloves that she wore over her pink ones. Even when dressing casual, Fiona still looked like a movie star from the 50s.

Her driver took us to Pike Place and we stopped at Maxie's.

"Oh dear," Fiona looked at the place somewhat concerned, "Why did I agree to this?"

"I was asking myself the same question," I chuckled, "We can go somewhere else if you want."

"Dressed like this?!" Fiona barked back and put her sunglasses on. It didn't seem to matter that it was night-time. "I don't think so. Let's go. One hamburger isn't going to kill me." She went through the door, "Or maybe it will. I'm not sure."

"My friend Tom used to work here," I told her, "He claims the meat is made of people."

Fiona's stopped and gave me the slowest head turn I've ever seen.

"It's not actually true," I laughed at her and put my arm around her.

"Careful," She pushed my arm away, "You'll ruin my new coat."

"Sorry," I said. I was starting to wish I was back at home. However, I saw Keisha walk towards us showing off her long white cotton gloves.

"Hi Kelsey," She smiled.

"Oh hey Keisha," I smiled back at her.

She grabbed a couple menus and looked curiously at Fiona and I, "Is Ayla with you tonight?"

"No," I told her and looked to Fiona, "This is my friend, Fiona Winston. Fiona, this is Keisha."

Keisha bowed politely towards her, "Nice to meet you Fiona. A glove lover too I see."

Fiona didn't seem to react to Keisha's bouncy personality. In fact, she didn't say anything at all. She just stared Keisha up and down as she usually did.

Feeling someone uncomfortable, Keisha looked to me and asked, "Usual spot?"

"Sure, thank you."

As she led us to the back booth, she asked about Ayla and I told her about the family dinner. I explained that Fiona was

our mutual friend and part of the famous Fiona Five. It didn't seem like Ayla had ever talked about her to Keisha.

"Start out with something to drink?"

"I-" Fiona finally spoke, "Will have a light Caribbean strawberry, mango, and orange sherbet smoothie, light on the cocoa nibs and cut strawberries." She smiled at Keisha as if there was no problem.

Keisha on the other hand stared at her perplexed. After what seemed like ten seconds of silence, she finally said, "What?"

"Um," I told her, "Why don't you just bring a Strawberry shake Keisha. We'll share it."

Keisha still looked a little confused, "Ooookaaayyy…" She walked away.

"She must be new," Fiona began to take off her coat, "Don't they have a coat-check in this place?"

I was really trying hard not to laugh, "No Fiona. It's a burger joint."

Once the coat was off, I could see her double gloved hands. The white leather gloves over her pink ones. She stared at me and pushed up her glasses. She looked annoyed, "So what am I supposed to do with my coat?"

I began to take off mine, "Just stuff in the corner here."

Fiona scoffed at this, "And wrinkle my coat? Are you serious? I can't believe people actually eat here!"

"You've really never been to a burger joint?" I asked her.

Fiona rolled her eyes at me, "I've been to a burger joint. Just… not in a long time."

I could tell Fiona was uncomfortable here. Just as I was uncomfortable in the five-star restaurants and opera-houses we had gone to at first, she was out of her element. But there was no reason for her to go backwards. I had a reason for wanting to get out of hangs like Maxie's and experience the finer things in life.

"Well," I told her as I put my coat away, "I prefer the upscale places we've been going to lately. I guess Ayla and I still come here cause… well it's our place."

Fiona put her glasses down for real this time and stared at me. Her mouth slowly smiled: "Wow, you're so gorgeous, you know that?"

My heart skipped a beat. My body tensed up hearing Fiona tell me that.

"What a change. To go from the way you looked before to being so… so radiant." She considered her adjective, "Is that the right word I'm looking for?"

"Awww," I couldn't help but gush, "Thank you Fiona." I reached for her hands and held them, "You look radiant too, even in those clothes."

She sighed and let go of my hands, "I feel so uncomfortable in these jeans. They're so itchy. How do you wear them?"

"I'm surprised you own a pair of jeans," I told her.

"Jessica gave them to me," She admitted, "I've never worn them until now."

Keisha came back with our milkshake and a couple pairs of latex gloves. Since Fiona had no idea what to order in a place like this, I just asked for two of the usual cheeseburgers. Keisha didn't make much more small-talk. I think she was a little intimidated by Fiona, as everyone is. But also, I suspected that she was curious about our intentions, if we were actually on a date. I don't know. Fiona eyed the milkshake and slowly took a sip… or tried to.

"It's so thick," She said.

"Suck harder," I told her.

She stared at me like I made a faux-pas. With that, I took the shake and stirred it a bit. I don't think Fiona was very impressed with it. But we shared the same straw, which had an intimacy in and of itself.

Small talk was boring as usual. It felt like that scene in Pulp Fiction where John Travolta and Uma Thurman shared uncomfortable silences. Occasionally I'd bring something up, or Fiona would ask a question, but it wasn't the same as chatting with Ayla. However, Fiona's kind nature still shined through.

Once we got the burgers, I put on my latex gloves and bit into it. Fiona eyed me like I was crazy. Then, in probably one of the strangest sights I'd ever seen, Fiona began cutting her burger with a knife and eating it with a fork. I wanted to say something, but I also didn't want to insult her. We ate in silence.

Really, picture this: Fiona Winston, the beautiful blonde goddess, sitting in Maxie's burger joint, with a t-shirt and jeans, as well as two pairs of stylish leather gloves, eating a cheeseburger with a knife and fork.

Now I'd seen everything.

We were going to leave, but Fiona didn't want to leave a tip. She felt that Keisha was not a professional waiter and didn't really deserve it. I didn't argue with her, but I secretly left a generous tip on the counter. We didn't even say goodbye to her. Once we were in the car, I assumed we were going back to her mansion. But Fiona had other ideas in mind:

"Your father's out tonight, you said?"

"Yeah," I answered her.

"Richard," She called to her driver, "We're going to Kelsey's apartment."

My apartment?! I suddenly went into a panic.

"Oh," I tried to shake it off as a joke, "You don't want to see my apartment."

"Why not?" She asked.

"Well," I didn't really have a good enough reason, other than I simply didn't want her to see that crappy space of mine, "There's not much to see. Don't you want to hang back at your place? Go to the game room again?"

"No," Fiona told me, "That place bores me. I'm already dressed down, I ate that disgusting hamburger, which I'm gonna have to need personal training sessions for at least the next month to work off. Let's go to your apartment."

Well, if I argued with her, I was afraid she'd snap at me again. So I acquiesced and gave her my address.

Once we got there, she secretly told the driver she was going to stay the night. She must have though I couldn't hear her, but I did. I guess I was going to have to entertain Fiona Winston for the night. And… well I was still nervous. What if we had a repeat of Halloween night?

I gave her the tour: The small living room, the small kitchen, the small bathroom, my dad's decent enough sized bedroom, and my small crappy room. I could tell Fiona was not impressed by any of this and scrutinized everything.

"I'm sorry," I finally said when we got to my room, "It's nothing special. I'm still a poor girl."

"No," Fiona held my hand, "Don't apologize. It's not your fault your father keeps you in such conditions."

I know Fiona didn't mean anything by it, but sometimes her comments made me feel sad.

"You don't have bedbugs or anything, do you?"

"No," I assured her.

Fiona took off her coat, and her white gloves, leaving her pink opera ones on. I did the same. Fiona looked down at her jeans. There seemed to be something on her mind that she was nervous about. I wasn't sure what it was.

"You okay?" I asked her.

"Do you mind if I take my jeans off? They're driving me crazy?"

"Oh," I responded, "Sure, you want to borrow some pajamas or a robe?"

"No," She assured me as she unbuttoned her pants, "I'm okay."

Well, I thought, this will certainly be one for the books. Fiona Winston, in my apartment, in her panties. There was just one addendum to that. As soon as Fiona pulled her pants down, I realized she didn't have any panties on. She was going commando!

"Oh my God!" I channeled Ashley's catchphrase, "You're not wearing panties?"

Fiona stared at me like I was crazy, "Why would I wear panties? I'm not wearing a skirt."

I… I didn't have an answer for that. The problem was I was starting to get horny. A chill was surging through my body, and the warming sensation began to overwhelm my lower regions.

She laughed at me, "Kelsey, you've seen me naked before. Why is this a problem?"

"Oh no," I waved my hands in the air, "It's not a problem at all."

"I mean," She looked around the room, "This place isn't infested with rats or anything right?"

I chuckled, "No not at all, it's just… well… you're Fiona Winston… and you're in my apartment… and… I can see your vagina."

She laughed at me. Walking towards me, she put her arms around me, "Kelsey, relax. You're like family. You're a sister. We've done so much together in the past couple months,

there's no reason for you to treat me the way everyone else does."

I began to calm down, but the touch of her leather gloves was still making me tense. Slowly, Fiona began to pull the straps of my dress down. Very slowly, she let them run alongside my gloves and come off my arms. Once both straps were off, she pulled the dress down leaving me in my underwear. Fiona was rubbing her leather gloved hands across my skin which was enough to make me horny, but her eyes were once again fixated on my breasts. She loved my breasts.

So Fiona's pink hands fondled them, outside my bra. Olivia's message kept echoing in my mind: 'Embrace it. Don't fight it.' I kept telling myself that over and over again. And meanwhile, Fiona's soft touch was driving me crazy. Then Fiona planted her lips against mine, suddenly. This was a familiar experience but it was no less jarring.

Embrace it, don't fight it!

God, how can I explain this… I loved it. I really did. I had the beautiful Fiona Winston making out with me, touching my body, in my own room. It made me feel so good. I was so pent up with sexual tension, I wanted to just take her right there. But it still didn't feel right. There was the obvious guilt-trip that kept running through my head.

Ayla… my beautiful Ayla. I can't do this to her. It's cheating!

Embrace it, don't fight it!

My mind was a battlefield. These thoughts were at war with each other. But I let Fiona continue, and kissed her as well as I could.

That's when Fiona's gloved hand went astray. I felt her pink leather hand move down towards my pelvis. Feeling the material make it's way through my pubic hair, it found its way to the source of my sexual tension. The feeling of Fiona Winston's pink leather gloved hand on my clitoris was too much. It was like an electric shock. I stepped back.

Fiona looked surprised, but I couldn't help myself:

"I'm sorry," I told her.

"I thought you liked this?" She asked me, "Don't you want it? Stop being so nervous."

"Fiona," I tried to make her see reason.

Embrace it, don't fight it!

I couldn't listen to Olivia anymore. As much as I wanted to follow her advice, just let Fiona take me, fulfill a fantasy, I couldn't.

"Fiona," I moved towards her and took her hands in mine, "I-I can't do this. I'm sorry. I do want it. I really do. But… it just… feels wrong."

"It doesn't feel wrong!" Fiona was raising her voice slightly, "I know you want me Kelsey. Stop denying it. I know you want me, and… I want you!"

Hearing it from her own mouth was a whole other ballgame.

"Are we…" I had to clarify something, "Are we just playing? Are we fantasizing? What are we doing Fiona?"

"Kelsey," She told me, "You need to stop. Seriously, have you no imagination? Haven't you seen the movies? Passion

has no boundaries."

"But what about-"

"Ayla," She interrupted me, almost saying her name with disgust, "I know you love Ayla, I love her too, but..." I could tell Fiona was trying to rationalize this as much as I was. She was having trouble, "But we can't just hide our desires. If this is the way it has to be, then we need to accept it. Ayla would understand."

Olivia was in my mind again, 'Do you think Ayla takes your feelings into consideration anytime she flirts with Jessica.'

What should I do? Fiona was standing right there. I wanted her. I wanted her badly.

"You know what," Fiona put her hand up, "Just stay there for a second, okay?" Fiona grabbed her bag and lied on my bed. I stood like a statue watching as she positioned her naked crotch towards me. Her torso was still covered by that t-shirt. It was a sight like no other.

"Fiona…" I sighed, "I-"

"Shhhh," She quieted me down, "Just watch."

And that's when her pink leather gloved hand came down her body and began to rub her pelvis. That's right, Fiona Winston was touching herself on my own bed. I just stared at this impossible sight for a while. But then it changed. Fiona reached into her bag and pulled something out that I wasn't sure about. It looked like a pink plastic egg attached to a remote.

"Wait," I asked, "Is that what I think it is-"

"Shhhh!" Fiona shut me up again. I watched her take her shirt and bra off. Now she was completely naked, except for the gloves. Soon the sound of vibrations came alive and the egg was in her hand. She placed it exactly where it needed to be. I don't need to go into the graphic details. What happened happened.

And here I was watching this, standing over staring at it. My own hands acted on instinct touching my own body. My legs were instinctively moving towards the bed.

Fiona was breathing heavily and had a look of pleasurable pain on her face as she begged me to sit down next to her. I obliged and watched her use this egg to experience a form of pleasure I had never witnessed before, except in porn videos.

"Kelsey," Fiona begged squeaking, "Hold my hand. Please hold my hand!"

I held her hand and she squeezed it. Seeing Fiona in this state was just weird. The confident goddess was replaced with a helpless teenager. As she reached climax, she screamed and squeezed my hand harder. Her moans got softer and softer as she took the toy away and turned it off.

"That felt unbelievable."

I was shaking. Not a word could be uttered.

"You should try it," She begged me, and held the toy out, "You want to try it?"

My mind went numb. I had to try it now.

"Can you do it to me?"

"Yes," Fiona smiled.

First she pulled of my bra, and once again spent way too much time playing with my chest.

"Oh my God!" She whined, "I love your breasts. I love them so much. I just want to hold them all the time!"

Where did this Fiona come from? I felt like I was with another girl. I mean I know intimacy brings out a different side of someone, but Ayla wasn't that different when we were intimate with each other. I don't know if I was that different either. Was this the real Fiona Winston? Was her posh demeanor just an act? A defensive shell she wore? Regardless, this Fiona turned me on. I wanted her. And I wanted her to get me off now.

"Fiona," I held her hands somewhat forcefully, "Do me!" I pulled my panties off and pointed my crotch in her face.

Fiona stared at my crotch for a while. Eventually she grabbed the toy and began to use it on me the same way she did with herself. She was a little too rough, so I had to calm her down. Suddenly it occurred to me that this was her first time.

Dear God, I'm Fiona's first?

But I didn't think about it too much because once she got the right rhythm, that toy was pure heaven. I don't think she was even using it longer than a couple minutes when I felt my orgasm explode throughout my body. The childish Fiona seemed to smile enthusiastically as I moaned in ecstasy.

"Feels divine, doesn't it?" She asked.

"It felt so fucking good," I told her, completely ignoring proper etiquette.

Fiona wiped off the toy, but we weren't done yet. She came right on top of me and made out with me for what felt like an hour. She allowed her body to be felt up against mine. And orgasmic feelings of pleasure continued throughout the night. I hope we didn't wake up any neighbors. And fortunately, my father didn't come home that night.

One thing though: The gloves stayed on. Fiona wouldn't take them off, as I expected.

So when we finally covered ourselves in the sheets and blankets, we were completely naked except for our long opera length leather gloves. And I had no problem with that.

We didn't say a word to each other, we just fell asleep with our arms around each other.

When I woke up the next morning, a Saturday, watching the light seep into my room, the whole night felt like a giant blur. I couldn't believe what had happened. I had sex with Fiona Winston. Never in my wildest dreams would I have ever imagined that. What a night to remember.

But what was going to happen now? We couldn't continue this, I was still with Ayla. Maybe this would be an occasional thing.

Shit… Ayla… what was I going to tell her? Well, was I going to say everything Olivia had told me? That we were not bound by conformist boundaries or whatever she said? What did Fiona think about it?

Well, maybe we needed to go out to Breakfast and discuss it. We didn't need to make any decisions at this moment.

I woke up to find a naked Fiona already typing on her phone. She was lost in thought.

"Hey beautiful," I teased her.

"Good morning," She looked to me, "Sorry, I'm just sending some texts."

"It's Saturday morning," I laughed at her, "Who are you texting?"

Without even a shred of shame, she blurted out: "Ayla."

...

Ayla?

What?!

I was too shocked to say anything, but my eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

"We might as well get it over with now, no secrets," Fiona sighed, "I'm sure she'll understand."

"Fiona!" I ran out of bed and grabbed her phone, "Are you insane?!"

"Excuse me?!" Fiona felt hurt, "I'm taking the heat for this. Don't worry about it."

I immediately ran through her text conversation and read it:

Fiona had written: 'Ayla. I want to be truthful with you right here and right now. Kelsey and I are now in a relationship. We were together last night, my idea, and realized we love each other. I hope you understand. By no means does this

mean that the two of you have to stop seeing each other. We can talk more later if you'd like. Love Fiona.'

Then there was a response from Ayla: 'That's not funny Fiona. Don't wake me up with this shit again.'

The last message was from Fiona: 'This isn't a joke Ayla. I'm at Kelsey's place right now, in her room. No need to be childish about this.'

I stared at Fiona like she was completely crazy. Why would she do this? Why would she tell Ayla over a text conversation? Was she high?

Fiona snatched the phone away, "It's done okay? You're mine, and that's all there is to it."

I was panicking. My hands were shaking, my legs trembling. This was a nightmare. Actually, was I dreaming? Maybe I was. A pinch of my skin made me realize it wasn't a dream. This was real.

And then, the dreaded sound of my own phone ringing. I saw the name and number on it: Ayla Zhen.

I felt like I was going to have a heart-attack.

Chapter 25

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter Notes:

Sorry for the delay, but these two chapters took a LONG God-damn time to write. I had written a completely different Chapter 25 from Ayla's POV, and was so unhappy with what I wrote, I just decided to completely change it. Hopefully, these next two chapters are worth the long time they took to write. Please review and let me know what you think. Thanks to everyone who's read and reviewed so far. Coming close to the end! Yay!

Chapter 25 - Jessica

The previous night with Louis had been a bit nerve-wracking for me. After our date, he took me to his band house, where he and his band-mates shared a couple rooms. He managed to kick his roomate out for the night so we could be alone. After taking off my coat and my cardigan, he finally saw my new red gloves I had gotten for the winter. These gloves were the same as my old ones, but they were opera-length. When I bought them, Fiona gave me the stupidest smile I'd ever seen out of her. She actually hugged me, so happy that I was now wearing "Proper-length gloves." Pendeja…

"Are those new gloves?" He asked me in Spanish, laughing already, as he sat on the bed.

I brought the gloves to my face and prepared to tell him my secret. I was nervous. I never got nervous about anything. I could stand in front of the whole school and speak without breaking a sweat. Well, okay, my hands would be sweating from the gloves, but I wasn't nervous. But telling my boyfriend a deep secret, one that I had barely begun to cope with, that was a different story. But Ayla's wise words helped me get over my initial shame.

Louis pulled out a pack of cigarettes and lit one for me. That calmed my nerves slightly. I liked Louis a lot, but if he couldn't accept my glove fetish, than he probably wasn't good for me anyway.

"You know," Louis continued in Spanish, "I went to get a new jacket the other day and I was gonna get you some gloves, but I don't know your size. They have those touch gloves you can use your phone with."

I smiled at his kindness and sat down next to him. We held hands, "Probably for the best," I continued in Spanish, "I'm very picky when it comes to gloves. I get it from Fiona."

"I bet," Louis said in English and kissed me.

"Louis," I broke the kiss, now speaking in English. I had to speak from the heart. I looked him in the eye and held his hands, "I have to tell you something."

"Oh my God," His eyes widened, "You're pregnant!"

I was caught off guard until I realized he was joking. It wasn't very funny, so I spoke in a patronizing tone, "How could I be pregnant? We haven't done it yet?"

His eyes vacillated, "Oh yeah…" Then he gave me a teasing smirk.

I hit him in the shoulder: "Cabron!"

He started laughing at his own joke. But to his credit, it did ease my nerves a bit.

"I'm serious about this Louis," I told him.

"Okay okay," He tried to stop himself from laughing, "I'm listening."

I sighed and held up my gloves, "I really love wearing gloves."

He nodded his head obviously knowing this already.

"I mean," I clarified, "I REALLY love wearing gloves. I have a glove fetish."

"A glove fetish?" He asked.

"A glove fetish," I repeated, "I… I just really love wearing them," I looked at my red leather-gloved covered hands, almost wishing they could talk for me. Obviously they couldn't, so I continued, "To the point where I feel-" I thought back to what Ayla had said, "Exposed. My hands feel exposed when I take them off, like my bones are showing."

"Really?" He gave me a perplexed look.

"So I wear them for everything even… private stuff." I hid my hands in my face feeling like I could just die right there of embarrassment.

"Well," Louis chuckled slightly, "I kind of gathered that from the other night."

"I'm so embarrassed," I wouldn't look at him.

"Jess," He grabbed my hands with a cocky attitude, though I liked his confidence, "Don't worry about it."

I looked him in the eye, "You don't think it's weird?"

He smiled at me, "It's different, but I don't think it's weird. I've never met someone with a glove fetish before. It's… kind of exciting."

I sighed feeling sweet relief, "Well," I had to explain, "Just so you know… I think I need to wear gloves every single time we're… uh… you know intimate with each other. Ayla was telling me about these long latex gloves she has," I let go of his hands and rubbed one hand across my arm, "Go all the way up, tight rubber. She swears by them."

Louis raised his eyebrows, "That sounds hot. You know," He chuckled, "I've always kind of fantasized about doing it with my girlfriend wearing different outfits, lingerie and stuff."

"Really?" I smiled. Then I got into sexy-mode and started rubbing my hands across his chest, "Mmmm, I think I could do that for you, as long as I have gloves to wear."

"And," He smiled, "I'm kinda into anal."

That's when I brought my hands back, pointed at him with my finger and gave him a stern look, "That's not happening!"

A look of disappointment escaped from his face, "It was worth a shot."

And then we kissed, and touched each other all over. I never took off my gloves. I even dished out my rubber gloves eventually. And by the end, we finally consummated our relationship. I won't lie, it was slightly awkward. I kind of

wondered if it would have been different if I had done it with a girl… maybe Ayla. I swear, I could almost see her face flashing before my eyes as I made love to Louis. But he tried and he honestly made me feel good. It would only get better from here on out.

So after an amazing, meaningful night, this is how the next morning started.

"Louie!" I heard some guy shouting, while a familiar ringtone went off.

When I opened my eyes, I saw his bandmate standing over me and Louis holding a phone, my phone. I yelled in embarrassment once I realized I was totally naked, except for my gloves. And my rubber gloves were still on the bed! Louis yelled too. I covered myself up but Louis yelled at him:

"Bruno! Get the hell out!"

"Sorry," He said, "Your phone's been ringing for the past ten minutes."

By the time he finished saying that, the phone went silent. I saw on the screen that it was a missed call from Olivia. God damn you Olivia! Why do you have to ruin my life all the time? So I just grabbed the phone from him saying a quick "Thanks." Bruno still stood there looking at my boobs and naked vagina. Though I think he was even more curious about my gloves.

"Bruno!" Louis yelled.

"Oh," He was taken out of his trance, "Sorry." He ran out of the room.

"Sorry," Louis said rubbing my arm.

"Hold on a second," I checked the four text messages Olivia had left me:

"Jessica, call me as soon as you get this message."

"Where are you?"

"ANSWER YOUR PHONE!"

"Jessica this is an emergency! Call me immediately!"

Emergency my ass, I thought. But something must have been up if she was calling and texting me this much. But what? I called her. I looked to Louis and smiled:

"Perdon."

"Esta Bien."

My smile faded when Olivia answered, "Jesus Christ, where the hell have you been?"

I sighed, "Good morning to you too Liv." I looked to Louis and stuck my tongue out in disgust. He laughed.

"Listen, can you come to Fiona's house immediately? She needs us right now."

"Why?" I asked curious what was going on.

There was a short pause, "It's easier to explain if you just come here."

"Liv," I scolded her, "I'm with my boyfriend right now. And I'd like to keep being with my boyfriend today. Why don't you just tell me what the fuck is going on?"

"Ugh!" Olivia sounded agitated, "We got more important matters than your stupid boyfriend. Ayla attacked Fiona!"

"WHAT?!" Was all I could say as a response after a slow pause. Ayla attacked Fiona? What the hell did that mean? Louis was looking at me somewhat concerned. "Hold on a second," I told her. I now looked to Louis, "I need to take this call, can I use your bathroom?"

"Sure," He said.

As I got up, I realized I was still naked, "Do you have a robe or something?"

"Uh…" He got up and looked through his closet, "I got a hoodie right here."

"That's fine," I told him and grabbed the oversized sweatshirt. I put it on and it thankfully covered my torso and fell down below my pelvis. My gloves were still visible obviously.

Walking into the bathroom, which was not the most clean facility, I locked the door and continued the conversation:

"Okay what happened?"

Olivia was a little vague, but the first thing she revealed was that Fiona and Kelsey were now in a relationship. They had slept together. I thought she was bullshiting but she swore it was true. She then went onto say that, after Fiona stupidly told Ayla this over the phone, Ayla stormed over to Kelsey's house and punched Fiona in the face. The rest of the details were a little unclear.

I was speechless. Ayla would never do something like that. Ayla was as gentle as a flower. Sure, sometimes she could

get a little mad or emotional, but she wouldn't hit somebody, let alone Fiona. I kept asking more and more questions, but Olivia didn't seem to have the answers. She told me to just come over.

So I told Louis that I had to go, apologizing about it. He offered to give me a ride, so we got dressed and he drove me to Fiona's house as I explained everything. He allowed me to smoke another cigarette in the car. You know, for something that's supposedly really bad for you, it certainly eases your nerves better than anything else I know.

I tried calling Ayla, but she wouldn't answer her phone. I wanted to hear her side of the story. Even through Olivia's biased version, Fiona and Kelsey were in the wrong. Especially Fiona. This just had to be her doing. Of course, Kelsey couldn't be let off the hook so easily. Why she would cheat on her girlfriend like this was beyond me.

Once I got out, I gave Louis a kiss.

"I'll call you when I'm done," I told him.

"Take your time." He told me and drove off.

I sort of walked into the house very matter of fact like. The pieces of the story were all starting to be placed together in my mind. I had a sneaky suspicion Olivia was somehow behind all this. The woman was certifiable. Maybe she was kicking herself in the ass for letting her friend, practically her sister, get involved in this mess.

Once I got into Fiona's room, I found a small group of people huddling around her as she sat on the bed against the headboard. She was in her pajamas and satin gloves. Kelsey was on the bed with her. Olivia sat on the end holding

Fiona's hand, while Maria seemed to be holding an icepack to her eye.

Wow. I guess she really was hurt.

"It's cold!" Fiona whined like a baby.

"You need to keep the swelling down Ms. Fiona," Maria told her. It was one of the few times I heard her speak against her. Someone needed to be the mother in this situation. God knows Fiona's own mother was never around for her.

Everyone turned to see me, "Jessie," Kelsey reacted to my entrance.

I gave her a dirty look. She had guilty written all over her face.

"Jessica," Fiona was still whining like a baby. She held her arms out wanting me to hug her, "Thank the stars you're here!"

Okay, admittedly I felt some sadness seeing my friend injured and so helpless. What can I say? We may have argued like an old married couple, but we really were like sisters. No matter what she did, she was still my friend.

"About time you got here," Olivia snapped at me.

I ignored her and walked right up to Fiona. I tapped Maria on the shoulder and spoke to my injured friend, "Let me see your eye."

Maria took the ice-pack away, but Fiona covered her face, "I don't want you to see it. It's ugly."

"Fiona," I rolled my eyes, "Stop being a baby. Let me see."

Fiona reluctantly brought her gloved hands away and looked at me. Well, she did have a bruise under her right eye, but… that was it? The eye itself wasn't injured, as far as I could tell. This would heal up in a few days. Olivia made it sound like she was beat up like Rocky Balboa. This was nothing. I guess Ayla wouldn't have a future career as a boxer. Being reminded that this patient was still responsible for cheating on Ayla, I got a little annoyed.

I gave her a light smack in the eye.

"OWWW!" Fiona screamed.

"Serves ya right!" I told her.

Olivia grabbed me and pushed me away, "Hey! What the fuck's wrong with you?!"

Maria immediately went back with her icepack as Fiona recoiled. What was her problem? I barely touched her.

"That's no injury," I said, "Remember I told you when I was a kid and I fell down a cliff slicing my arm open? That was a fucking injury!" I pulled down my glove all the way to the wrist, revealing my forearm, "I still got the scar to prove it!"

"I keep telling you," Olivia told me, "If you had been wearing gloves back then, it wouldn't have-"

"Shut up Liv!" I snapped at her, pulling my glove back up, and then went back at Fiona, "And what the hell were doing cheating on Ayla's girlfriend anyway?!" I really let her have it. I looked over to Kelsey who was holding onto Fiona like she was protecting her, "You too? I surprised she didn't hit you!"

Kelsey at least looked like she knew she was in the wrong for what happened. It still bothered me. Ayla was my friend, I stood up for her and she threw her away like this for Fiona. That was fucked up.

"You promised me," I pointed to Kelsey, "You promised you wouldn't hurt her."

"I didn't mean to hurt her Jessie!" Kelsey screamed, finally seeming to let her frustration out, "I feel terrible about it! Okay?! You want me to feel worse? She ran out on me after hitting Fiona."

"You know what," I yelled at Kelsey, "I don't fucking blame her for a minute-"

"Hey!" Olivia clapped her hands together trying to get our attention, "Are we all forgetting that Fiona's the one who got hit in the face?"

"Yeah!" Fiona yelled out agreeing with her friend.

"You're one to talk," Kelsey finally went back at me. I was really getting pissed off at her attitude at the moment. She had a lot of nerve going at me like this. She was never even made an official Fiona Five member, and all of a sudden, she was with the gueras. It seemed like I was now alone in my principles, "I - I mean" Kelsey stuttered, "Y-You've been messing around with Ayla. Why is that okay?"

My jaw dropped. I've been messing around with Ayla? Was she for real? Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Olivia reacting slightly, but not in the way I thought she would.

First I reacted to Kelsey's accusation, "What?!"

Then I looked over at Olivia who seemed to be avoiding looking at me… Dios Mio… It now all made sense. Olivia poisoned both their minds with this idea that Ayla and I were somehow a couple. I know I wasn't completely innocent. I had feelings for her, we flirted, we were somewhat physical with each other, but we never took it too far. We certainly didn't sleep with each other like these other two idiots.

"Ohhh… Pinche puta!" I called her a fucking bitch in spanish because I knew she hated that. Honestly, I would have liked to punch her in the eye right then and there. She wouldn't even look at me.

"She's right Jessica," Fiona spoke up with Maria still holding the ice-pack. Maria wisely didn't get involved. She was Fiona's servant and stuck to that, "You can't be flirting with Ayla and then get mad at us for flirting with each other."

"Who's talking about flirting?" I spoke up, allowing my voice to fill the room, "We're talking about you two sleeping together. You can flirt and tease someone all you want, but putting your hands on another woman is something different all together." I went back and forth looking at Kelsey and Fiona, "You two knew what you were doing!"

I briefly looked at Olivia who had no remorse for what she had done, "I NEVER touched Ayla. EVER! You got it?! Yes, I kissed her. I admit that. We all do that to each other." I didn't admit that we had actually gotten to second base, not while she was with Kelsey. And it was so strange that Ayla and I had talked about this at the Halloween party.

"But," I continued, "I never touched her like that. And even if I did," I looked specifically at Kelsey, "Does that still justify what you two did?"

Kelsey looked like she was about to start crying. She knew what she had done. Even Fiona seemed to be thinking about my harsh words.

"You know what the fucked up thing is," I laughed, "I'm the only one of you bitches who actually has a boyfriend! I'm like the token straight girl of the group."

"Well I am too," Olivia finally spoke.

"Bullshit Olivia!" I snapped at her, "You're in fucking love with Fiona! You don't think I've picked up on that since I joined this group."

Olivia's eyes widened, "I am not!"

Fiona moved Maria's hand away and leaned forward looking at the two of us.

"I-I mean I love Fiona b-but," Olivia was stuttering for once, "Not in that way. I just-"

"Even when you're fucking denying it," I interrupted her, "It's written all over your face. Did it ever occur to you instead of orchestrating this inner-group drama to just…" I hesitated and pointed to Fiona, "Go up to Fiona like this?"

I went right up to Fiona, climbing on the bed and lying on top of her. My head was dangerously close to her bruised face. I held one of her hands with mine and told her, "Fiona, I love you. Let's be a couple!" Then I kissed her on the lips. I couldn't remember the last time I kissed her like that. But I didn't just kiss her, I french-kissed her.

Fiona stared at me for a brief moment, shocked by what I had done. Then I felt Olivia pulling me away, "Get off of her!"

"You just proved my point!" I smiled and pointed at her. Then I kissed her on the lips. She recoiled at that, "See I'm kissing everybody. That's what you want, isn't it Fiona?"

Fiona pushed Maria away and leaned forward on her bed, "Jessica, passion should have no boundaries. I told Ayla I'm perfectly willing to share Kelsey with her, but she-"

"Share her?" I couldn't believe she just said that to me. Was she retarded. I looked at Kelsey who was remaining oddly silent, "Are you going to respond to this Kelsey? Because it sounds to me like Fiona sees you as some sort of car that anyone's allowed to ride."

Kelsey looked pretty lost at the moment. I wish she would speak up. Her silence was starting to annoy me.

"I don't expect you to understand," Fiona patronized me.

"You know what," I went up to her and tried tugging one of her gloves off, "Give me your gloves."

Fiona immediately recoiled and hid her hands in her armpits, "What? No!"

Olivia came up to my side ready to pounce on me, but I put up my hand stopping her, without saying a word. I kept looking at her, "I want to borrow them. Wear them for a few days."

"No!" Fiona was really annoyed by this, "They're my gloves! I'm not taking them off. Get your own!"

"Jessica stop it!" Olivia stood next to her.

"Oh," I spoke a little sarcastically, "I guess you don't want someone else taking something that's so personal to you.

Right?"

Fiona didn't say anything. It looked like she finally understood what I was trying to say. Olivia looked straight at her. I finally looked at Kelsey. She sat back down on the bed and buried her face in her gloves. Maria went back over to Fiona and put the ice-pack back on her eye.

I always felt a little out of place with Fiona, Olivia and, in the earlier days, Brenda. I think that's why I felt more at ease when Ayla joined, even when Kelsey first joined. It was still a fun group to be with, but now, I just felt like I didn't belong. It was a strange feeling. I'd been a Fiona Five member for years. Should I leave the group? Well, despite their shenanigans, I still felt at home with these girls. They really had become like sisters to me and it didn't feel right after all we'd been through to leave them over this. But then what about Ayla? She was my friend? I'd have to choose sides to a certain degree. But who?

I had to get out of there.

"I'm gonna go," I told them as I walked out.

"Yeah go," Olivia snapped at me, "Just leave your friend Jessica!"

I ignored her. Walking down the hall, I looked around still admiring the mansion after all these years. I certainly didn't have a mansion. Not that my parents' house in Washington Park wasn't glamorous, but Fiona's lifestyle was something different altogether. I always tried to think of myself as not being influenced by money, wanting to connect with the working class, but… I liked being friends with someone as rich as Fiona. Taking this situation in, I just stopped in my tracks and allowed the massive hall and chandelier to grab my interest as it had when I first set foot in this mansion.

Once I was outside, I decided to call Ayla again. The phone rang a few times. I was worried she wouldn't answer again and I'd be leaving another voicemail.

"Jessie," A whisper of voice came through.

"Ayla!" I practically screamed her name, "Where are you?"

Chapter 26

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 26 - Ayla

"I'm at home," I told Jessie on the phone.

She had called me a short while after I got home from my confrontation with Fiona and Kelsey, but I just couldn't pick up the phone. I was crying so heavily, I couldn't even speak. This time around, I decided to pick up the phone. My crying had subdued somewhat, but my eyes were still filled with tears. I needed Jessie at this moment.

"Are you okay?" She asked me.

I hesitated. How could I be okay? My girlfriend cheated on me with one of my best friends. "No," I whispered over the phone feeling another tearful attack coming on. I shuddered trying not to let Jessie catch me in too weak a state.

"You want me to come over?" She spoke to me like a real sister, not the fake kind of sister Fiona made herself out to be; a genuine friend who cared for me.

"Mmm-hmm," I nodded my head like she could see me, "I need you right now."

"Okay," Her voice was soothing, "Do you want me to get you anything? You hungry?"

"I want some ice-cream," I said almost attempting a joke, though my voice was still a bit whiney.

Jessie chuckled a little, "Okay, what flavor."

"Strawberry," I told her.

"Of course," She understood, "Okay, I'll be there soon. Just stay in bed and take it easy. Okay? Why don't you listen to some music? Some Fiona Apple- oh," She hesitated. Maybe she felt saying the name Fiona again wasn't a good idea, even if she was talking about the singer, "Maybe some No Doubt. That's always fun."

"Okay," I whispered.

"I'll be there soon Nita," She assured me, "Take it easy."

"Hasta Luego," I tried to speak some spanish to end the conversation on a positive note. But once the phone call ended, I felt alone again. Taking Jessie's advice, I went over to my speaker-dock and plugged my phone in. I looked up some No Doubt and just played the first song that came up.

It was 'Don't Speak,' probably not the choice Jessica had in mind. When Gwen Stefani's somber voice came in, I found myself crying more:

"You and Me

We used to be together

Everyday together always

I really feel

That I'm losing my best friend

I can't believe this could be the end"

As the music played, for some reason, I started thinking of Brenda. Talk about another depressing memory. A phone conversation I made to Brenda, about a year or so before, entered my mind. It was during a time when I got suspicious that there was something happening between Brenda and Fiona. I never had the courage to confront Fiona, but I could also talk to my girlfriend about it:

"Hi Brenda," I called her.

"Hi hun," Brenda answered back.

After a short back and forth I had to ask about her situation with Fiona.

"Oh sweetheart," She said, "Don't worry your head too much. Fiona and I have had this kind of relationship since we were kids. Sometimes she needs attention and affection."

I panicked slightly asking her, "D-do you… k-kiss her?"

She sighed, "Yes I kiss her. You know I do."

"But," I almost wanted to cry, "But you can't kiss her. You're MY girlfriend."

"Ayla," She reassured me, "Just because I kiss her doesn't mean I'm in love with her. She kisses Olivia. She kisses Jessica… well, maybe not Jessica too much, but you know how affectionate she can be."

"She's never kissed me," I got a little defensive.

"You don't have to worry about anything honey-bee," She was calling me one of her pet-names, "I know it's unconventional for your girlfriend and friend to kiss each other and have this kind of intense friendship, but Fiona has her boundaries as I do. You are the sunshine of my life. When it comes to pure devotion, you have my undying love. And Fiona can never take that from us."

I cried and told her how much I loved her.

I was crying now.

Another phone conversation came to mind, but this one happened today.

"Ayla?" Kelsey's voice came through.

I had called her immediately after receiving those texts from Fiona. She didn't text me very often, so I usually read them carefully. But this one made my heart stop. She and Kelsey were in a relationship? At first I didn't take it too seriously, thinking it was a joke. Or maybe she was just trying to get on my nerves. Calling Kelsey was the best way to get straight answers.

"Oh," I answered Kelsey trying to rearrange my thoughts, "Kelsey. Hey, uh… sorry for calling you so early. I uh… I got this weird text from Fiona. Are uh… she isn't with you is she?"

There was no answer, but I could hear her breathing on the other end.

Now I was panicking: "Kelsey?"

Suddenly I heard her sniff and begin crying.

I was speechless for a few seconds as the realization hit me. I felt like I was taken out of my body. All the warmth had let me and I was like a ghost.

"Kelsey," My voice cracked, "Tell me it's not true."

"Aylee," She was crying heavily, "I'm- I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

I accidentally dropped the phone. It's like I lost all feeling in my hands. I picked it up again:

"Ok," I tried to stay calm, "Kelsey, calm down. Tell me what happened? Were you kissing her? Did you…"

How could I ask her these questions? I wanted to ask her how far she and Fiona had gone? Did I really want to know the details of their night together? More importantly, were they really in a relationship now?

Kelsey just started balling like crazy. She was in no mood to talk on the phone. I know I should have been mad at her, but I somehow felt sorry for her. I hated that she was forced to answer me. I didn't want to hurt her. But she had hurt me by being with Fiona. What was going on.

"Ayla," There was a different voice on the phone. This one completely changed my tone.

"Fiona?"

"Why are you making this so difficult? Kelsey's already having a hard enough time accepting this, you're just getting in the way. You know you've got nothing on me. I know it must be hard for you to accept, but remember, passion has no bounds and blah blah blah…"

All I heard after that was gibberish. I couldn't understand a word Fiona was saying.

Something… snapped. It was like immediately my mind had become possessed. I saw red. I was squeezing the phone super hard.

Next thing I knew, I was driving my parents' car up to Kelsey's place, even though I didn't have a driver's license yet. I was seething as I got to the front door. Before I could knock, I fouled hear the two girls screaming at each other in the house. I could barely make it out.

Eventually I rang the bell and I could hear Kelsey yell and panic. When the door eventually opened, Fiona standing there, wearing a guest robe that I had worn at Kelsey's house. From what I could see, it didn't look like she was wearing anything underneath the robe. She had those pink gloves on. A horrible thought came to mind: Did she touch Kelsey with her pink gloves? Did she actually do that?

She sighed in annoyance seeing me. I suddenly hated looking at her. I hated that stupid smug look on her face. I hated that phony perfect posture he stood with.

"Ayla," She spoke up.

And that's all she said before I put my fist up and punched her right in the face. She fell onto her back, holding her eye.

The anger was still surging through my head. I wanted to hit Fiona again. Her robe had been flown open, so I could see her naked body. I wanted to kick her in the sides until she was bleeding on the carpet.

But Kelsey got in the way. She yelled at me for hitting Fiona and eventually threatened to hit me back if I touched her

again. That's what brought me out of my anger induced state.

"You're defending her?" I spoke softly towards her.

And that's the last thing I said to her. Even though Kelsey tried to explain the situation and did apologize, I got the hell out of there, got in my car. Kelsey even ran after me, but I couldn't listen to her.

Once I was in the car, I finally broke down, and cried at home until Jessie called me.

"Don't speak!

I know just what you're saying

So please stop explaining

Don't tell me cause it hurts!"

Finally I heard the doorbell ring. Jessie! I was now the only one in the house, so I got up and prepared to answer. I gave myself a quick look in the mirror. I was still in my pajamas with my blue satin gloves and slippers. I had to put my glasses back on. I looked like shit. My eyes were so red, my hair was a mess, but… I didn't care. Turning off the music, I went downstairs.

Once I opened the door I saw Jessie standing there with a small grocery bag.

"Ayla," She put her arms out.

I immediately started whimpering and, as I tightly wrapped my arms around her in the doorway, cried so hard. I held onto her for dear life. Not a word could escape my mouth.

"Shhh," Jessie rubbed my back and rubbed her soft cheek against mine, "It's okay baby. I'm here."

Even when she tried to break the hug after a minute, I still wouldn't let go.

"Don't let me go," I begged her. So she didn't.

Eventually, after what must have been a five minute hug, she said, "Why don't we carry this hug into the kitchen before this ice-cream melts."

I finally managed to laugh at that and let her lead me inside, but I wouldn't take my arms off her. I wrapped them around her red-gloved arm. Suddenly, seeing that long leather glove reminded me of The Fiona Five. That's right… I wasn't a member anymore. I couldn't be after what I did to Fiona.

Inside the kitchen, Jessie managed to get me to sit down at the table. She handed me an empty bowl. I just stared at it. That empty bowl. That was my life now: empty. Where did I go wrong? Was it my fault? But Jessie quickly put a few scoops of strawberry ice-cream in the bowl and suddenly it looked like my life was filled with sweets again.

Jessie… She looked beautiful as always. It was genuine beauty too. Fiona's beauty was fake, only skin-deep. Kelsey had more of an inner beauty, or so I thought. Olivia… well… But Jessie was just beautiful inside and out. The fact that she was the only one here now comforting me proved that she was a good person at heart. She had always been.

"I had to go to three places," Jessie admitted as she scooped some ice-cream into the bowl and sat down, "To find the kind you like."

She handed me a spoon and immediately, I started eating the soothing treat like a kid at a candy store.

"I hope you ate breakfast!" She told me, "Can't eat ice-cream without some nourishment."

"Sorry," I spoke in a dead-pan voice, "I haven't anything today."

"Oh," She took a bite of the ice-cream as well. She sort of held the spoon in an odd way, trying to make sure she would spill any on her red leather gloves. "Well, I guess it's okay today."

Silence filled the room. I just allowed my mind to take a break from thinking about Kelsey's infidelity and enjoy my ice-cream. Sitting with Jessie by my side also helped.

"So," Jessie eventually spoke and grabbed my gloved hand with her's, "Do you want to talk about what happened? We don't have to if you don't want-"

"Who did you hear it from?" The way I was speaking sounded like I had no humanity left in my voice. I probably sounded the same way I did when I broke up with Brenda. I couldn't have been fun to be around.

Jessie sighed, "I was at Fiona's house. Olivia was freaking out." She smiled at me, "You have her quite the black eye there."

I put my spoon down and held my hands to my face in embarrassment, "I wish I hadn't have done that."

I was telling the truth. Hitting Fiona was wrong. I had hit someone before, and gotten in serious trouble for it, so I promised myself in the past to never resort to violence

again. But I had no control over myself at that moment. Worst of all, it made Kelsey take Fiona's side. If I had acted in control, maybe Kelsey would have stood up to Fiona and came back with me. It would have been a tough conversation and a hurdler to get through, but I was willing to work through it. Now… I was the bad girl.

"Well," Jessie took another bite of her ice cream, "If it had been me… I probably would have done the same. She'd probably be in the ER right now."

"Maybe, but I just fucked everything up." I took a bite of my ice-cream.

"No," Jessie put her spoon down and grabbed my hands, "Ayla this isn't your fault. What Fiona and Kelsey did was deplorable."

"Of course it was. It was a fucking betrayal," My anger was coming back, though I didn't raise my voice. Jessie nodded her head, seeming to want me to get out my frustration. I knew I could unload on her and she wouldn't think ill of me, but I felt wrong yelling at her. Jessie didn't do anything wrong. She was the only one now I felt I could really trust.

My head fell to my hands, still holding Jessie, "I trusted her Jessie," I was whimpering, "When I was first going out with her, Fiona wouldn't even speak to her. I had to beg her to let her join the group." I looked up at her, "I know you did too."

Jessie nodded her head, "You're right. You did so much for her."

I let go of Jessie's hands, and ate some more ice-cream. Jessie did the same. With a mouth full of this desert-like medicine, I continued, "Maybe this was her plan all along.

She worshiped the ground Fiona walked on. She used me to get to Fiona."

Jessie shook her head, "I don't know about that. She seemed pretty destroyed by what happened. I think this is Fiona's doing." She pointed her finger, "Not that Kelsey isn't to blame." She seemed to dig her spoon deep into the bowl getting another bite. Now her anger was showing, "Not to mention that stupid dyke Olivia."

Olivia? I looked at Jessie curious, "What do you mean?"

"Olivia poisoned their minds with this whole idea that you and I were in a secret relationship. You know how much of Fiona's ear she has."

I should have been mad at Olivia for spreading a rumor, even if it wasn't totally unexpected, but for some reason, I was eyeing Jessie more. Maybe Olivia had a point. Jessie and I had been getting much closer to each other recently. I allowed it. My latina friend seemed to agree giving a heavy sigh:

"But… well maybe I did go too far. I mean I called you that night wanting phone sex, I pried you away from Kelsey all those times-"

"Jessie," I interrupted her, "Stop." There was brief silence, "What difference does it make who did what, who's in the wrong. It happened. Fiona stole Kelsey from me. I… I can't compete with her." I hated repeating her words she said to me, "I guess I'm just not meant to have anyone. I'm meant to be alone."

"Ayla!" Jessie got up and hugged me from behind, "Don't say that. Okay? You deserve someone special."

I felt tears coming as she wrapped her arms around me. I tried to stop them. I wiped my tears away with the satin gloves on my hands.

"Let me get you a tissue."

Jessie left the kitchen for a brief moment to bring a box of tissues. Not having her arms around me, being along even for a few moments, felt so stabbing. Once she came back, I got up and hugged her. Resting my head on her shoulder.

"You're better than all of them combined Ayla." She told me, which made me cry heavily, "You're a smart, beautiful good-hearted woman."

I remember her telling me the same thing when Brenda left. So strange that history was repeating itself. I always kicked myself in the ass for not taking Jessie right then and there; taking her as my girlfriend. Maybe now was my chance. I didn't know what the latest was with her and Louis, but I guess I was selfish at the moment.

"And you're going to find someone," She told me, "Who's going to give you all their love and all their affection. Who's going to-"

I immediately silenced her by kissing her on the lips. I placed my gloved hands on her face. Jessie put her own hands up in surprise. I couldn't see the look on her face cause my eyes were closed. Kissing her was a strange feeling. Any other time, it would have been fun, but this was like an act of desperation.

I don't know what was going through her mind, but she didn't stop the kiss.

"Jessie," I whispered between kisses. My tongue was now entering her mouth. This was turning into a make-out session.

After what seemed like discomfort, Jessie put her arms around me and allowed the make-out session to become more intimate. But my violent nature hadn't quite left me. I pinned her to the wall and started rubbing my hands along her.

"Oh," Jessie squirmed a bit, trying to break the kiss, "Ayla-" She couldn't stop. I wouldn't let her. I threw off my robe and pressed my covered breasts against her's. Jessie seemed to be somewhere being allowing the intimacy and trying to break it up. She still couldn't say a word.

Then I just reached down for her pelvis. As I unbuttoned her jeans, she tried to push me slightly, and stop me, "Ayla, Ayla slow down. I want-"

I silenced her with another kiss, using my free hand to holding her face into place.

"Ayla," She tried to speak in-between kisses.

My other gloved hand reached into her panties and began to let loose. I did finally break the kiss looking down.

"Ayla I-" Jessie was about to protest, but she closed her eyes and leaned her head back gasping.

I began to pull her pants down.

"No no no," Jessie put her hands down and tried to hold them up, "Ayla stop. Please stop. Let's talk. Okay?"

"No more talking," I told her. My animalistic instincts had kicked in again, just as they had when I hit Fiona. I was unstoppable.

"Ayla, I have a boyfriend!" She shouted out, "Stop it! Please!"

"No you don't!" I cried, "You don't have a boyfriend. I want you! I want you now!"

Then I crouched down and prepared my tongue to make her experience real pleasure. The pleasure no man could ever give her.

"Ayla!" Jessie reached down and grabbed me with force, "I said no, all right!"

"Please!" I screamed, "Just let me do this. You'll like it!"

"Ayla!" She kept screaming my name, "Ayla, stop! What you're doing to me is no different than what Fiona did to Kelsey!"

…

I stopped. My logical mind came back. I had to take a moment to gather my thoughts and realize what I was doing. My breathing was heavy.

"I know your hurt," she said looking into my eyes. We were both crouched down on the kitchen floor, "And believe me, I really want to help make you feel better. I'd do anything to help you but… you can't force yourself on me. You're better than this."

That was it. I started weeping so hard, "I'm sorry Jessie-" And I just collapsed into her arms.

Jessie held me, "It's okay," She started crying too. "It's okay Ayla. It's okay."

I couldn't speak, but I felt like a terrible person. What was wrong with me? I'm hitting one friend? I come close to raping my other friend. I needed psychiatric help. But Jessie… what a noble partner she was. I could tell she was enjoying the very brief amount of sex we had, but she wouldn't allow it. The fact was that she had a boyfriend, and she was going to stay loyal to him. I couldn't fault her for that. Meanwhile, I get stuck with a woman who dumps me for some blonde slut.

Ain't life a bitch?

After what must have been five minutes of inconsolable crying, Jessie finally planted a very soft kiss on my lips. That seemed to sooth my nerves.

"C'mon," She lifted me up, "The ice-cream's melting. Don't you want some more?"

The rest of the afternoon was just a mess. Jessie managed to get me out of the house and go for a walk. That helped, even if it was a little cold outside, the sun was shining and warmed me up a bit. She took me to get something to eat, it was everything I needed. If I didn't have Jessie at this moment. I don't know what I would have done.

Louis had called her at one point asking how things were going. I told Jessie if she wanted to go back to her boyfriend, it would be fine, but she said no. She was going with me all weekend.

I was really jealous of Louis at this moment.

Jessie wanted to stop at her place to get some stuff to spend the night, so we went over to place briefly. I had sudden impulses to screw her on her own bed, but I resisted my temptation. Jessie let me kiss her, but that was as far as she would allow. It was so hard to keep my hands off of her.

I know it must sound kind of messed up to be all over another woman so soon after a break-up, but that's just the way I felt. Was I still in love with Kelsey? Did I want her to still be my girlfriend? Of course I did. I didn't want Fiona to win. But I also hated this feeling of being alone. When I finally ended up with Kelsey so long after Brenda left, I felt complete. I thought if I could be with Jessie, I'd be complete again. But it wasn't to be. I think I asked her at some point if she wasn't in a relationship, would she be with me? She couldn't answer the question. Even if she was bi-curious, and was in no way homophobic, I don't think Jessie could see herself with a woman. How sad.

Kelsey had called me a couple times. I didn't answer. I couldn't. She called Jessie too, I think Olivia did as well. Eventually Jessie answered Olivia's phone call. I don't know what they really said to each other, but Jessie told her she was with me. This probably only heightened their suspicions that we were an item. And since she told Olivia, the bitch in yellow would probably exaggerate the story. Jessie didn't care.

That night, we sat in my bed watching THE TERMINATOR on Netflix. I don't know why we were watching it, we'd seen it before. It certainly didn't seem like a typical post-breakup kind of movie, but it did help me get my mind off of things. Jessica had changed into a pair of satin gloves, and I changed my gloves and clothes as well. A few laughs came through when we talked about our gloves and also what

Louis thought of them. Jessie was cracking jokes again, it turned into an enjoyable slumber party

However, I decided to stop the movie and ask Jessie:

"Are you going to stay in the group?"

"Huh?" She looked at me.

"The Fiona Five? Are you going to stay with them?"

She sighed, and put her arm around me. I rested my head on her shoulder, "I don't know. I was thinking about that when I left the mansion." She sighed. "I really shouldn't, but… I don't know. I've been with them for so long. They really have sort of become like my sisters." She rolled her eyes, "My… Guera sisters." She chuckled. "I don't know. Remember when we were at the spa and we were talking about how uncomfortable we all are not wearing gloves?"

"Uh-huh," I answered.

"It's almost like… I know this sounds terrible now. But it's almost like a support group. They… I just feel at home with those bitches. I don't think I can leave…" She looked at me, "I'm sorry. I'm not making any sense."

"No, I understand," I told her, "I mean, in some ways, I wish I could stay in the group, but… well…"

"Yeah…" Jessie nodded, "I know."

I sighed again.

"What are you going to tell Kelsey on Monday?" She asked me, "You have class with her."

That's right, I remembered, I did have class with her. And she was my lab partner. What was I going to say to her?

Chapter 27

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 27 - Kelsey

I tapped my pen nervously waiting for Ayla to come into homeroom on monday. Leaning my cheek onto my purple gloved hand, I stared at the clock on the wall. Ticking away, only one minute to spare, and my lab partner wasn't next to me. Was she not coming to school today? Did she transfer to a different class? She still had pull to do that. Suddenly I began to imagine darker scenarios where Ayla had hurt herself. Though Jessica had spent the weekend with her and told me she was fine… well about as fine as she could be. Jessica was still mad at me. I couldn't blame her. But I had a feeling she would eventually let it go and return to Fiona Five matter… or rather Fiona Four matters.

As for Ayla… I wasn't sure. She never returned my calls, Jessie didn't want to repeat anything she told her in confidence. Ayla only sent one text to me, and one only: "I can't give you a ride Monday, sorry." I texted her back saying it was okay but to please call me or text me or we could talk in school the next day. I begged her to do so. But she never did. This would be my first time to speak with her since the blow-up.

Fortunately, I was on time for class because my father wanted to drive early. Apparently, his date from work had gone really well and he wanted to leave early to spend time with his co-worker / girlfriend. On the drive to school, he

could tell something was bothering me, but I didn't want to discuss it. He gave me my space and said, "Let's talk after school." Fine, but first I needed to talk to my girlfriend.

"Hey Kelsey," Cutter, the class trouble-maker, who may or may not be gay, asked me, "Is it true you and Ayla Zhen broke up?"

"Yeah! What's going on?" Another girl butted in coming close to me.

Wow, word sure travelled fast. Suddenly I was surrounded by classmates who were dying to know this information. I didn't know how to respond.

Fortunately, the bell rang and Mr. Dawson calmed everyone down. But even he was eyeing me curiously.

"Uh... Ms. Greenburg," He asked me nervously, "Where is Ms. Zhen?"

I was sort of caught off guard. Everyone seemed to turn to me expecting an answer to their questions. "I don't know," was all I could say, "I didn't ride with her." I hung my head in shame.

This didn't seem to satisfy anyone's curiosity. Suddenly a burst of conversation came from the other students: "Why?" "Are you two broken up?" "You want me to give you a ride?" etc.

Fortunately, Dawson was on my side and calmed everyone down again. However, he had a smile on his face and made a snide comment: "That's ironic. For once, you're early and she's late. How the tables have turned."

The class laughed at his joke, but I didn't. In fact, I stared at him angrily. I didn't find it funny at all.

"Uh…" Dawson waved his hands in the air, "No disrespect intended."

As soon as he said that, someone walked into the classroom. This woman looked like some sort of punk-rocker. She had dark-blue jeans on with black buckle-strap boots. The sound of heels clicking the floor was all too noticeable. She had a black belt on with a chain on the end of it. A black leather jacket over a blue-green shirt with some sort of logo on it. She wore a matching choker, but her dark-blue leather gloves were a giveaway.

It was Ayla.

She still had her purple glasses, and her hair, still dyed jet-black from the Halloween party, fell down along her face, almost covering it up. It didn't look like she had spent much time doing her hair or even her face. This punk-rocker look wasn't beyond her. I had seen pictures of her having dressed this way before she was a Fiona Five member, and she had dressed more casually when we went out. But this wasn't just some fashion statement, this had something to do with me and severing her ties to the Fiona Five. It pained me to see this.

The worst part of all was the look on her face. She always seemed to have a smirk of a smile on her face, but her mouth was totally stoic. Ayla was hurting.

Still, she was beautiful as ever.

Everyone turned and gasped upon seeing her. As she came closer to me, she hesitated. Her cold eyes gazed upon mine. I could tell she wasn't happy to see me. I couldn't blame

her, but what choice did she have? I wanted to speak, but not with everyone watching us.

"Ms. Zhen?" Dawson grabbed her attention.

"Sorry sir," She said finally taking her seat, "Traffic."

"I suppose I could let it go this time," with that, he went right into his lecture.

While she sat down, right beside me, she didn't even look my way. I did watch as she pulled her blue leather gloves off. They were short, for the winter, so I imagined she had a pair underneath. For a brief second, I thought to myself, what if she doesn't? If she shows her naked hands in public, that will be like her stripping off her clothes in front of everyone. The thought was somewhat scary and my heart was beating so fast waiting to see what was underneath those gloves.

Fortunately, she did have a pair of gloves underneath her winter ones, but they were latex gloves. Not just any latex gloves, the long black fetish ones she usually used to touch me in private. They shined and hugged her fingers like a second skin. I began to feel a warm sensation just thinking about what she had done to me in those gloves. Was she wearing them just to drive me crazy?

Thankfully, Dawson let us do our lab and even told the rest of the students they weren't allowed to speak to Ayla or I until after class. "Thank God," Ayla and I managed to say at the same time. Even when we were separated, we were in sync. I actually chuckled a little at that hoping to get a reaction out of her, but she didn't.

"Okay," Ayla finally spoke to me, in a very low tone, getting out her notebook, "So what's the first step?"

Really? I thought. She's just gonna talk about the lab? We're not going to talk about what happened? Well I took this opportunity to finally get to it.

"Ayla," I spoke with a whisper grabbed her hands, forcing her to drop her pen. She looked at me with a frown on her face. "Can we please talk now?"

She shook her head and let go of my hands, "I don't want to talk about it. Let's just do the lab." Her eyes finally looked into mine begging for me to understand, "Please?"

I felt like crying, but I stopped myself. I didn't want to cry in front of the whole class and make a scene.

"But," I tried to insist even grabbing her hands, "I- Look I- we need to talk about-"

"Kelsey," She looked at me very seriously, "Do we need change lab partners?"

"No!" I blurted out. This caused a bunch of students to look our way. So I leaned in and whispered, "No, please Ayla. Please don't."

"Then let's just focus on the lab, okay?" Ayla's tone of voice was so unemotional, and yet so sad. I could tell this was painful for her, "I don't want to talk about anything other than the project we're working on. Just give me some space, please!"

As hurt as I was, I had to acquiesce and allow Ayla to have her space. It was the least I could do.

The lab was awkward. Talking to Ayla was awkward. Even when I put my latex gloves over my leather ones, she didn't seem to react. There was only one time when we made fun

of the instructions that I managed to get a chuckle out of her, and that was single handed the best I'd felt since our blow-up. But it didn't last long.

After class finished, a wave of students swarmed on Ayla asking her questions. She obviously didn't want to talk, so I grabbed her hand and dragged her out of class. She did thank me for the rescue, but I had to bring her to a secluded hallway where we had made out several times. It was close to a patio where the custodians could go outside to smoke. I pinned her to the brick wall. She looked at me almost terrified. Here she was dressed as the bad-girl, and she was scared of me. Ayla was the one who fit Fiona. I still was angry at her for that, but I blamed myself more.

"Two minutes," I told her, "Just give me two minutes and then you never have to speak to me again if you don't want to. I just need to tell you what I need to tell you. Okay?"

She sighed looking away from me.

"Please Ayla," I grabbed her hands begging for her, "Please I need to-"

"Okay okay," Ayla was getting annoyed. She pulled out her phone and looked at the time, "Two minutes!"

Okay… now what do I tell her?

After a long sigh, grabbing both her hands again, which was strange. Holding her latex hands was like she didn't have gloves on at all. I would have asked her about them, but there were more important things to discuss.

"I'm sorry," Was all I could bring myself to say, between breathing heavily. I was trying so hard not to succumb to

tears, "I'm so… so… sorry! I know that must mean nothing, but I feel horrible about what happened."

Ayla said nothing. She just stared at me with cold eyes.

"I could stand here and say it's all Fiona's fault, but I take the blame too. What I did was wrong." I took a brief minute, "I hurt you. And I don't deserve you, but… I love you."

That's when tears starting coming down my face and even the look on Ayla's face seemed to change. She closed her eyes.

"I love you Ayla! I don't want us to break up. You've been so wonderful to me. And…"

The hard part of this conversation is I had no idea about what to say about Fiona. I mean, I couldn't lie, I still had feelings for Fiona, not like I did with Ayla, but… You know what, just forget about Fiona. Stay with Ayla here:

"And I don't want you out of my life. I don't want to just be your lab partner. I…" I just started crying on her shoulder.

Fortunately, Ayla took pity on me and hugged me. Oh… God… hugging her felt so good. I prayed to God that this would be our reconcile hug; that Ayla would say 'Okay we'll get through this.' I didn't know how, but I just wanted it to.

Ayla let me go and looked me in the eye, "Answer me this," Her voice was still as stoic and low as it had ever been. Whatever she was about to ask, it was serious. Her staring eyes were stabbing me, making me tremble. We were in some sort of silent, motionless battle.

After a long silence she finally asked, "Would you leave The Fiona Five to be with me?"

I should have just said yes, but I had to think about it. I really hoped this wouldn't come up, because the fact of the matter was I liked being a Fiona Five member. Fiona, Olivia, Jessica all cared for me. I never had a group of friends this well off. I loved the high life, I loved the support. And… I loved Fiona. What a mess.

So what was I going to tell her? Ayla was giving me an ultimatum. The Fiona Five or her. Before I even had a chance to come up with an answer, having spent maybe ten seconds considering the question, my eyes vacillating, sighing heavily, trembling, Ayla answered for me:

"That's what I thought," Her voice was cold and groggy, "Just like Jessie." She pulled out her phone, "Your two minutes are up."

With a bad-girl kind of stride, Ayla walked around the corner and disappeared. I broke down hard. I was crying so heavily I started punching my gloved hands against the brick wall. These were the gloves Ayla had given me and I was scratching up the leather. I was hurting her even more. My mind just seemed to switch off for a few seconds.

But then, much to my surprise, I felt a hand pull me around. Ayla was there, but she had a look of anger on her face. Even her glasses had been taken off, "You know what," She grabbed my shirt and pinned me to the brick wall, "Fuck you!" She gave the middle finger, "Fuck… You… Kelsey! You just sideline me like this and tell me love me? … After what you did to me?… FUCK YOU!"

Her voice was getting louder and her presence was getting more scary. I was afraid she was going to hurt me, the same way she hurt Fiona. But maybe I deserved it. Maybe she needed to hit me to get it out.

"I-I-my-'m sorry," I cried, "If-If" I was stuttering so badly, "I-If you n-need to h-h-hi-h-hit me, go head. Get it out."

She stared a hole into me but didn't raise her fist.

"J-J-Just don't h-hurt Fiona again okay?"

"STOP DEFENDING HER!" Ayla slammed me into the wall so hard, I felt my head hit the bricks. It hurt, but it wasn't the kind of beat-down I was afraid would happen, "She's a spoiled rotten cunt! Sh-she's…"

Now Ayla broke down crying, but instead of hiding her head on my shoulder, she held the back of my head and kissed me. But this was no intimate make-out session, this kiss seemed fueled by anger. It was not comfortable, not one of the kisses I ever wanted to remember from Ayla. I guess it was better than hitting me in the face, but the pressure of her lips, the darting of her mouth, it just felt like Ayla was almost attacking me. In any fairy-tale story, this would be the moment when we made up and were back together again, but that didn't feel like it was it.

I was right, because Ayla broke the kiss suddenly and let me go. She turned around 180 degrees, leaned her back against the brick wall, and slowly fell to a sitting position against the wall. Her legs extended all the way. While her face looked like it was about to start balling with tears, she didn't make a sound apart from her breathing. It's like she couldn't cry. Once she finally opened her eyes, she just stared up at the roof.

Should I hold her? I thought. Would that only make things worse. I didn't know what etiquette called for at this moment.

Well, I sat down and I held her, but she pushed me away, very softly, "No, no no," Her voice was like that of a scared child, "No, please." The dangerous Ayla seemed to have disappeared for now.

"Okay," I whispered, "I'll just be here."

We sat in complete silence for five minutes. We didn't say a word to each other. Even when other students or teachers walked by our way, we didn't say a word to them. This scene must have been adding fuel to the fire when it came to rumors about us.

Finally, Ayla said, "I spent all weekend crying over you." Another long pause, "Just like I spent all summer crying over Brenda." She shook her head and sighed, "I can't go through this again."

I didn't say anything. What could I possibly say?

She finally looked me in the eyes, "I love you too Kelsey."

That caused me to whimper.

"I love you so much," Ayla's tears were coming down, "I've loved you since I met you." She then looked up again, "But I don't want to go through this again. Staying up at night crying over my ex-girlfriend. It's not healthy."

"I understand," I told her.

"And I can't be around her anymore," She told me shaking her head. She was obviously talking about Fiona, "I hate her guts. I hate Olivia too. They just suck the life out of everyone. Even Jessie's caught in their web, and she's the only one out of that group I can absolutely trust."

She didn't trust me.

"So," I finally asked, "What happens to us now? I don't want you out of my life Ayla. I know I don't deserve it, but I want you to stay in my life somehow."

Ayla sighed, "I need time Kelsey. Just give me time. I mean, we're still lab partners, so we'll see each other then. Maybe after a week or so's gone by, we can hang out with Jessie or Ashley, Tom."

"I was going to ask you," I interrupted, "If you wanted to go The Winter Formal together. Try out our new dance routine." I laughed awkwardly.

Ayla snorted, "You know Fiona would never allow that." She had a point. "But maybe eventually we can even go to Maxie's and just eat together as friends."

"Just friends?" I asked sniffing my runny nose.

"Just friends," She told me, "No kissing… and no sex obviously."

I put my hand out, "Howabout holding hands?"

Ayla looked at my purple leather gloved hand. Very slowly, she reached her latex hand and held it softly, "Maybe."

I sighed in relief feeling like holding her hand was some kind of victory.

"You just want to feel my gloves don't you?" She said in a more Ayla-like tone.

I chuckled finally hearing her crack a joke, "Maybe." I wanted to ask her why she was wearing her latex gloves,

but I figured it was best to end the tense conversation on this happy note.

Ayla got up and helped me up as well, "I gotta go to class. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Okay," I leaned forward to kiss her, but she backed away.

That's right, we weren't a couple anymore.

"Sorry," I told her.

Ayla sighed and just stared walking away.

"Ayla," I told her, "For what it's worth, you can call me anytime you want. Okay? I-if you want. You don't have to though."

"Okay," Ayla whispered and was now out of my life again.

I sighed, "I feel like I'm have a heart attack," I told myself.

The next class dragged on. I felt like I was going to fall asleep at my desk after that emotional scene. When I came out of class I went downstairs at the usual spot waiting for Fiona to meet up with me. As usual, people were coming up to me and trying to be my friend, but this time they were shouting out, "What's with you and Ayla?" It was hard trying to stem off those questions.

The worst one of all came from my old friend, Ashley. She caught up with me in the hallway: "Kelsey!"

I smiled and said, "Hey Ashley."

But there was a look of worry on her face, "Why did you break up with Ayla? She's so sad."

The way Ashley spoke about my ex-girlfriend, you would have though she was one of her support group friends. I don't know where she heard about this from, I know Ayla and her had become more friendly with each other. Where-ever she heard it from, she didn't know the details surrounding the break-up, or the fact that I didn't technically break up with her.

I really didn't want to talk about this, but Ashley kept grilling me for information. I kinda snapped at her a bit:

"I'm done talking about this Ashley!"

"Oh my God!" She snapped back at me, "What's gotten into you? Have you really become so intertwined with Fiona that you've just neglected your old friends? C'mon Kelsey!"

Fortunately, Fiona, Olivia and Jessica rescued me. Fiona seemed to be wearing larger sunglasses this time to cover up her black-eye, but otherwise she looked unshaken. Ashley calmed down.

"Hey Ashley," Jessica smiled at her.

"Hi Jessie," Ashley asked, "How's Ayla doing?"

"She's okay," Jessica started.

"Forget Ayla," Fiona muttered, "How am I doing?" She was probably referring to the fact that she was the victim having been hit by her.

"Let's go Jessica," Olivia snapped at her.

Jessica looked angrily at her. Very rarely did anyone in the group show any signs of animosity in public. Obviously,

tensions were high for the Fiona Five (or Four). But Jessie smiled at Ashley:

"I better going before the wedas' heads explode."

"Okay," Ashley chuckled, "I might meet with Ayla later."

"Yeah do that," Jessie said. She looked back seeing Olivia's glaring eyes, "Talk later."

With that, we walked in a straight-line to our usual secluded lunch spot.

Jessica immediately pulled out a pack of cigarettes, which she and Fiona lit up immediately. I was so tense, even I decided to light up. Olivia was once again alone in her sobriety. When Fiona took off her glasses, I could see the black-eye was hidden under a lot of make-up. Olivia and I spent nearly all weekend with her. Fiona was pretty touchy-feely with me, which definitely made Olivia uncomfortable.

How odd that in any other situation, I would have been happy as a kid in a candy-store to have Fiona Winston as my girlfriend. She was like the perfect girlfriend. But now, especially with Ayla out of the picture, it felt like I had to settle for her.

Did I really want Fiona Winston as a girlfriend? To be 100% honest… not really. I mean she was beautiful, there was no doubt about that. I had the hots for her and she lead a kind of luxurious lifestyle that was so appealing. She was already talking about how was going to send me to Aspen for the Winter, and all these plans we had. But apart from all that, I just didn't find her attractive the same way I found Ayla attractive. Even in her darkest hour, emotionally damaged thanks to me, she was still more personable that Fiona. That was the problem. And to become her girlfriend under these

circumstances… I mean, what were we going to tell our friends?

'How did you meet?'

'We cheated on my girlfriend and Fiona told her about it.'

Yeah… that wasn't exactly the most romantic story. But at this point, I guess I was stuck with her. Maybe once things would blow over, we'd be okay. I knew we would have the dance to look forward to and many wonderful dates from then on out. If only we had more to talk about, more common interests.

There was also Olivia. I still wasn't sure what to think of what Jessica said about her being in love with Fiona. I wouldn't have been surprised but… if she did, why didn't Olivia ever talk to Fiona about it? Or were they in a secret relationship? Maybe it was me who was being duped.

God, just thinking about all this gave me a headache!

"So," Olivia spoke up with a smile, "This will lift your spirits Fiona. I talked to the principal, and he agreed to make if mandatory for all girls to wear formal gloves to the Winter Formal. I even used your line, 'It's called the Winter FORMAL,' and that seemed to do the trick."

Fiona smiled, "That's amazing. Thank you Olivia."

Yup, every single girl in the school was now going to be required to wear gloves and dresses as The Fiona Five told them to. Fiona Winston ruled the school. It was as simple as that.

"A huevo!" Jessica spoke in a dead-pan voice, showing sarcasm.

"Have we decided who we're going to be paired with?" Olivia asked Fiona.

"Well I'm still going to go with Anthony Daughton."

"I thought he had a girlfriend now," Jessica spoke and took another puff of her cigarette.

Fiona shrugged her shoulders, "Doesn't mean he won't still take me to the dance. He'd jump at the chance to be graced by my beauty." She twirled her hair around like she was mugging for the nonexistent camera.

"Wait," I spoke up confused, "I though we were going together? As a couple?"

Fiona and Olivia both laughed at me.

"Oh sweet Kelsey," Fiona smiled at me, "Still so much to learn."

I started to feel stupid. However, Jessica wasn't laughing with them. She looked to me and gave me a face mocking them. Obviously Jessie wasn't Fiona's biggest fan at the moment

"I-I mean," I started trying to explain myself, "You said we're in a relationship now, right?"

Olivia seemed to scoff at that.

"Yeah," Fiona looked at me like I was stupid, "But in private. I can't be a lesbian in front of everyone. Can you imagine how many rumors will be said about me?"

"Not to mention all the smear campaigns," Olivia spoke up, "That will come of it."

"Yeah," Jessica teasingly joined in, "You might even be kicked out of office."

"Ha ha ha!" Fiona mocking laughed at her in an annoyed way. She then turned to someone, "Don't worry Kelsey, we'll find a nice boy to pair you with, someone classy looking who's not going to take advantage of you."

I was now getting pissed. Fiona broke up my relationship with Ayla, stole me away for her for herself, but she was unwilling to go to a dance with me? And she was going to pair me with some boy I never heard of? What was wrong with her? Maybe Ayla was right. It did feel like she was sucking the life out of me.

Before I could say anything, Jessica spoke up, "Look I don't care what loser cock-head you got lined up for me, I'm going with Louis and that's final."

"That is not final!" Fiona went back at her.

"Jessica," Olivia started, "We need to-"

"You know," Fiona just kept going at Jessie. Olivia sat back and allowed her to do so, "I was really hoping once you finally got your opera-length gloves and accepted your fetish, you'd finally drop this rebellious routine you got going on. You could be so much more elegant if you weren't so stubborn."

"I'm stubborn?" Jessica stamped out of her cigarette and walked up to Fiona, "Why, because I want to go out with my boyfriend for the Winter Formal?"

"What you do with him in private is your business, but he does not represent the Fiona Five well."

"Why?" Jessica snapped at him.

"Why?" Fiona was getting pissed, "What do you mean why?! Because he's some ragged looking musician. You ever seen a Marilyn Monroe movie with Ozzy Osbourne as her love interest?"

"This isn't a fucking movie Fiona!" Jessica yelled, "It's real life!"

I really didn't want to get involved with Fiona and Jessie's argument. So Olivia and I just sat back and watched this drama unfold. When I looked at Olivia, she seemed to smiling so mischievously. What was with her? There was something seriously wrong with Olivia. It's like she enjoyed drama. She got off on it.

"You know," Fiona started to whine like a little girl, "First Ayla hits me in the face, then you hit me again when I'm recuperating," It became harder to understand her under her emotional breakdown, "And now you're arguing with me again!"

The smile on Olivia's face seemed to die as she watched her friend cry. Maybe there was some humanity left in her. She seemed more concerned than I was. After having dealt with Ayla's real breakdown, this just sounded like a temper-tantrum. But Olivia went up to Fiona and assuaged her.

Jessica had enough. She picked up her bag and coat and just walked out of the room.

"Yeah!" Fiona yelled, "Walk away! Just like you walked out on me this weekend!"

"Shhh," Olivia held onto her, "It's okay."

Now I knew the truth. Olivia loved her. She loved her so much, even if she wouldn't admit it. It's strange, because she was so supportive of me becoming involved with Fiona. Now I started thinking, maybe this wasn't her plan. She was trying to manipulate everyone for some sort of outcome. It's like she was playing a video game. I didn't know what to do.

I was actually happy to get back to class and finally go home. Fiona had talked about us going out on a date, but Olivia texted me, telling me she needed to spend the evening with her to get her mind off things. Like I couldn't do that.

What kind of girlfriend was I really if I couldn't take care of Fiona during these trying times.

Well… that was enough for one day.

So I decided to finally settle down and work on some homework. I was pretty backed up from the dramatic weekend. I slipped into my pajamas and slipped out of my purple leather gloves. It was only then that I realized how damaged they were having scraped them against the brick wall. It was definitely an indication of my broken relationship with Ayla. But upon looking through my gloves, mostly given to me by Fiona, I came to a familiar accessory: the long black satin gloves Ayla gave me on our first date.

I put them on and felt them all over my face. Suddenly, I pictured myself back along the Waterfront for our date:

"I really like spending time with you Kelsey," She told me in the sweetest cutest voice ever.

I missed her so much…

By the time my dad got home, I was deep in work, having put my glasses back on for once. I still had the black gloves on.

"I'm home," He said to me taking his coat off.

"Hi dad," I said still working.

"Wearing your glasses?" He looked at me, "I haven't seen them in a while." He then looked at my hands, "Of course you still got the gloves on."

"Mmm-hmm," I answered without looking at him.

My dad decided to sit beside me, "Not going out with your Fiona friends tonight?"

"No," I told him still not looking up from my homework.

"Ayla coming by?"

That's when I stopped and sighed, "No dad!"

He must have picked up on my frustration, "Kelsey," He held my hand, "Put that away for a minute. Let's talk. We can have our father / daughter bonding time."

"Dad," I whined finally looking up to him, "I really don't want to."

"Just for a minute," He said, "Humor your old man."

I sighed and nodded my head.

"What's going on?" He asked, "You've been down all weekend."

"I don't want to talk about it," I said trying to pick up my pen again.

"Well if you can talk about it to your old dad, who can you talk to? Well, I guess you can talk to Ayla, right?"

Once again, I wasn't sure what he was talking about. I decided to finally stop beating around the bush and ask him: "Dad, how much do you know about me and Ayla?"

"What do you mean?" He asked keeping his guard up.

"I mean what kind of relationship do you think Ayla and I have?"

My dad chuckled and shook his head, "You know Kelsey, why don't you just tell me what kind of relationship you and Ayla have instead of having me do the guess work?"

He knew.

"So you know?" I asked him not too surprised.

"Know what?" He wouldn't let on.

After a long hard sigh, I prepared to tell him what should have been a non-issue. I hadn't even though about the fact that I was a lesbian for the past couple weeks. To me, Ayla was just my girlfriend, I didn't think much about us being lesbians anymore.

"Know…" I hesitated, "That Ayla and I are… a couple… a lesbian couple."

"I see," Dad nodded.

I rolled my eyes, "Is that all you have to say about it? Your only daughter is a lesbian. Does that bother you at all?"

"No," He finally showed some fatherly emotions, "I mean I was in denial about it for a little while but… I mean that's the world we live in now. I always said whoever you chose as your partner I'd support you. And I like Ayla. She's a good girl." Dad put his hand on my shoulder, "And I can tell she loves you a lot. It shines. She'll stay loyal to you forever. Even if she makes you wear those weird gloves all the time."

That made me want to cry. First of all, my dad accepted my orientation. I knew for many gays or lesbians, this was an emotional moment all by itself. But more importantly was my broken relationship with my girlfriend.

"Not anymore," I looked down and closed my eyes, "We broke up."

"Awww, come here baby."

He pulled me up and gave me a hug. This was the best affection I had gotten all day. It was like I was a little girl again and just needed a hug from my parents, even if only one was still in my life.

"And it's all my fault," I confessed, "I chose Fiona over her. If it weren't for Ayla, I wouldn't be friends with Fiona. It's so shitty."

My dad sighed and let me go, "I kind of got a weird vibe from that Fiona girl. She's got that elitist thing about her. And you know how I feel about that. And honestly, it feels like you've really changed since then. You look nice, but it's like you're becoming like them. You're..."

I waited for him to continue.

"But… Well, you know, I guess it wouldn't be a good idea for me to get involved. You're a grown woman now and you gotta make your own decisions."

"I know," I told him.

"You know when I was working for the Michael Clarke group," Dad went into one of his stories, "I had this opportunity."

"Is this another long story daddy?" I asked.

"Just listen to your old dad for once," He said, "Anyway I was working for the Michael Clarke group. You know Kevin, he was the boss at the time, we used to go out and party all the time."

"Yeah, I remember," I replied somewhat curious as to where this story was going to go.

"They were going to move their offices to operations to California. Now this was the time when I was going out with your mother and I was planning on asking her to mary me. She was teaching at the time. Kevin told me if I moved out to Portland, there'd be a good job waiting for me. It seemed like quite the opportunity. And I talked to your mother about it, she didn't want to leave Seattle and her own family. So I had a choice: Go to California and make a career for myself, not to mention live where the sun is, or stay here with the woman I loved. I had to think about it for a long time. But in end, I turned Kevin down and married your mother. I didn't have a job for over a year, it was hard. But I was happy. And then a couple years later we had you and we were really happy. And then…" He sighed, "Well."

"I know dad," He didn't need to go into details about what happened to mom. We'd dealt with it.

"I guess the point of the story is," He hesitated trying to figure out what the point was, "Follow your heart. I know that sounds all Disney cliche, but If Ayla makes you happy, go for her. Lesbian or not, I'll love her like she's my own daughter."

Feeling a tear coming down, I hugged him.

He sighed, "I have no regrets with the choices I made in life." He ran his hand through my hair, "You're the best thing that's ever happened to me."

Maybe it was best to listen to my dad… follow your heart.

Chapter 28

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 28 - Ayla

Winter Formal on a cold night; sounds about right. I wasn't really looking forward to it. I didn't have a date. If it wasn't for Ashley bugging me to join her and Tom or Jessie insisting that I show up in my most stunning outfit, silently telling Fiona she didn't run the school. I probably would have just stayed home. But I suppose it was time to get back out in the open and let people know that Ayla Zhen was still a force to be reckoned with.

Looking in the mirror, I saw someone I barely recognized: Me... The me made famous by The Fiona Five. I had decided earlier that day to dye my hair again. My black hair was boring me again. While I considered trying purple or something different, I decided to stick to trusty old blue. I felt different recoloring my head and tied it back up in my old ponytail position.

First I had to put gloves on. I wasn't surprised that Fiona talked the school into a glove-required dress code. In fact, Jessie appeared at a school rally promoting Winter Formal explaining the glove thing, ever The Fiona Five's propaganda speaker. It was clear she was just a mouthpiece for the glove diva. I kind of felt sorry for her standing there like Fiona owned her, but she made her choice. Jessie told them all about the expensive shops where they could buy gloves, but I doubt most students could afford them. If they showed

up without gloves, they would be given a generic pair, provided by Fiona, but they most likely wouldn't fit right. So a lot of girls came up to me asking where to get them cheap, and I would say, "Just go to a costume shop and get some long satin gloves." In truth, it was out of Halloween season, so they were probably much cheaper.

For me, I decided I had to wear the opera-length blue leather gloves Brenda had bought me. I had to glam it up and they were my finest gloves. I certainly couldn't show up in my black latex ones, now could I? Don't think too crazy now Ayla. Putting them on for the first time in a month made me remember why I fell in love with gloves all over again. The way the leather smoothed up my skin when I pulled it on, the tight feeling of the accessories on my hands, feeling my face with the gloves on. I was a goddess no doubt. Jesus, I'm sounding like her now!

As for my dress, I had to go with my signature blue gown. Not only did it match my blue hair, but once again, it was my best dress. Of course the skirt was far too short for anyone else's liking. They hadn't seen my long naked legs in so long. They were in for a real treat. Add my shoes and necklace to it, and also my glasses. While Kelsey might have ditched her glasses to impress Fiona, I was going to wear my stylish frames with pride. I looked hard at this glamorous girl standing in the mirror. I liked her!

Grabbing my bag and coat, and pulling on my short winter gloves, I quickly ran into the limo waiting for me. Right now I was alone, but I was going to pick up Ashley, Tom and a couple others. They had become true friends in this past month. True friends really are measured by the content of their character, not their wealth... Gee, I could run for congress saying something like that. When Jessie runs for office, she should hire me as her speech writer.

Ashley hopped in the car, her jaw dropped seeing me. Before she could say anything, I spoke for her:

"Oh my God!" I placed my blue hands on my face.

Ashley rolled her eyes, but Tom laughed. Tom didn't have the most glamorous suit on, but Ashley looked cute in her black dress and long white gloves. She might have overdone the makeup, but I wasn't about to make fun of her for it.

"You look amazing," She told me, "You're going to be the belle of the ball!"

"Oh yeah?" Tom gloated, "Wait til you see my new moves," He gestured some gang signs with his hands, "I've been practicing!"

"And by practicing," Ashley said to me, "He means he's been watching a bunch of videos of Mick Jagger on YouTube."

"Awesome!" I chuckled.

Ashley and Tom had basically become my new best friends. I guess I became the new Kelsey of their group. We ate lunch together every day in the cafeteria, which took of a bit of adjusting after having the seclusion with Fiona. But we still attracted a lot of fans. Some girls I knew and I was happy to have them as regulars at our table. I didn't enforce a glove rule, but they always wore gloves anyway, wanting to impress me. I appreciated the amiable treatment.

Two of these new friends I invited to join us: Chrissy and Mia. They were a cute lesbian couple, Mia also being of Korean decent. She was still American and didn't speak a word, but then again, my Korean was pretty bad as well. Chrissy was one of the few girls who hung out at our table

who didn't wear gloves, and tonight was no exception. I didn't push her, but she stuck out quite a bit. And tonight, she was going to have to deal with the rule.

Fiona could just never understand that this glamorous style just wasn't for everyone.

When they got into the limo, after saying hi to us, I looked to Chrissy: "I have a nice white pair if you want to wear them Chrissy," I told her pulling them out of my purse.

"No thanks," She said typing on her phone, "I don't care what Fiona says. I'm not following the crowd."

I had to admire her non-conformist attitude. But it didn't stop Mia, her girlfriend, from stroking her gloves across Chrissy's face. She blushed at that.

"At least I don't have to wear them," Tom said.

"Aw," Ashley put her legs on his lap and wrapped her arms around him, "You'd look so cute in long gloves, Tom."

We all laughed at them. I realized I had my own quintet of friends: The Ayla Five. Who needed Fiona. I was having fun with my new friends.

I knew exactly when Fiona would bring her crew into the venue. I wanted to get there a little before she did to make my entrance. Even if I wasn't interested in attaining Fiona's status, I had to think about my own reputation, my solo career. Gee, I was starting to sound like Tom. At least I had my own posse behind me. I think Ashley was a little nervous about all the attention we were going to get, but I assured her it would be me who took the brunt of it. Even then, I still was nowhere near as popular as Fiona. Everybody knew I

was no longer in The Fiona Five and the initial shock of my departure had settled down.

Still fashionably late, outside the hall, a lot of familiar students came up to me or even shout from afar, greeting me with kindness. Some were pushy, but Tom kind of acted as a bodyguard for me. Kelsey had told me of his helpful moments looking out for her. I actually did have a bunch of girls, and some guys, come up to me and ask if they could be my date. Flattered as I was, I wanted to fly solo tonight. Maybe it would happen with someone, but so soon after my breakup with Kelsey, I wasn't about to date someone again.

Of course, everyone commented about my dress, my hair, my gloves, but a lot of the girls looked stunning as well. Nearly every single girl had gloves on, and they seemed to envy mine. But I wanted to show my graciousness and compliment anyone I could. Others didn't have gloves, and were confronted at the door. I saw Mr. Dawson had been roped into chaperoning.

"Where's your gloves at?" He asked Chrissy.

"I don't want to wear gloves," Chrissy argued with him, "How will I use my phone?"

"Rules are rules," He said, "You can get away with not using your phone for one night."

I kind of agreed with him. This was a night for fun, dancing, and mingling with friends, not social media. Chrissy still tried to give Dawson a speech about non-conformity, but he wasn't having it. He offered her a stock pair of long white gloves, which were tacky as hell. So Chrissy relented and asked for the white pair I had, which fit her hands much better. While the girl seemed to sulk as she drew them on, Mia held her hand and told her how cute she looked. This

seemed to satisfy Chrissy's uneasy feeling, and she kissed her.

I wish I had a date, I thought to myself. But upon walking into the hall, filled with tables for people to sit down and eat, as well as a large dancefloor with a DJ, I realized it was gonna be a fun night with my friends. Fortunately, I found more of our lunch regulars coming up to me, and their dates of friends couldn't wait to shake my gloved hand or hug me.

"You're a star Ayla!" Ashley held my side.

I laughed at her.

"I still don't know how you deal with it," Tom spoke up.

"Well Tom," I chuckled at him, "If you want to be a famous rock star, you're gonna have to get used to all this attention."

"Nah," He shook his head, "I'll do the Daft Punk thing and just wear a robot head. Then I don't have to worry about TMZ knocking down my door."

"Right," Ashley teased him, "Because clearly, TMZ is SO interested in your mad skills. You know, you might want to focus on actually getting some talent before focusing on how to safeguard your private life."

"Hey," Tom pointed at her, "You don't need talent to be famous. Look at Justin Bieber!"

Ashley hesitated leaving her mouth open. Her eyes vacillated, "Okay," She finally said, "You got a point there, but still-"

Well someone with real talent was coming in just behind us. A number of screams enticed us all to turn around and see Louis, looking quite snazzy in a tux, his hair slicked back. But obviously, the attention came from his date: Jessie. She looked just as hot as ever in her sparking red dress, with an ankle length ruffled skirt. Obviously, she planned on dancing the night away. Strangely enough, she had gone back to wearing her elbow-length red leather gloves, but they suited her so perfectly. And with that signature red bow in her hair, her fabulous jewelry, Jessie got my vote for best dressed at Winter Formal.

"Well," Ashley said to me, "That didn't last long."

"It's okay," I told her.

Once Jessie walked in, with everyone flashing pictures, she waved to me. "Ayla! You're here."

"Hey Jessie," I gave her a hug.

"I thought," I asked her whispering into her ear, "You were coming with Fiona and the girls?"

"There was a change in plans," Was all she told me. I guess I wasn't a member anymore, so she couldn't divulge too much information. I wasn't the only one. Someone shouted out "Where's Fiona?" However, Jessie didn't pay this comment any mind. She did greet Ashley and Tom, as well as Chrissy and Mia. Strangely enough, Chrissy was more starstruck to meet Jessie, but tried to keep a cold demeanor.

"I like your gloves," Jessie said holding Chrissy's hand.

"I know," Chrissy said, "I love them so much!"

I rolled my eyes at that.

It seemed everyone was crowding around us. I said hi to Louis, he said hi to Tom and Ashley, introduced himself to the other members of our group, but me and Jessie seemed to be the main attraction.

"Hey," One of the hired photographers said, "Can we get a picture of just you two?"

Jessie and I posed, holding each other, almost like we were a couple. All kinds of flashes seemed to go off. She began speaking softly to me:

"Maybe we just form our own duo: Jessica and Ayla."

"How come your name gets to be first?" I asked her.

She laughed at that.

"Okay," Jessie broke the embrace and grabbed her boyfriend, "Now get me and Louis." As she grabbed her boyfriend she yelled, "Vamos!"

Louis was quite photogenic when paired with Jessie. There was nothing fake about them, they obviously cared for each other. There was no way Fiona was going to look as good paired with one of her beards, though personally, I thought Jessie and I made the cuter couple. The flashes went off, and looking at them, Jessie and Louis smiling so playfully, they were the couple of The Winter Formal. I was going to vote them as King and Queen, even if Fiona was a cinch to win.

Speaking of which, people were screaming like The Beatles had arrived. Jessie and I looked towards the entrance with annoyance. Our time in the sun was over. I could barely see over the huge crowd gathered to see The Fiona Five, or

rather Fiona Three. Even Mia pulled Chrissy over to the crowd to see The Fiona Five enter.

Fiona was first, dressed to the nines as usual, though she had her sunglasses on. Her arm was locked with that Anthony Daughton guy. I should have known she'd show up with him. Anthony was a rich snobby guy who I had the misfortune of meeting a few times. But he looked the part, like a young Frank Sinatra, in a expensive-looking tuxedo. His arrogance matched Fiona, but it was obvious that there was no love between them.

Jessie had her arms crossed. Louis came to her side holding her shoulder, I was on her other side. Ashley and Tom were behind us. We all watched as the stars of the dance walked in, like walking on the red carpet.

"Welp," Jessie said to me, "Dance is over. Fiona's here."

I kind of wanted to move away and hide, but Jessie convinced me to stand my ground. We were here first and Jessie didn't feel I should be chased away on Fiona's account.

Olivia was next with a guy who was pretty much a carbon copy of Fiona's date. Of course, Olivia was dressed in her finest golden-yellow gown. And then the new girl came after her: Kelsey Greenberg, definitely the black sheep of the three with her short black hair. She had some blonde jock-looking guy holding her shoulder, but Kelsey didn't walk with pride. She still had that posh Fiona-like stride and she was of course dressed in the finest gown Fiona had bought her, but she didn't look happy.

Over the past month, since we had the fight, it had gotten easier to talk to her. She was still my lab partner, and after a while, she smiled every time I came in. Our conversations

were less awkward, but we stuck to talk about music and mutual friends that didn't have the name Fiona or Olivia. But there was always an awkwardness between us. Kelsey wanted to take me to Maxie's one afternoon, but I told her I wasn't ready yet. She supported my decision and didn't push me. I invited her to lunch with me, Ashley and Tom, but she was always too busy with Fiona.

But I hated seeing her with these goofy guy. She shouldn't be going to the dance with some guy, she should be going with me. I didn't even know who this guy was, but I hated him for stealing my girl. Suddenly, the emotions from Fiona's betrayal were coming back. I had to calm myself. Deep breaths, I closed my eyes and told myself. My conscious breathing did help me feel better. But for a long time, Kelsey just stared at me in sadness.

With Jessie and I standing together, along with our friends, Fiona, Olivia and Kelsey came up to us with their dates.

"Bout time you got here, Fifi" Jessie playfully told her.

Even through her glasses, Fiona was staring a whole into me. I had barely come within an inch of her since the fight. Even in classes we had together, I stayed clear of her, changing seats if necessary. It was awkward and I always heard Olivia making snide comments. It was hard to ignore, but Jessie eventually put a stop to that. She intimidated me no doubt, but not tonight. I was here to have fun. Fiona may have been the most popular girl in school, but it wasn't just her dance.

"Jessica," Olivia spoke up with a smirk on her face, "You shouldn't be standing with… that girl. She's not part of the group anymore."

I think she was speaking aloud so she could let everyone around us know that I was out of the picture. I wasn't even sure how in the picture Jessie was. She rolled her eyes.

"Liv, let's just forget it tonight, all right?" She looked to me, "Can't we let bygones be bygones just for tonight?"

I looked back and saw Ashley and Tom, Chrissy and Mia seeing what I was going to do. I had my own posse now. There was no reason to be intimidated by Fiona anymore.

After sighing, I looked down and nodded, "I'm okay with that."

Olivia looked unsure, so she looked to Fiona. But Fiona stared at me blankly, which meant 'no.'

"C'mon Fiona," Kelsey spoke up.

Immediately Fiona and Olivia, as well as their dates, turned to her as if she had made a faux-pas. Kelsey looked a bit nervous. Fiona looked pissed.

"I-It's just for tonight, right Jessie?" Kelsey looked to the girl by my side.

"Listen to her, Fiona."

Before any more conversation could happen, people were asking if they could get a picture of The Fiona Five: Fiona, Olivia, Jessica, Kelsey and me. Even the hired cameramen wanted to see this quintet of beauty. I didn't want to, but if the rest of the group was okay with it, then fine.

"Why don't you," Olivia spoke up as best she could, "Get a picture of the six of us?" She was talking about The Fiona

Three and their statues for dates. Seriously, not one of them had said a word since then.

Everyone insisted on a picture of The Fiona Five, so it looked like we had no choice. Jessie took charge. She told Fiona to be in the middle, with Olivia and her on either sides of her. I would be next to Jessica to avoid being anywhere near Fiona, and Kelsey would be on Olvia's side. Once it was organized, in something of a semi-circle, everyone applauded seeing us together again.

Fiona and Olivia still posed with glamor as always. In fact, Olivia rested her head on Fiona's shoulder. Jessie was really mugging for the camera. But Kelsey and I were looking at each other. She smiled at me, and I just couldn't help but smile back at her. This ended up being the signature picture to capture us at the dance for the longest time:

Two lovers divided apart.

At some point I caught Jessie looking my way. Then she looked towards Kelsey. I don't know what she was thinking, but the gears in her head seemed to be turning. Before I could ask her anything…

"All right," Fiona stopped the photo-shoot, "That's enough." Of course, whatever the princess wants. Did I really ever like this woman?

She and Fiona grabbed the hands of their dates and walked towards their private table off in a corner.

"Jessie," Kelsey looked to her, "Are you sitting down with us?"

Staring Kelsey down, Jessie was still in deep through. But then she smiled with a playful, "Nah, I didn't come to a

dance to sit down."

With that, Kelsey walked away. She turned her head to look at me. I could tell Kelsey wanted to dance with me. We had worked on it. But it wasn't going to happen. Not with her watching.

"Espera Jessica," Louis held her shoulder, "I'd like to get some food first."

"Yeah I'm with you," Tom added.

"We just ate!" Jessie whined.

"Just a quick bite," He gave her a quick kiss, but Jessie looked a little disappointed, "Esta bien?"

"Si," Jessie agreed.

Louis and Tom went to go the craft service table. Ashley followed her date.

"I hope they don't have any of that fancy-shmancy grub," Tom said.

"I'm with you there brother," Louis said.

So once again, it was just me and Jessie.

"Well," She said looking at the dancefloor which wasn't as crowded as we thought it would be. Looking back at me she smiled, "You thinking what I'm thinking?"

I smiled too and took her hand, "You sure Louis won't mind?"

"I don't care if he minds or not," Jessie dragged me to the dancefloor.

Going right up to the DJ, who was playing some top-40 dance track, she yelled as loud as she could throwing some money his way: "Gimme a funky disco track, por favor!"

Immediately, the DJ launched into Donna Summers' "Bad Girls."

"Olé!" Jessie jumped up in the air hearing the sounds of funky guitars coming over the speaker. I couldn't help but jump up in excitement too. Once that bass kicked in, we were all over each other, kicking our legs into the air. Our hands were locked together, our eyes together even as Jessie spun me around. She whispered in my ear exactly what we would do, and from then on I just followed her. Of course we couldn't help but chant out the opening. Jessie and I were dancing back to back as we sang over the speakers:

"Toot Toot... hah... Beep Beep!"

She looked over her shoulder and gave me a smile that only Jessie Perez could give me. I couldn't help but smile back and laugh.

Immediately everyone started screaming for us. I could just imagine Fiona and her minions being forced to look our way and see what all the excitement was about. The crowd just gathered around us. I saw Chrissy and Mia watching us with glee. I'm sure they couldn't wait to start dancing themselves, but right now everyone wanted to just cheer us on clapping their hands. They were chanting too:

"Jessi-Ca! Ay-La! Jessi-Ca! Ay-La!"

Jessie was pretty much mouthing all the lyrics to the song as she spun me around. She was already on fire, showing off

her incredible moves. I always felt Jessie could have been a professional dancer.

But even as we danced, having fun, I sort of felt a melancholic feeling. I had grown to love Jessie Perez. She really was the most real out of The Fiona Five. She was there for me in my darkest hours, and a lifelong loyal friend. But she had found genuine happiness in her relationship with Louis. And I was honestly happy for her. I couldn't blame her for liking him, even I had to admit he was handsome. Seeing him play that night really amped my respect for him. But it meant I could never have Jessie as a lover. As close as danced with each other, I was just a placeholder until her man came back.

"Sacudelo Ayla!" She called for me to shake it up.

We continued to dance, but Jessie began to lead me off the dancefloor, still moving to the music. Everyone seemed to get up from their chairs and tables watching me and Jessie continue on our way. She passed right by Louis at the food table closer towards the corner table where Fiona was. My confidence began to die down.

"Jessie," I tried to gather her attention.

"Just follow my lead," She told me.

By now, she was right in front of their table. Fiona and Olivia tried to look away like were ignoring us, but Kelsey was looking right at me laughing. Their fake guy-friends were looking, but didn't seem to know if they were supposed to enjoy the sight or not. I didn't realize that a whole crowd of girls had followed us to this table. It's like the whole school was behind us.

And then Jessie, in rhythm, just jumped clear onto Fiona's table. This certainly caused Fiona and Olivia to jolt in surprise. Olivia was yelling at her, but Fiona was holding her head in annoyance.

As I stood there looking up at my dance partner, Jessie crouched down right in Fiona's face and lip-synched with the song:

"Now don't you ask yourself... who they are..."

As she came to a long vocal note, Jessie seemed to sing it out-loud holding her arms out. Then Jessie jumped off the table, spinning herself in the air like a somersault, and sticking the landing on her feet. She was like a gymnast! I'd never seen her do that before.

Nevertheless, a huge wave of applause came for her. I held my hair in amazement, and could see Kelsey doing the same. She practically jumped up from her chair and laughed. Even Olivia, to her credit, seemed quite surprised at this. Fiona, she was just annoyed by it. Even her own date let out a impressed, "Wow!" But got a stern look from his master. So he frowned and looked down at the table.

Jessie stood there for a while with her hands in the air. Then she looked over to Kelsey, who was now standing up. Jessie danced over to Kelsey and grabbed her hand.

"Wait, Jessie," I barely heard Kelsey say, but her words went unheard.

Holding Kelsey's hand and grabbing my hand at the same time, Jessie led us back to the dancefloor.

Kelsey looked to me, "What are we doing?"

"I don't know," I told her smiling, "I'm following her."

This time around, all our friends followed us: Ashley, Tom, Louis, Chrissy and Mia. They stood on the outer rim of the dancefloor watching the three of us.

Jessie finally turned around still leading us in the middle and asked if we remembered a specific choreography from dance class. I knew it of course, but Kelsey looked nervous.

"C'mon baby!" I grabbed her hand, "Let's do it!"

Kelsey's jaw dropped for a brief second. At that moment, I thought to myself, did I just say that? But I wanted to make this choreography happen. Fortunately, Kelsey nodded her head reluctantly and we stood behind Jessie, forming a triangle. Kelsey looked to me, but I motioned to Jessie as if to say 'Follow her.'

Jessie was just holding her hands to her hips, which were moving side to side. We followed her lead and fortunately Kelsey was okay with it.

Then Jessie looked back to us and counted off: "Uno, dos, tres, quatro!"

As soon as we started our rehearsed dance choreography, which started off with side-steps, the crowd went wild for us. Sure enough, when I looked at Kelsey, she was doing it. Maybe her self-confidence wasn't totally there, but she could follow Jessie and I fine. Well now it was gonna get more complicated. It was like something out of West Side Story. A lot of quick turns, kicks, dips, maybe this wasn't the best routine to involve Kelsey with. However, she mostly got everything right, not bumping into me at all. I guess those dance lessons paid off.

Jessie was pretty much singing the song aloud while dancing, and encouraged others to do so. So I sang with her:

"Bad girl, sad girl, you're such a dirty bad girl

Beep-Beep..."

Jessie led a slow foot drag across the floor before stomping on the: *"Uh-huh!"*

"Bailemos todos!" Jessie yelled at the top of her lungs, inciting everyone to dance. As the floor swarmed with practically everyone in school.

I couldn't help but jump over to Kelsey and give her a hug, "Girl, you can dance!"

"Thanks Ayla," She chuckled, though seemed very uncomfortable. So she very slowly tried to make her way off the dancefloor without saying anything to me. I actually felt kind of hurt that she was just leaving. I was having fun being with her again, but she had to run off to Fiona. I guess it would just be me and Jessie again.

"Uh-uh," Jessie came to her, "Where do you think you're going?"

"Oh," Kelsey said, "I think Fiona's waiting for me-"

"No no no," Jessie took Kelsey's hand and dragged her over to where I was and connected our hands, "Bailemos muchachas!"

As soon as she said that, the song changed. While the chorus sounded like Diana Ross' "I'm Coming Out," the song was actually Puff Daddy's "Mo Money Mo Problems."

Seemed like an appropriate song to dance to, with both themes applying to us.

Once Jessie walked away, I looked Kelsey in the eye, we just sort of stared at each other for a moment. Without Jessie to bring us together, we were alone as a couple again.

"Do you really want to dance?" I asked her, "Cause you don't have to."

Kelsey blushed, "Actually I do want to. I just wasn't sure if you wanted to."

I smiled, "Well," I hesitated and looked over my shoulder:

Jessie was dancing over to her boyfriend on the sidelines, grabbed him by the tie and led him on the dancefloor. He seemed more than happy to dance with his girlfriend. Suddenly all the attention was on them and no longer on us. Even Ashley, grabbing Tom as her dance partner, followed Jessie.

Turning back to Kelsey, I chuckled, "As you can see, my dance partner is preoccupied."

"That's okay," Kelsey still looked nervous, "Skip doesn't even dance. I don't think any of them do."

"Skip is your date?" I asked her.

Kelsey rolled her eyes, "If you even want to call him a date."

I shook my head at the absurdity of the situation. Here was Kelsey, a beautiful girl, who's supposed girlfriend (Fiona) didn't want to go to the dance with her, who's fake date wouldn't even show her a good time. It seemed all she had

was her ex-girlfriend. But I didn't have a partner either. So I guess we were stuck together:

"Well," I held her hand up, "Let's see what else you remember from dance class."

Kelsey laughed nervously.

I just led her into a simple routine, all while keeping her gloved hands encased in mine. Her confidence grew, and she even spun me around for a while. It wasn't as awkward as I though it would be, and Kelsey had definitely improved. But there wasn't that same spark like those few times we danced together as a couple. The way our eyes were staring at each other, there was still something there. Was it love? I shouldn't think too much into it, I thought to myself.

For a while, we continued to dance, though also had to witness Jessie and Louis hogging the attention. There were so many people, I couldn't see Fiona or Olivia in the back, I didn't care anyway. I completely lost track of time or how many songs we had danced to.

"Okay everyone," The DJ came on, "Now it's time to slow things down. Grab your partner and enjoy yourselves."

The song was The Bee Gee's "How Deep is Your Love." It was slow and seductive, not the best song for an ex-couple.

"Uh oh," Kelsey laughed, "Slow one."

I chuckled too. Dancing with my ex-girlfriend to upbeat stuff was fine, but this intimate ballad was a whole other ballpark.

But I didn't get a say in the matter, because Kelsey's fake date, Skip, came up to us.

"Hey Kelsey," He said, "Fiona's asking for you."

"Oh," Kelsey turned her attention to him, "What does she want?"

"I don't know." Skip didn't seem like the brightest bulb in the bunch. He was just an errand boy sent by Queen Fiona to collect her subject.

Kelsey looked at me apologetically, but I waved my hand, "It's all right. I understand."

Nodding nervously, Kelsey smiled and said, "That was fun though. Dancing."

"Yeah," I put on a brave smile.

Skip led her away and I was left alone. Watching her being dragged away, looking over her shoulder back at me, like she didn't want us to separate, it hurt me. As the music played, I just sort of wandered on the dancefloor aimlessly looking down at my feet. When I looked up, it seemed like everyone had a date. Jessica had Louis, Ashley had Tom, Chrissy had Mia, everyone had someone but me. They didn't even look to see that I was alone. I felt lonely. It was a familiar feeling. I had dreams of bringing two different girls to this dance, Brenda and Kelsey, and both had left me for different reasons.

Nobody single even came up to me asking to dance. Or maybe they did, I just seemed to tune the world out, only hearing the somber music. I walked to the bar just on the side of the dancefloor, opposite of where the tables were.

"Just a soda please," I told him placing my gloved hand over my eyes.

"Sure," the bartender told me.

I wanted to cry. Just a year ago, I was the newest member of The Fiona Five, I was popular, I had a gorgeous blonde girlfriend. Just a month ago, I was a senior member of the group going out with the new cute diamond in the rough member. Now, I was by myself, no girlfriend, no date. That's the way I came to the dance, that's the way I was going to leave.

Maybe I should just leave now, I thought to myself.

The bartender brought me my drink and I practically chugged it down, "Thanks!" I told him.

"You all right?" He asked.

"Never better," I lied and wandered through the dancefloor. It was like I was on this lone spotlight and the entire crowd around me was blurred out.

But in the spotlight, looking at the floor, I saw some familiar looking shoes approach me. I slowly looked up to see a lavish purple dress, some purple gloves, short black hair: Kelsey. She was back.

"You know what," She said, "I want to keep dancing."

There was still no illumination aside from her, as far as I could see.

"Is that okay?" She asked me looking concerned.

Kelsey was so beautiful. And the look on her face, that scared, awestruck look, was the one I fell in love with. I smiled and hopelessly took her hands. Could I really dance

with her to this music? Were we okay? It still didn't feel right.

"What about Fiona?" I asked her.

Kelsey shook her head, "She doesn't dance as well as you do."

I chuckled at that, and just took Kelsey in my arms. She did the same. What the hell, I thought. Let us be together one last night. I shivered feeling a warm feeling return to my body. The spark was back. I could feel it. It couldn't have been perfectly timed with the lyrics of the song playing:

"How deep is your love, How deep is your love

I really need to learn

'Cause we're living in a world of fools

Breaking us down

When they all should let us be

We belong to you and me"

We really weren't dancing, we were hugging and running our gloved hands across our bodies. I finally put my head up from her shoulder and looked her in the eye. My blue gloved hand rubbed her cheek. I wanted her so badly.

"I have an answer for you," She said to me out of the blue.

"What answer?" I asked her.

Kelsey hesitated taking a deep breath, "That day you asked me, would I leave The Fiona Five for you…"

"Oh," I remembered.

Kelsey just stared at me. It was nerve-wracking, "I'd choose you anyday Ayla… I love you."

I sighed hearing that. It was hard to hear.

"I'm sorry for everything baby," She told me. She was sincere, "But… I just… I need to be with you. When I dance with you, my heart beats so fast."

"Kelsey," I felt tears gathering, I had to close my eyes to stop them. I grabbed my glasses and wiped the foggy frames with my gloved hands, "You can't tell me this now. Please!"

"Ayla," Kelsey grabbed my shoulders, "I love you and I want to be by your side for the rest of my life. I don't need wealth, I don't need to be in the in-crowd… I just need you. Please Aylee, give me another chance."

I was whimpering, tears were gathering as much as I tried to stop them. I hoped no one was watching us. I couldn't see anyway.

Fortunately, Kelsey squeezed me, putting my head into her shoulder, "Hey… it's okay. I don't have to answer me right now if you don't want-"

"Okay," I whispered.

Kelsey hesitated. I could feel her heart stopping, "Okay?" She had to clarify.

"Okay," I looked her in the eye. We held hands.

"So we're-"

I kissed her on the lips. Once again, there was nothing around us. Just the sound of the music and my girlfriend in front of me. Our lips together again aching for each other's affection after so long.

Breaking the kiss, I had to tell her, "Don't ever hurt me again like that." I was serious.

"I promise I never will," Kelsey said, "I promise, promise, promise!" She smiled.

"And," I looked down at the ground very softly, "We're going to go slow. Really, really slow."

Kelsey looked a little disappointed in that, but she nodded her head.

"I need a lot of time, and you have to regain my trust. So you'll have to wait to get intimate with me. Maybe months, maybe even a year."

Kelsey nodded still looking sad, "However long it takes Ayla. I'll wait for you. We'll go slow."

That's when I smiled at her, "I'm totally kidding with you. We're going to my place after this and fuck like rabbits!"

Kelsey laughed and bent forward, "Oh God!" When her head came back up, she had tears in her eyes, "I missed you so much."

"I love you," I told her.

"I'll love you always!" She said.

This time we kissed, picking up where we left off. There was no hiding it this time. Making out, and squeezing the life out

of each other, we were too lovers on the dancefloor; simple as that.

Our love for each other ran deep.

Chapter 29

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 29 - Jessica

Dios Mio! I turned around and saw my two girls kissing like mad. This seemed to take the attention away from Louis and I which was a nice reprieve. It was a sublime sight to see.

I looked back at my boyfriends and smiled. Speaking in Spanish I gloated, "Can I play matchmaker or what?"

Truthfully, I didn't plan on setting them up again when I got there. I would have been fine keeping them apart for the rest of their lives, but Ayla never stopped talking about her. Even if she said she was over Kelsey, Ayla was infatuated with her. Kelsey was the same. Everytime we saw each other, she'd ask me, 'How's Ayla doing?' And Kelsey saw her almost every day in class! Even broken up, these two were so connected to one another.

The final meeting here at the dance with Fiona and Olivia in the picture; well that was just the final straw. I wanted to get on the dance-floor to shake my culo and show off how awesome I was, but if I could do a good deed and somehow entice Kelsey and Ayla to try being together again at the same time, that would make for some extra karma points. So I just sort of improvised; put Fiona and Olivia in their place too.

I have a confession to make: When I did that spin-jump in the air, I was afraid I was going to break my neck. But I had to commit, and thankfully it worked. At that point, I had Kelsey's attention. Of course, once I left them alone and started dancing with the man I came to dance with, it was all up to them. And my chicas did not disappoint me. Maybe now they were going a little too crazy with their make-out session. But I wasn't going to stop them. Besides, I had my own date to focus on.

"That was sweet," Louis smiled at me, holding me for the slow dance.

I looked up at the ceiling, "If I can bring those two together, just imagine what I'll accomplish in my political career!"

Louis laughed, "You're gonna solve world tensions by making world leaders dance with each other?"

I pointed at him going along with the joke, "Now you're thinking!"

"I guess that could work," Louis smiled. I was glad he was with me on this. "You should hire S.O.S. to perform for your campaign."

"Nah," I said, "I'll get a real band."

"Oye!" He teased and laughed at me.

On that note, I just danced with Louis silently, rested my head along his chest and took a deep breath. "Estoy cansda," I told him I was tired.

"I bet," He replied in Spanish, "We could duck out early if you want? Go back to my place?"

"Oh no," I said smiling, "We're dancing till they tell us to stop!"

Louis sighed and nodded his head, "Whatever you'd like my dear."

I lifted my head up and kissed him. It certainly made me feel rejuvenation after that work out I just had. But then I saw his eyes look forward and he broke this kiss.

"Looks like your friends have company!" He told me in English.

I turned around and saw Fiona, Olivia and their three henchmen moving towards Kelsey and Ayla like the mob. Fiona motioned for the blonde jock-looking one to move on Kelsey.

"Mierda!" I broke contact with Louis seeing what was only going to turn out to be a huge blow-up.

Kelsey and Ayla were still kissing when the guy grabbed her arm and pulled her away silently. It was actually quite disturbing to see. Even more deplorable was how Fiona wasn't willing to do her own dirty work. Well, Ayla hit her once, she obviously wasn't going to make the same mistake again.

"Hey!" Kelsey said trying to shake his arm off, "Skip, let go of me!"

"C'mon Kelsey," He said, "You need to come back to the table."

Another one of the henchmen came over to her and grabbed her other arm, and Kelsey struggled. Ayla ran over

towards them and pushed Skip so hard, he was knocked onto the floor.

"Get the fuck off of her!" This caused the other guy to let go of her. Ayla wrapped her arms around Kelsey, and her girlfriend held onto her like a scared child.

Suddenly everyone stopped dancing, stepped back and watched this scene unfold.

"No mames!" I muttered under my breath. I looked to Louis apologizing with my eyes.

"Do what you gotta do," He told me.

By now, Fiona had stepped up to Ayla talking at a considerable volume, "You are not stealing my girl from me Ayla!"

Ayla was shouting, "She my girlfriend! Get your own goddamn woman!"

Once again, Olivia just seemed to watching all this silently, as if it were some kind of science experiment.

"You said I could have her," Fiona yelled and tried to take hold of Kelsey.

"you want another black eye?" Ayla held up her fist.

"Hey," Kelsey let go of Ayla and stepped back, "Excuse me! I am not someone's personal property! Everybody stop!"

"You tell her Kelsey!" Ashley, looking at the scene, yelled out. It also looked like Tom was going to get involved.

By this point, I had gotten in the middle and started laughing as loud as I could. I put on a fake smile and started

addressing the crowd, "Ha ha ha! That was great everyone. We're gonna kill when we perform that scene next spring." I put my finger up and addressed everyone, "I hope you all come see it."

I don't think a lot of people were buying it, but it seemed to diffuse the situation. I had to do something before Ayla murdered Fiona on the dancefloor. Even the chaperones were coming over in concern.

"So tell you what," I said to my 'Sisters', "Why don't we go outside and rehearse some more? Shall we?"

"No," Fiona yelled, "We're going back to the table and-"

I grabbed hold of Fiona's arm and dragged her away rather angrily, "I insist!" This seemed to do the trick, and Fiona was at my mercy. Olivia came over to me and grabbed Fiona's arm away. However, she was leading her out of the hall. I looked back at Ayla who had grabbed hold of Kelsey again, "You two as well." They followed me.

The three chicos tontos were going to follow us, but I put my hand up and held them off, "Fiona Five business, back off!"

So walking outside the hall, away from prying eyes, it looked like The Fiona Five was back together again. But Dios Mio, was it in shambles. In one corner, Fiona Winston, the stubborn, possessive, airhead leader versus the once very meek Ayla Zhen, now a dangerous rival who looked like she was about ready to smash Fiona in the face. The prize was Kelsey Greenburg, the apartment dweller, who just a few months ago was considered too poor for the group. She looked down at her feet, feeling caught in the middle of all this drama. Then finally, there was Olivia Caldwell, who was just always impossible to read. I figured she would stand with Fiona, so I'd probably have to stand with Ayla. But for

now, I just wanted to be the mediator between this broken group.

I sighed, and looked at Fiona and Olivia, folding my arms, "Pinche Fresas!"

"It's cold out here!" Fiona whined rubbing the tops of her arms. Well, when I'm right, I'm right.

"You want me to go get your coat?" Olivia asked.

"Nobody's going anywhere," I said, controlling the group for once. "You have gloves on, a little cold isn't going to hurt anyone."

"No it can," Fiona told me, "I read about it." Fiona started going on about something she read that had to do with hypothermia or whatever. All I heard coming out of her mouth was 'Blah blah blah.'

Ayla shook her head, still not letting go of Kelsey. The way she was holding her, I didn't think she'd ever let her go again. She just interrupted Fiona's rambling: "Look, I agree with Fiona. It is cold out here. So, I'm taking my GIRLFRIEND back inside and finish the dance."

"Your Girlfriend?" Fiona argued with her, but didn't move towards her, "She's my girlfriend!"

"The hell she is!" Ayla snapped at her. Kelsey was beginning to look uncomfortable even if she was still clinging to Fiona's arms, "I didn't see you dancing with her. I didn't even see you walk in with her. You walked in with that guy. What kind of girlfriend are you?"

"I made you Kelsey!" Fiona said, "I bought that dress for you, I bought your gloves, I paid for your makeover-"

"You didn't even want her in the group at first," Ayla yelled, "I loved her when I first met her."

"No I did!" Fiona spat back.

I looked at Olivia, still watching everything silently. Well I'd had enough so I whistled and shut everyone up. "Callense!" Everyone now looked at me, "You know when I came to the dance tonight, I didn't plan on being the official referee behind The Fiona Five drama pageant."

"Jessie," Kelsey let go of Ayla, after silently assuring her all was okay, and walked towards me and Olivia, "Look, if everybody's arguing over me. Can I speak?"

I nodded my head as did Ayla, but Fiona still kept talking:

"Kelsey, you said you loved me. Are you really going to surrender our relationship and everything I've done for you for someone who clearly can never hold a candle to me?"

Ayla snorted in anger, but she stayed silent looking at her girlfriend.

Kelsey looked back to Olivia, who seemed to be looking down at her shoes. She lifted her head catching Kelsey's eyes, "Olivia, you've been silent this whole time."

"That's a first," I chuckled.

"Silencio!" Kelsey told me somewhat forcefully. Then minded her manners, "Please."

I wasn't angry. I recognized how frustrated Kelsey must have been with all this drama over her going on.

"Olivia," She said, "Where do you stand on all this?"

Fiona looked to Olivia and nodded, as if to say, 'Back me up here.'

But Olivia looked a little conflicted. She still seemed to have some maniacal plan in her head, as she always did. She spoke softly, "Honestly," she hesitated, "I think at this point, Kelsey needs to decide what she wants on her own."

Fiona's jaw dropped. I think this was the first time Olivia ever really went against her wishes. I was glad she did. It was the most real thing she had ever done in her life. I was actually impressed by that. But Fiona, shaking from the cold, eyed all four of her 'sisters' standing before her. I think we broke something in her.

"So you're against me too?" She told Olivia.

I could see Olivia drop her head regretting what she did. I had never seen her like this before. I decided to back her up for once, "Nobody's against you Fiona. You're just-"

"Jessie," Kelsey put her hand up, "Can I speak please?"

I motioned for her to take over. She was the only one who could end this scene. Kelsey looked to Ayla, who had a look of concern on her face. But it was Fiona who looked like she was about to start breaking down in tears. Kelsey held her purple leather gloved hands into Fiona's pink ones.

"Fiona," She spoke sweetly, "I do care for you. I care for you a lot. You're an incredible, beautiful woman. You took me into your group, into your life. You've showed me a lifestyle that I had only dreamt about all my life. I appreciate everything you've done for me, and I'll never forget it."

Kelsey dropped her head sighing. Fiona's bottom lip was trembling.

"But…" Kelsey hesitated and looked her in the eye, "I… I guess I'm really not cut out for this Fiona Five business. As much as I've loved being Kelsey of The Fiona Five, I feel like I've lost part of my own identity, always being judged for what I do." She looked back to Olivia, "Olivia you weren't wrong. You were right from the beginning. I'm not Fiona Five material."

Fiona looked to Olivia with devil eyes.

"Don't tell her that," I chuckled, "It'll go to her head."

"Shut up!" Olivia said to me taking all this in. She was really listening to every word Kelsey said.

"And honestly," Kelsey continued, "I feel like you don't really care for me. We haven't been on a date in a long time, you just sort of dumped that Skip guy on me for tonight. It's like I'm just one of your toys and I have to do whatever you say."

"That's not true!" Fiona now had a tear come down her eyes.

"Let me finish!" Kelsey snapped at her, letting go of her hands. She walked over to Ayla and grabbed her hand, "Ayla was kind enough to let me in her life. She cares for me, and… I care for her. I love her and… and I just want to be with you." Kelsey was now bringing her attention back to Ayla.

The two grabbed hold of each other. Meanwhile, Olivia walked over to Fiona and held her arm. The blonde princess was clearly hurt by everything that was going on.

"I think we need to let her go Fiona," her best friend said.

"I second that," I spoke up.

"So now I've lost two members!" Fiona whined, "Actually three members if you count Brenda!"

"Fiona," Olivia grabbed hold of her, "It's okay. We've been three before, we can be three again."

"No!" Fiona was stubborn, "I refuse to accept this! This is bullshit!" She was screaming now.

"You have no one to blame but yourself Fiona," Ayla spoke silently towards her.

"Who do you think-"

Fiona didn't get to finish her thought because Ashley came outside and got our attention, "Oh My God! What are you all doing out here? They're about to announce the Winter Formal King and Queen."

Of course, I rolled my eyes. Fiona was always the favorite to win, so I really didn't feel like sticking around for it. Winter Formal Queen would be given out to the most popular girl in school. And that was always Fiona.

"Jessica," Ashley said to me, "Louis is looking for you." She immediately ran back in.

Fiona sighed, "Every cloud has a silver lining." She grabbed Olivia's hand, "I need to go find Anthony."

While Ayla was holding Kelsey's hand, she let go of her and ran over to hug me.

"Thank you Jessie," She gave me a kiss on the lips. Fortunately Kelsey knew it wasn't anything to be jealous over, "Thanks for backing us up there."

"Of course," I told her, hugging her back, "I said I would, didn't I?"

"You did," Ayla smiled.

"Yeah," Kelsey came up to me, "Thanks Jessie."

I pointed my finger at them, "Tell you what, when you have your first child together. You can name her after me!"

Both of them laughed and we walked into the hall. I found Louis waiting for me by the edge of the dancefloor.

"There you are," He grabbed my hand, "Everything okay?"

"Sort of," I told him.

"You're cold," He said to me, and warmed my shoulders up with his hands.

Everybody was now looking up at the announcer, standing next to the DJ. I was with Louis, Ayla and Kelsey were next to me, Ashley and Tom not far. But Fiona and Anthony, as well as Olivia and her date, were up from awaiting Fiona's inevitable win. Skip seemed to be at the bar realizing he had lost his date. Serves him right, pendejo!

"And your picks for this year's king of queen are…" He looked at an tablet, as everybody prepared for the answer. Louis grave me a little kiss on the top of my head while we waited. That felt nice.

"Jessica Perez and Louis DeAnda!"

An immediate roar of applause went off. Some kids were screaming their asses off. As for me, well I was completely shocked. Louis smiled and kissed me, but my eyes must

have been bulging out of their sockets. I was Winter Formal queen? I was the most popular girl in school?! It was a childhood fantasy come true.

Ayla, Kelsey, Ashley and Tom were all cheering for us and pushing me to go up and accept the crown. Louis was pretty embarrassed, but he enthusiastically pulled me up there. On our way towards the stage, I passed by Fiona. The look on her face was unforgettable. She looked like her entire world had come crushing at her feet. I winked at her and just kept moving.

Jumping on stage, standing next the announcer, I was handed a princess crown, sash that said "Winter Formal Queen" and a bouquet of flowers. Louis was giving a king crown and "Winter Formal King" sash. I'm not sure how much he was enjoying this, but I was as happy as a girl in a candy store. I could see so many friends and acquaintances from school cheering for me. I felt like I had just won a Ms. America pageant.

"Jessica," The announcer said looking at his tablet, "Votes for you were almost unanimous, as were the comments. You dominated the dancefloor. You as well Louis."

"All her!" He laughed holding onto me, "I guess Ayla too."

"Speech! Speech! Speech!" Everyone chanted.

I took the mic and thanked everyone: "Muchisimas gracias a todos!"

Everyone screamed in excitement. Everyone except two blondes in the front. Fiona put her hands over her head and quietly exited the dance-floor. Olivia followed her, but their two dates looked a bit lost. I watched Fiona walk as far away until I couldn't see her anymore. Rather I focused on Ayla

and Kelsey who kissed each other, and even Ashley and Tom gave each other a kiss on the lips. Dios Mio!

"Uh…" I hesitated, "For once I'm at a loss of words." Everyone laughed and I looked to my date.

"Don't look at me," He said laughing, "You're the orator."

I laughed. Honestly I can't remember what I said, I probably said something about feeling blessed to be around so many good people and friends, probably spouted out in spanish and english. At the end I said, "And now, if you excuse me, I'm gonna dance with my man!"

The DJ started playing, "Vivir Mi Vida" by Marc Anthony. He probably picked that song because I was latina, but the crowd was happy with the selection. So I put my flowers down, took Louis' hand in my red gloves and went with it. I always wanted to dance on a stage, but honestly, I wasn't too happy with all the attention after a while. Louis followed me well, but I wanted to be back on the dance-floor with everyone else. I could also see Kelsey and Ayla already dancing with each other again. Kelsey didn't have any fear dancing this time. Ayla looked happy.

I considered doing another one of my spin-flips clear off the stage. Anytime I did this, I was always nervous. Fortunately there was enough space for me to do it safely. I whispered into his ear exactly what I played to do. So he jumped off the stage first, clearing the area. Now it was my turn. I jumped into the air, spun around, and stuck the landing, with Louis immediately grabbing my sides. Everyone cheered like crazy when I did this. I lost my crown in the process, but I didn't care. Ashley caught it and offered it to me, but I waved her off and went into a mambo with Louis. Ayla and Kelsey came by our sides and danced as well.

Coming into the dance, I knew there was going to be drama. But everything worked out somehow. Sure, Fiona probably felt raw about everything that happened, but it was time for a change.

Back in middle school, I practically surrendered my popularity title to be part of Fiona's group. I felt I could never live up to her standards of beauty and popularity, no matter how hard I tried to connect with people or impress them with my dancing, speaking, comedic quips, whatever. But it finally paid off. It was just the first step in my long successful life to come up. I wouldn't forget my roots or my friends along the way.

I was now the most popular girl in school, I had a boyfriend, my best friend had her girlfriend back. Todo va bien!

Chapter 30

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 30 - Olivia

Everything worked out exactly the way I had planned. As if there was any doubt…

The Fiona Five had disbanded. No longer was I the outsider of the group with everyone else shutting me out. Brenda was long gone, her violent ex-girlfriend Ayla was out of the picture and Kelsey made her choice to follow Ayla out. Even Jessica at this point would be too caught up in her short-lived popularity to want to stay with our group. To think just because she won some dance contest, she even had a chance to take over Fiona's popularity. What an idiot!

So now, it was me and Fiona… alone! Just as I wanted it.

There were some snags on the way. Kelsey played into my hands just as I wanted her to, but getting her away from Fiona and back with Ayla was the tough part. Fortunately, Jessica took care of that for me. I guess she turned out to be useful after all. I wanted to kill her when she told Fiona I was in love with her. I had to explain to Fiona afterwards that she was just being a bitch. Fortunately no harm done in that regard.

I was not expecting Ayla to become violent with Fiona. That scared me. But it worked out, because Ayla was gone

forever, and I got to console Fiona. Her scar healed, no one died.

That hardest part came when I had to go against her at the dance. If I had backed her up and said Kelsey should stay with her, Kelsey might agree with me. I needed them to be apart. Stupid Jessica had to ask me what my opinion was. I wanted to stay silent. So I was forced to go against her, and when Fiona said I was against her, I felt my heart being crushed. But I tried to win back sympathy points with her and after that stupid decision to make Jessica Winter Formal Queen, proving this school simply has no taste, I was Fiona's shoulder to cry on.

It was time to console her again, which turned out to be difficult. While I was pretty much her last resort for comfort, she started blaming me for everything. Can you believe that? I was supposedly responsible for all the drama that came from this, and I went against her, and I guess I was the reason she didn't win Winter Formal Queen too. What a crock. She was hysterical, but I had to let her vent in the car. I just stayed silent and kept my arms around her as our stretch limo drove us back to the mansion.

Once we got home, most of her maids had left, with only a doorman at the front. They didn't expect her to be back this early. Fiona went right to her room, only turning on the nightstand lamp, and cried on her bed. The room was still a little dark, except by her bed. I guess that's the way Fiona wanted it. I half expected her to put on Mozart's "Requiem" to set the mood for this tragic scene. I sat by her side and silently rubbed her back. It was uncomfortable to see my childhood friend so upset, but I was actually elated to finally have her to myself again.

Having to share her with Kelsey, especially in the past month when they were "going out" was torture. Fortunately, I managed to steal her away plenty of times. Kelsey never really had a shot with Fiona.

"Do you want to finally talk about it?" I asked her after a long period of silence.

"No," She whined, "I'm mad at you. Remember?"

Why did I have to be the bad-girl here? Kelsey broke up with her, Jessica ridiculed her and Ayla punched her, yet I was the one taking Fiona's abuse. I wish I could tie all three of them up, throw them in this room and let Fiona whip them until she was satisfied… or they were dead… whichever came first. I would have done it too, but like I said, they inadvertently ended up doing everything I wanted them to.

"Fiona," I ran my yellow gloved hands through her hair, "You know I only have your best interest at heart. That Kelsey-"

"No you don't!" Fiona sat up and glared at me pushing my hand away. Her eyes were wet and her mascara had fallen down her face. "I hate you! I hate everyone! Everyone betrayed me."

I hate you? Such strong words. I knew she didn't mean them, "Fiona!"

"First," Fiona interrupted me, "Brenda leaves town, my oldest friend, my first crush. I've never seen nor heard from her again."

First crush? I knew they were close, but first crush? What was I? Chopped liver?

"I'm your oldest friend too," I told her trying to grab her hands, but she was moving them around so fast I couldn't.

"Not only did I have to share Brenda with that creepy Ayla… Bringing her into the group was a terrible mistake, and then Kelsey turns out to be a horrible person."

"Well," I gloated, "I warned you about that."

Fiona forcefully pointed her pink leather finger at me, "You also told me to go out with her. You're like a… a… something!"

"I never told you to go out with her," I was really doing damage control. How could she treat me like this. If it wasn't for me, Fiona would be nothing! "I said if you want her, go get her. You kept talking about her like she was Audrey Hepburn-"

"And now The Fiona Five is over," She cried again, "The school likes Jessica best. There's no loyalty anymore. It's all over for me."

"It'll never be over for you," I hugged her and brought my face to her face. I was holding her tight. Fortunately, Fiona grabbed onto me and allowed our cheeks to touch. "People are dumb. They see her doing gymnastics and they think, 'Oh Jessica Perez is so cool.' They can never true appreciate divine beauty."

Fiona sniffed her nose.

"We don't need the Fiona Five," I spoke softly. , "We have each other, just like the old days."

"Only without Brenda," She said.

"We went through this Fiona," I told her, "I cried so heavily for Brenda. But we have to look to the future. I said I would stand by your side for all time, and I meant it. I'll move in with you, if you want me to. I'll handcuff my yellow gloved hand to your pink gloved hand."

She was so beautiful even in this agitated state. I wanted her… well, I guess not wanted her. I'm still not gay and… going out with Fiona would be gay. So forget that.

"I'm sorry Olivia," Fiona whispered.

"It's okay my sister," I told her.

"I just feel so terrible right now," She let go of me and looked to the ceiling, "I feel like I could just die. Just… slit my wrists."

… Hearing her say that scared me. I shivered slightly, "Fiona," I grabbed her hands, speaking in a low tone, "Please don't say that. I'm serious. If anything ever happened to you, I…" I gulped. Just the mere though of Fiona hurting herself was giving me chills, "I don't know what I'd do."

"All right, fine," Fiona said. With her tone of voice, I could tell she regretted saying that. She was frustrated. We'd said things we hadn't meant before when we were frustrated.

Suddenly, I had a sudden impulse to give her a kiss on the lips. 'Go ahead' I told myself, 'She'll appreciate the affection.' But when I moved in to kiss her, she backed away.

"Okay," Fiona looked to me letting go of my hands, "I want to talk about this, Olivia. Is what Jessica said true?"

I felt so embarrassed. How could she back away from me like that. Ugh! That stupid Jessica, I could just kill her.

"What did Jessica say again?" I asked her playing innocent.

"That you love me," Fiona spoke forcefully. She had at least stopped crying.

"Of course I love you," I told her, playing dumb, "You're my sister."

Fiona rolled her eyes, "You know what I mean Olivia. Do you love me as a lover? As a lesbian lover?"

I snapped and rammed my fist on the bed, "How many times are you going to ask me that Fiona?! I'm not a fucking lezbo! Stop asking me that!"

"But you just tried to kiss me!"

"So what?" I yelled, "Because I kiss you, that means I'm a lesbian?" I grabbed her hands, "I am not a lesbian Fiona! I'm not a dyke! I'm not some boyish ugly girl who wears oversized jeans and watches DVDs of Buffy all the time!"

Fiona looked angrily at me, "That's what lesbians are to you? So I guess that makes me an ugly boy?"

God dammit. I shouldn't have said that. Fiona was at least bi-sexual, so she probably took it bad. "I-" I hesitated, "I didn't mean that-"

"I wish you were a lesbian," Fiona cried again, "Then I'd have someone. And even if you are, you're too stubborn to admit it."

... I was at a loss for words for a minute there. When I finally lifted her hands, I looked her in the eye, "What do you mean by that?" Did Fiona want me to be her girlfriend? Was she asking me to be a lesbian with her? If she did, it would be hard for me to agree to go out with her after all I said.

"You know what," Fiona dropped my hands, "I don't want to talk about this anymore. I'm done."

"Wait," I tried to grab her hands, "I need to know-"

"Enough!" She cried and scowled down at the bed.

I heeded my princess' wishes and stayed silent.

"I need a drink!" She told me, and began to unzip her dress.

"I can go get some wine from the game-room," I told her. But I stared at her trying to take her clothes off.

"Okay," She said, "I want to take a shower."

I went to help her undress, "I'll shower with you."

"No!" She stopped me, "I want to shower alone."

Anytime I stayed with her, she never showered alone. She hardly ever went to the bathroom alone. Why would she want to do this alone now? Did I really hurt her so bad saying those things about lesbians?

"Why don't you go get the wine and bring it up here."

"Okay," I said to her. I tried to kiss her, but she recoiled.

I sighed getting up and exited the room. Walking through the empty hallways tonight was a bit eerie. I never really

walked around by myself. It was like something out of The Shining.

'Keep yourself together Olivia.'

Obviously, I was still rattled from my conversation with Fiona. I wanted to get the wine quickly and get back to Fiona. As I approached the game-room, through these quiet ghost-like hall ways, I discovered that there was no one in it. I was really shaking. I kind of expected a ghost to appear. What was wrong with me? But no ghosts appeared… obviously!

When I opened the cabinet and got the bottle and glasses, I began to curse myself for saying what I said. Maybe it was wrong for me to generalize gays like that. I never liked them. Ayla was a lezbo, Kelsey was a lezbo, I rest my case! Although Jessica was straight, so that didn't help the case for heterosexual women either. But more importantly, the girl I knew my entire life, my sister, my soul-mate, she was a lesbian. Bi-sexual, whatever you want to call it. She liked women. And I may have just blown my chance to be her lesbian lover. I would have said yes. Fiona was the only girl I would say yes to. And she deserved someone who would stay by her side at all times. Someone who wouldn't leave her for someone else or run out of town. I was the one who would always stay loyal to her. I would love her unconditionally. I would please her every night.

Oh dear God… I'm in love with Fiona…

Why is this happening? Why can't we just be like sisters? She is my sister! I can't go out with my sister. That's gross! Do I… do I want to be her sexual partner? It's not like I haven't thought of that before. I've offered to touch her and giver her an orgasm.

"No…" I said to myself, "I'm not one of them…"

The way I explained it to myself was this… "It's just Fiona. That doesn't mean you're gay. Any straight woman would give away their principles to be with Fiona Winston."

But no, I thought. I blew it. I said lesbians were ugly men. It will take her a long time to forget about that.

I put rubber gloves on and held the bottle in one hand and two glasses in the other. Then I closed the cabinet and walked back through the long hallways of the mansion. The lights along the walls seemed to cast small shadows of me.

'Stop getting so freaked out,' I told myself, 'What are you five?'

After what felt like an eternity, I retuned to Fiona's room. It was the only room with light emitting from it. But it was still a bit dark with only that one lamp on. I put the wine bottle and glasses down on her desk. I moved her laptop computer out of the way. Grabbing another chair from the corner of the room, I moved it towards the desk.

Then I walked over the door where I heard the shower running. Turning the knob, I discovered it was locked. Strange… why was it locked? There was no one present to barge into her bathroom other than me. And even if there was, Fiona never locked the door, even if I asked her to. I turned the knob again. Sure enough it was locked.

This was turning into a very uncanny scene.

I knocked on the door, "Fiona?"

I expected a quick "What" to retort. But there was no answer.

"Fiona?"

I knocked on the door harder. It might have been muffled by my double gloves, but she must have heard it. What was going on in there? I began to feel this tingling sensation in my head.

"Fiona you locked the door!" I yelled through the crack in the door, thinking she would hear me better, "I have the wine."

Still no answer. I decided to let it go and go back to the desk. She'd come out when she felt like it. I guess even Fiona needed her time. Maybe she was washing her hair and couldn't hear me. I don't know, my mind was just trying to find excuses.

When I looked down, I discovered her pink leather gloves had been thrown on the floor. This scared me. She never threw her gloves on the floor. She didn't even take them off outside of the bathroom. Picking them up, my mind was really starting to tingle. Dark thoughts were creeping into my mind. I kept trying to convince myself that all was okay. Fiona was just taking a shower.

I actually took off my rubber and yellow leather gloves, leaving them neatly on the desk, and put on Fiona's pink gloves. I very rarely got a chance to wear them, because she always did. Oh, they felt so nice. So soft and the feeling of her warm hands were at the tips of my fingers. I loved wearing them. I rubbed them on my face, on the tops of my arms, on my breasts. Of course, I'd have to take them off before Fiona got out. She didn't like anyone wearing her gloves, and if she saw me wearing them, she'd be more frustrated then she already was. But I had time.

Truthfully, I was trying to calm myself down seeing as how Fiona had locked herself in the bathroom. So I picked up the glass of wine, and carefully took a sip. I didn't want to ruin Fiona's gloves. She was already mad enough at me. Then I turned on the TV. I wasn't really watching it. I just sat back at Fiona's desk, stared at the screen, holding a glass of wine in Fiona's pink gloves.

Suddenly time escaped me. The minutes began to drag by. I stared at her clock on the wall. The water was still running. The door was still locked. I was still sitting there sipping my wine.

"What is she doing?" I told myself.

Then a horrible thought came to mind: Did she hurt herself?

Her voice echoed: "I feel like I could just die. Just… slit my wrists."

That recent memory came back. It played in my mind like five times.

"Easy Olivia," I told myself, "Fiona wouldn't do that."

But then I imagined it. I could see it. Fiona took off her gloves because she was going to slit her writs. Even in death, she would never destroy her gloves. The water running her body…

Oh my God...

"No!" I held my head, "No she wouldn't do that."

I ran to the door and knocked as hard as I could, "Fiona!" I cried, "Fiona can you talk to me please?!"

Still no answer.

"Fiona please!" I cried, "Please just say anything. Anything at all. You don't have to say anything after that. Just tell me you're alive!"

No answer.

Tears began to well up my eyes. I was so scared. My heart was beating so fast. This can't be happening. This just can't.

I banged on the door heavily. "Fiona!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, "Fiona! Please! Don't do this!"

The silence was now killing me. My eyes were bawling.

I began to hopelessly turn the knob, hoping it would open. I even rammed my body into the door. It wasn't budging.

"FIONA!" I screamed.

This was all my fault. I did this to her. It was ALL MY FAULT! If it wasn't for me breaking up The Fiona Five, taking Ayla's side, or calling her an ugly boy lesbian, she wouldn't have killed herself.

'It's all my fault,' I kept telling myself.

"Fiona!" I screamed hoping she could hear me, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry baby! I'm sorry for what I said. I take it all back!" I was struggling to get my sentences out clearly, I was crying so heavily, "I'll be your girlfriend! I'll be a lesbian with you! I want us to be together! I mean it! Please!"

Dear God in heaven, please let her answer.

"It-it was all me! You understand! I caused the riff in the Fiona Five. I did because... because I love you! I just wanted

to have you for myself. Come out here so you can yell at me and tell me what a cunt I am! PLEASE! PLEASE FOR GOD'S SAKE FIONAAAAAA!"

I had never yelled so loud in my life. There was no one around who could hear me.

The image of what had transpired in there had come to mind. She had used a shaving razor to slit her wrists in the bathtub. Her blood was running down the drain, until she bled to death. Then her eyes closed, her mouth dropped and her body was… was motionless.

Or was she still bleeding, waiting for death to come! Jesus Christ!

I ran out of the room screaming "Help!" But of course no one was around. The stupid doorman up front probably had his earphones on. And even if I ran all the way to get him, it might be too late. Fiona could be dead.

So I ran down the hallway. I was hoping to see a glass-box with a fire-extinguisher and axe. I could use the axe to break down the door and save Fiona before she bled to death.

Goddamn it, why couldn't I run faster?! My love was bleeding to death!

But I stopped in some closet. There I threw a bunch of shit out of the way until I found something: a crowbar. I didn't think twice about it. I just ran back to the room. Unfortunately, I tripped on the carpet and fell flat on my face. The crowbar went flying across the room. I felt a bruise on my knee, but I couldn't stop for it. I just had to run with my injury, even at a limp. I picked up the crowbar and ran for the room.

There it was, the low illuminating light from the room. I silently prayed to God to let Fiona be alive. Hell, I prayed to Buddha, whoever, just please let my girl be alive. It was hard to see, my eyes were so full of tears. My leg was killing me. But when I got in there, I was going to break that door down, even if it killed me, and save my girlfriend from bleeding to death.

Please… please God let her still be alive.

The minute I set in the room, I saw a sight that made me scream!

"AHHHHGGHH!"

But it wasn't the nightmare I was expecting. The door to the bathroom was open, and Fiona stood there, completely naked, completely drenched to the bone. I guess I just wasn't expecting her to be there, that's why I screamed.

At a glance, she didn't look like she had injured herself. Her beautiful blonde hair, now dark and damp, covered her face. Her eyes were still red from crying so much. But, she was alive. I had dropped the crowbar to my side and stared at her for a brief second. But then I ran up to her practically attacking her:

"OH MY GOD!" I was screaming so loud, "WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!"

"I'm sorry," Fiona cried as I practically hit her shoulder.

"I THOUGHT YOU KILLED YOURSELF!"

"Of course I didn't kill myself!" Fiona yelled at me and hugged me as tightly as possible. I didn't care that my dress and gloves were getting completely soaked.

"Oh my god," I began to calm down slightly, but tears were really coming out after that stress-filled episode, "Don't ever do that to me again! I was so scared, I thought-" From then on I just balled my eyes out.

"I'm sorry," She said again, "I-I'm scared Olivia!"

"You're scared!" I yelled at her, "What were you doing in there? Why did you lock the door."

"I was scared!" Fiona said, "I told you!"

"Oh…" I just held onto her. This time I kissed her on the lips. I kissed her heavily, planting my lips hard on her's. She allowed it. In fact, she grabbed my head and pushed her lips onto me more.

From that point on, we fell onto the bed and just started making out. I had never made out with anymore like that before. It was a strange feeling, and having my heart speeding so fast from my fear, it was not the beautiful feeling I had expected. But I was doing it with Fiona. That was something.

I don't how much time went by until Fiona finally broke the kiss:

"Hey!" Fiona finally looked at my hands, "Why are you wearing my gloves?"

"You left them on the floor!" I scolded her, "You never do that!"

Fiona pulled the gloves off of me with such force, then pulled them on her still wet hands like her life depended on it. This actually eased my mind. Fiona was back to her usual self.

When she looked at the gloves, wet spots all over them, she complained, "You got them all wet!"

"It's okay," I told her, really annoyed by her tone, "They'll dry."

She then looked at my bare hands, "Where are your's?"

"On the desk," I pointed to them.

"You know the rules," Fiona adjusted her gloved fingers.

As I got up to get my gloves, I let out a sharp yelp of pain, feeling pressure on my bruised knee. I kind of crouched to the ground.

"What's wrong?" Fiona asked and crawled towards the edge of the bed.

"I injured myself trying to save you."

Fiona looked guilty, "Should I go get some ice?"

"No," I got up, "I'm fine."

Limping my way towards the desk, I picked up my gloves and limped back to the bed. Stepping off my knee was a relief. I began to draw my yellow gloves back on.

"Let me see," Fiona lifted my dress slightly. Out of frustration, she grunted, "Take this off!"

I ripped off my dress and threw it on the ground. Fiona took a look at my bruised knee, which was not too bad. I knew it would leave an ugly bruise, so I would have to wear a longer skirt to school the next day. But having Fiona there, taking care of me for once, it felt so healing. She commented about my bruise, but my mind was once again obsessed with what

might have happened to her. Tears welled up my eyes again.

"Fiona," I told her, "You have no idea how scared I was back there." I held her hands, "I really thought I'd lost you."

"I-" Fiona hesitated, "I swear I wasn't going to do anything Olivia. I just needed to be alone for a while; let the cold water... I don't know, meditate in it or whatever."

"But I was banging on the door screaming." I told her, "I know you heard that."

Fiona looked me in the eye. She spoke in her soft Marilyn voice, "Olivia," she stalled as her eyes penetrated me, "Did you mean everything you said? Do you really want to be my girlfriend?"

Of course she heard that. Now I was regretting having said what I said, even if it was in the heat of the moment. Then again, maybe it was my declaration of love that brought her out of the bathroom. What could I say? I angered her before with my lezbo comment, and if I said the wrong thing, she might lock herself in again.

When I closed my eyes, I felt my mind escaping. It had been going on overload these past few months trying to get Fiona to myself again. But this time, I couldn't think about it. I just had to do what felt right. Think with your heart Olivia, not your mind.

"Yes I meant it," I told her without opening my eyes. The words just came out, I didn't think of them, "You know how much I love you Fiona. I've loved you since we were kids... Jesus... we're not kids anymore. We're adults!" I let out a deep breath, "I- I guess I... I want to experience adulthood with you and... and if that means sharing... sharing

intimacy, then I want to do it with you. I just..." My mind started to second guess everything I was saying, "I don't know if any of this makes sense, but-"

Finally I opened my eyes. Fiona was in tears looking at me.

"If you'll have me," I said, "I'll be your girlfriend."

After an awkward silence that seemed to last forever, Fiona jumped onto me. Her lips were locked with mine. Then she ripped off my bra, my panties too. From then on... Well, I'm not going to say what happened. It's private! At least someone in this group has to have some sense of decency here.

But I'll tell you this. After a night of terror terror turned to a night of passion, it felt so good to wake up with Fiona in my arms the next morning, as my lover.

I got exactly what I wanted. I had Fiona all to myself!

Chapter 31

THE FIONA FIVE

by Sailor Jane

Chapter 31 - Kelsey

I pulled the first glove on my hand. It was a familiar feeling: that three-stitch pattern on the palm, the cuff that went up past my elbow, all encased in purple leather. I gently massaged the leather glove against my cheek. They still felt so sensuous after all this time. Once the gloves were on, I looked at myself in the mirror, rubbing my leather hands. They matched my purple dress. My eyes could see fine with contacts in. My black hair had grown out a little bit. I hadn't dressed this fancy in a while.

I was reminded of that first day I began a Fiona Five member. It was pure deja vu. This time though, another pair of blue hands came from behind me and massaged my chest. I saw her face emerge next to mine in the mirror. Still trying to keep our faces in my line of sight, I turned to kiss Ayla.

My days as a Fiona Five member were over. In fact, The Fiona Five itself was over. Fiona broke contact with me, Olivia wouldn't talk to me, I was basically back to where I was before. I was a poor apartment dweller, living in a cramped apartment with my dad. I had dreamt of going to Aspen that winter, but it didn't happen. No longer could I walk through the halls of school in a line of goddesses with people staring at me, wishing they could be me. Instead of dining in the finest restaurants, I cooked my own food at

home. Instead of spending my nights going to the opera in the finest clothes, I spent them at home watching TV in my pajamas. But I still had one companion with me most nights, my beautiful Ayla. And as long as I had her, I considered myself to be the richest girl in the world.

And both of us still hung out with Jessica all the time. Following Winter Formal, Jessica Perez was the new 'Queen Bitch on Campus' as she called herself. That's just the way high school worked. One minute, Fiona ruled the school with her sublime beauty alone, the next, Jessie commanded authority with her spirited personality and style. And with Ayla and I, even Ashley and Tom to a lesser extent, as part of her clique, our popularity had not dwindled. Jessie still flaunted her popularity, there was no helping it, but she also used her status to improve the school, often with Ayla by her side. When she appeared at a school rally with her best friend by her side, it was a couple that could never be matched… except when it came to romance. Ayla only had eyes for me.

While Aspen never came, during the winter break, the three of us took a trip to Cancun. She wanted Louis to go with us, but his band went on tour. So it was just the trio. Jessie took care of all the expenses for us, which was super cool of her.

"It may not be as epic as our summer trip," She told Ayla, "But it'll be fun with all three of us together."

Indeed it was, and spending winter on beautiful beaches, seeing my girlfriend in a bikini, even Jessie in one, it was marvelous. It's like I was still living the high life. And the three of us together… it was different. It was almost like we had a three-way relationship, even if I was only physical with Ayla. Maybe there was something to Fiona's philosophy about abandoning the boundaries of romance. When we

would share a bed with all three of us holding each other in our arms, it was beautiful.

Jessica was still in contact with Fiona, or Olivia, I wasn't sure who she talked to more. I knew Fiona had a breakdown after Winter Formal, but she was doing better, with Olivia still by her side. I would have liked to have another heart to heart with her, but our relationship was over. If that's how she wanted it, that's how it was going to be.

But now, after all the drama of The Fiona Five, after college testing over the Spring had ended, it was time for our Junior Prom. This time, I got to take Ayla for real.

"You look just as beautiful as you did the day I met you," Ayla said to me as we broke the kiss in the mirror.

"So do you baby," I hugged her.

Jessie had pulled up with her limo. She was alone at the moment. Louis' band was going to play a few songs for the prom, between the DJ's sets. I think Jessie was sad she couldn't go with her boyfriend, but she was understanding about his wishes to be a musician.

"Looks like it's Los Jessie Trios tonight," She smiled at Ayla and I.

"I still think The Ayla Three has a nice ring to it." Ayla laughed.

We walked in all three of us holding our arms together. Jessie in the middle, and Ayla and I on either sides of her. We were all dressed practically in the same dresses we had for the winter formal, including our signature long leather gloves. There was no strict-glove dress code this time, but plenty of attendees had worn them anyway.

The response we got walking in was unbelievable. We were celebrities.

"Hey," Tom flashed a camera in our face, "Say cheese!"

All of us smiled for our mutual friend. Ashley appeared beside him and place her arm on his back, "Sorry," She laughed, "Ever since he decided to drop the rock-star dream and take up photography, he's unstoppable."

"Damn right!" Tom looked to his date, "I'm gonna be a photographer rock-star. I'll make documentaries through pictures. I'm already working on my first project." He put his hands out spelling out the title, "Maxies: The Truth Behind their Cannibal Meat!"

"Name needs work!" I smiled at him. Jessie and Ayla laughed at my quip.

"I keep telling you," Ashley scolded, "You're imagining all that!"

And then walked in a sight I though I'd never see. It was Fiona and Olivia, walking into the hall. But this time, they were arm in arm, like a couple. Everyone cheered for them. While they both still looked like blonde goddesses, beautiful as ever, something was different. Fiona didn't have the same swagger in her walk, and Olivia looked much calmer. Everyone's phone cameras seemed to go off at the same time.

"Oh…" Ashley started.

Me, Ayla and Jessie finished her catch-phrase with her: "My… God!"

"They finally did it!" Jessie laughed.

"You been keeping something from us Jess?" I asked her.

Jessica simply went up to her old friends, who at this point were really showing off their affection for each other, without kissing. Their cheeks were together, Olivia ran her yellow gloved hand through Fiona's hair. The students just couldn't get enough of them.

Suddenly, I understood Olivia's motivation for the entire drama over fall and winter. She wanted Fiona, and she wanted all of us out of the picture. It was all her doing. At first, it creeped me out, knowing I had played into her hands. But then I had to realize love made people do crazy things. Ayla and I certainly had our snags, and she had to fight to get me back, literally. I had followed my heart, and in her own way, Olivia followed her own heart. So I guess I was happy for them… sort of.

"Well," I said to Ayla with a smile, "I guess we're not the most popular lesbian couple in school anymore."

Ayla chuckled, "That's a relief."

"Aylee, are you okay?" I asked her, putting my hand around her waist, "Last time we were all together you were-"

"Oh Kelsey," she rubbed my cheek, "Don't worry, I'm over it. It was months ago."

"Okay," I gave her a quick kiss.

We walked behind Jessie who folded her arms and shook her head, "So you both finally came out of the closet?"

Fiona had a smirk on her face seeing her old friend, "Nice to see you too Jessica."

Jessie put her hand on Fiona's shoulder, "I'm proud of you." Then she looked to Olivia, "Especially you Olivia. You needed this."

Olivia rolled her eyes.

"So," I spoke up to Fiona, "Are you two-"

"Yes," Olivia spoke up, "Let it be know to the whole world, that I am Fiona Winston's girlfriend."

Fiona smiled.

Ayla was laughing.

"What's so funny?" Olivia stared angrily at her.

"Nothing," Ayla stopped, "Way to come out, Ms. 'I'm not a lezbo.'"

"Okay okay," Ashley got a hold of us, and looked at Tom "You should all get a picture."

Tom looked at Ashley rather perplexed. Ashley never would have gone up to Fiona so comfortably at the beginning of the year. But her friendship with Jessie probably changed that. Ashley was now part of the 'in crowd,' as well as Tom.

"I thought you got a picture of us?" Olivia told her in an agitated state, "How many do you need?"

"No," Ashley said looking at all of us, "The Fiona Five."

"Hey!" Tom put his hands up, "Who's the genius photographer around here?"

Ashley gave him an evil-eye.

"Besides, The Fiona Five doesn't exist anymore," Fiona spoke very matter-of-fact like.

"C'mon Fifi!" Jessie put her arm around her, "One picture ain't gonna hurt!"

"Stop calling me-" Fiona hesitated, "Oh fine. Olivia?"

"Well, does that mean we have to get a photo with Ayla Zhen? She was kind of violent to us last time."

"Hey," Ayla lifted up her hands, "I'm willing to call a truce if you are."

"It's fine," Fiona closed her eyes, "Come here Ayla."

Wow, I thought. Fiona and Ayla had actually called in a truce. Forget Fiona breaking contact with me, I thought for sure we'd have a better chance of getting hover-boards before Ayla and Fiona made up. I kind of wanted to check outside to make sure pigs weren't flying or Hell hadn't frozen over.

So the picture ended up being on this stairway Tom had set up. Fiona was on the bottom stair in the front. Oliva and Jessica were directly behind her. And Ayla and I were on the top. As I passed by Fiona, she smiled at me.

"How have you been Kelsey?" She asked.

"I've been fine," I said, "Yourself?"

"I'm always fine," She said.

"I know," I chuckled.

Once we were in position, and Tom had his camera ready, Ashley came up to us and added some direction:

"Hey guys, hold your gloved hands up. Show them off. It'll be cute."

Fiona seemed intrigued by the idea, so she did in fact hold her hands up. All of us did the same. Ayla and I ended up holding hands at the top.

When we saw the picture later, it was just pure Fiona Five: Fiona was the beautiful blonde goddess, the center of attention. Olivia was her blonde follower with an attitude. Jessica was the fun-loving personality of the group, and Ayla and I were the two star-crossed lovers between it all. We all stood around Tom's camera looking at the picture.

"That's a great picture Tom!" I smiled at him.

"Yeah," Ayla agreed with me, "Maybe you have a career in photography after all."

"It's okay," Olivia said not wanting to show to much affection.

"I like it," Jessie said, "Make you send it to me okay?"

"Me as well," Fiona finally uttered.

Before we went our separate ways, Fiona came up to me, still next to Ayla, and put her hand on my shoulder, "Hey Kelsey," She smiled, "You look very sophisticated. Very stylish. I'm glad my influence hasn't been lost on you."

"Thanks Fiona," I gave her a hug.

"Have fun tonight," Fiona said to us both and walked with Olivia to her private table.

Ayla came over to me and held my side, "C'mon baby. Let's go before Jessie dominates the dancefloor."

While Jessie sought out Tom for a while, it didn't take long for her to come onto the dancefloor and steal all the attention away. I think everyone at the dance was waiting for her to do so. Of course, she had to do a duo with Ayla. It was a tradition. I was fine with it. Meanwhile, I looked over to Fiona and Olivia who just seemed to be sitting all by themselves sipping their drinks. It just didn't seem right that we were all having fun and they were all by themselves.

I walked over and smiled at them, "Since you two are a couple now, you should dance together."

"Kelsey," Fiona tried to speak to me like I was uneducated, "I've told you many times, I don't-"

"Hey," I cut her off, "I didn't used to dance, but I learned. And it's time for you two to learn!"

I practically grabbed their arms and dragged them to the dancefloor. They were both complaining to me, but I couldn't help myself. It felt nice to be ordering them both around for once.

"Dios Mio!" Jessie's crazy moves were interrupted when she saw Fiona and Olivia on the dancefloor. Ayla laughed too. "Kelsey you work miracles!"

"I feel awkward," Olivia said, "Everyone's looking at us."

Fiona nodded her head.

"Come on!" Ayla clapped her hands, "You can do it!"

After a lot of convincing, Fiona and Olivia did in fact try dancing. They were recreating some ball-room dancing waltz moves they learned. Clearly it didn't fit with the music, so Jessie had them follow her. Ayla and I could follow Jessie pretty easily, unless she did her crazy gymnastic routines. I don't think Fiona and Olivia ever got the hand of it, but at least they were dancing with each other. I think they finally left the dance floor once Jessica starting tumbling. It was pretty funny to watch them be scared off by Jessie's flips. Even Ayla tried a backflip, but she didn't sticking the landing so well. Fortunately I was there to catch her. She laughed it off. It was cute.

Then S.O.S. played for a little while, and of course Jessie had to get onstage and dance next to her boyfriend. There was no doubt these two would be the prom king and queen again. Meanwhile, Ayla and I had some alone time on the dance floor.

But the strangest moment by far came later in the night, as the night was coming to a close. Jessie finally decided to take a break, and Ayla and I went with her. Where did we sit down? At Fiona and Olivia's table of course. I think Ayla was a little hesitant about it, but she sat down further away from Fiona. But we started reminiscing, mostly between the four of them as I was still technically their new girl. It was fun just to hear them recount their summer trip, talk about Brenda, embarrassing stories, mostly from Jessie, it was almost like The Fiona Five had a brief revival.

I was also really happy when Ayla shook Fiona's hand as if to say 'No hard feelings.'

Louis had to pack up and bring his equipment back home, so Jessie stuck with us for the night. The three of us were going to get back in the limo and make a night of it, but

Fiona invited us back to her mansion for 'old time's sake.' We all agreed and got in the limo together. It was an awkward feeling to be back at her mansion after so long. I did miss it slightly. But walking around with Ayla holding my hand the whole time, we agreed that this just wasn't us anymore. Still, it didn't hurt to be living the high life just for tonight.

What did we do at Fiona's place? Play strip black-jack of course, without taking off our gloves. It really was a blast from the past. Jessie played bartender once again, making margaritas. She still put on her rubber gloves.

The key difference this time is that Fiona and Olivia were losing… badly.

"20!" I clapped my hands in triumph. I had the same amount as Ayla. We gave each other a high five.

"Dammit!" Fiona swore throwing her cards away. She very reluctantly remove her bra. All she had left on were her panties and gloves. And obviously she wasn't going to remove her gloves. I couldn't help but notice that Fiona's breasts looked a tad bigger than I remembered them. Or maybe it had just been so long since I had seen them.

"Don't stare at her breasts too much!" Ayla scolded me playfully, "I might get jealous."

"Forget you," Olivia said, "I'll get jealous!"

I have to say, while Olivia was still her hard-nosed self, she was much calmer and more personable then she used to be. I guess coming out and accepting who she was really helped her. We never really got the full story of what happened between those two. They refused to go into details. All we knew is that they hooked up shortly after the Winter Formal.

Wait, we had a poker game to win. So Ayla and I were still fully clothed, as was Jessie, though she was cheating having more clothes to remove. By now the three of us were even. I had become quite the card player since we started this. Ayla taught me her secrets, almost like she was some sort of card-counter. So the two of us were unbeatable.

As for Olivia and Fiona, they both had one loss to go before they were butt-naked. Olivia was trying to cover her breasts more, but Jessie kept trying to convince her that there was nothing to be ashamed of. And Fiona was very kind to her girlfriend. I kind of wish she had showed me this kind of affection when we were going out, but there was no point in harping on it.

"All right," Jessie dealt the cards, smoking her cigarette. She was the only one. Fiona had given up smoking, at Olivia's request.

For the new round, Olivia and Fiona both went over. They screamed in annoyance.

"My my!" Ayla looked to me holding her cheeks with her red gloved hands, "How the tables have turned."

Jessie and I laughed. Sure enough, Fiona and Olivia and reached to take off their panties. I suddenly remembered what had happened the first night of our strip black-jack party.

"Wait wait wait!" I stopped them, "This should be part of your penalty."

"Oh yeah!" Ayla and Jessie agreed with me.

"What?" Fiona looked annoyed, "You don't get to choose the penalty, I do!"

"Bullshit!" Jessie said, "You both lost. I'm dealing. So I get to choose."

"No!" I demanded, "I get to chose this time."

Fiona folded her arms and stared at me, "Since when did my little Kelsey get so arrogant?"

"She learned from the best," Ayla smiled.

I thought about an appropriate penalty, but what better than the one I had to pay that first time.

"Okay," I said, "Both of you… have to stand on the table, and strip off each other's panties, while feeling each other up with your gloves."

"And kissing!" Ayla said, "I want to see you two kiss."

"Yeah," I agreed, then I almost imitated Fiona's voice and held my hands together, "And do it classy."

"Classy!" Ayla mimicked my gesture.

"Classy!" Jessie did the same, "… Bitches!"

"I don't want to do this anymore," Olivia whined and folded her arms in front of her breasts.

Fiona put her hand to her shoulder, "C'mon Ollie," She said, "Let's show them."

"Ollie?" Jessie laughed at Fiona's pet-name for her, "And you thought Liv was bad?"

But Jessie quieted down when we watched Olivia and Fiona get on top of the table. The two of them really were like goddesses standing up there like that. Fiona was the first to

put her gloved hands on Olivia's body, moving her folded arms out of the way. Olivia blushed. The three of us just hooted and hollered.

"You said keep it classy," Fiona looked down on us.

Even when she was paying a penalty, Fiona commanded a presence on us. It was still so irresistible. But soon Fiona and Olivia kissed each other in front of us and hugged. Their breasts were being squeezed together. It was obvious that their romantic chemistry was just as potent as me and Ayla's or Jessie and Louis'. After about a minute of their make-out session, Fiona started to take off Olivia's panties. She was nervous, but Fiona helped her stay comfortable. Olivia was now completely naked, except for her gloves, and Fiona's own gloved hand acted on it's own appeasing Olivia's desires.

Ayla's jaw dropped at this. I think she was getting turned on… actually, I know she was getting turned on, because she began to rub my thighs under the table.

Meanwhile, Olivia stripped off Fiona's panties, but kept her hands above her waist. Instead, a longer make-out session commenced. After a while, Jessie had enough.

"All right! All right!" She looked to me, "Can they stop now?"

"Sure," I said.

"You know," Fiona looked down at me, placing her naked pelvis right in front of my face, "If I didn't know better, I'd say you still had feelings for me." She began to rub herself right in front of my face.

I'm not gonna lie… it turned me on. But Ayla had a trick up her sleeve. She simply leaned forward and licked Fiona. The

blonde jolted back slightly.

"Hey!" Fiona said covering herself up.

Ayla playfully lapped her tongue in her mouth, "Hmmm… tastes nice. Now I see why you two hooked up."

I felt uncomfortable with that, but Ayla was just joking around.

"See," Jessie said, "You never really got to taste me. If you did, you wouldn't be talking."

"Well," Ayla teased her, "You had your chance, and you wouldn't let me."

"True," Jessie looked up.

I knew what she was talking about. Ayla had confided everything that had happened during our separation period.

As Fiona and Olivia got off the table they both wanted to know what they were talking about. "I was right then?" Olivia smiled.

Ayla and Jessie wouldn't tell them. I didn't divulge the story either. We had a game to finish.

Many discarded clothing later, and much alcohol consumed, everyone was finally naked. It came down to me and Ayla, but Ayla ended up being the champion as always. But not wanting to be left out, she took of her clothes. However, our gloves stayed on. What a familiar, beautiful sight:

The Fiona Five… naked… with only our opera-length, tight-fitting, leather gloves on.

We sat around the table, never putting our dresses or underwear back on, still drinking.

"Ayla," Fiona asked my girlfriend, "Did you ever hear from Brenda again?"

Ayla sighed, "No, I never did. I can't even find her on any social media."

"It's so strange," Fiona said.

"I agree," Olivia said. She looked to me, "No offense Kelsey. You were a fine member really. But… I guess no one can ever really replace Brenda."

"That's what I said," Ayla didn't seem sad about Brenda, but I could tell there was still an old wound regarding her ex-girlfriend. I understood and held onto her.

"Aside from you Ollie," Fiona said holding her hand, "She was like a real sister to me."

"Maybe that's why she ran away," Jessie said, now slurring her words more.

"Not funny Jessica," Fiona said to her.

"Oh sorry," Jessie took another drink.

Ayla changed the subject, "So… Senior year next year. After that, we're all going off the college."

"Yeah," I interjected, "I hope we end up going to the same college." I smiled at her.

"Well," She chuckled, "You did turn out to be a good lab partner for me."

"I know," Olivia spoke up, "Fiona and I will go to the same college. The two of us are a set."

Fiona kissed her girlfriend.

"Fuck you bitches!" Jessie joked, "I'm going to Princeton and getting an internship in D.C!"

"Yeah right!" Fiona ridiculed her.

"Maybe I'll come with you," Ayla said, "I can be your campaign manager."

"I was thinking," Jessie said speaking slowly, "Vice President to my presidency."

"I'll vote for you guys," I interjected.

"I'm running against you then!" Fiona joked.

"With me as her running mate!" Olivia smiled mischievously.

"You're on!" Jessie held her hand and shook Fiona on it.

"You know," Fiona leaned back, "Since this is our last year together. Why don't we go on one more summer extravaganza trip? One more Fiona Five trip."

"I'm down for that," Jessie said.

"I don't know," Ayla shook her head, "I kind of want to spend some alone time with my girlfriend this year."

"Well she's coming too!" Olivia mocked her.

"Alone time!" Ayla grunted.

"Can I bring Louis?" Jessie asked.

"No!" Fiona snapped at her, "It's a Fiona Five trip!"

"Awww," Jessie whined, "Then I'm the odd girl out!"

"Don't worry Jessie," I said, "You can bunk with Ayla and I."

"Well so much for alone time," Ayla raised an eyebrow at me.

"I knew it!" Olivia pointed at us, "I knew you three were in a relationship together."

Just then Fiona yawned. I had never seen her yawn before. She must have been really tired. "Tell you what," She said, "Let's go to bed and talk about it in the morning. We can spend the whole weekend together."

"Yeah I'm pretty beat," Ayla said.

Olivia got up and took her girlfriend's hand. Fiona walked around the table saying good night to each of us. She gave everyone a kiss on the lips. First Jessie, who allowed it. Then to me. Our kiss was simple, just a simple peck on the lips. I could almost swear Fiona let out a sigh, maybe one of longing, but she moved onto Ayla. She hesitated, afraid to kiss her. But Ayla gestured a 'come hither' motion with her finger and allowed a lip-kiss. It was actually very sweet to see Ayla and Fiona kiss like that.

All Olivia did was wave good bye and lead her girlfriend out of the room. But just before she left, Fiona turned around and addressed us all:

"I know we had our differences in the past," Fiona smiled in a most gorgeous, "But I'm so glad to have you all as my friends. It's so sweet. We'll always have each other!"

And with that, Fiona Winston was off to bed with her girlfriend.

So now it was just the three of us, "Welp," Jessie grabbed her rubber gloves, "I guess it's another night alone with my rubber pals."

"You okay Jessie?" Ayla held onto her.

"Spectacular!" Jessie planted a kiss on Ayla. "Be honest now, who kisses better? Me or Fiona?"

Ayla looked to me, "Kelsey's the best kisser."

Jessie rolled her eyes, "Way to get out of that!" She now moved over to me and gave me a kiss on the lips. It was a little strange considering she was drunk. "I'll see you both tomorrow. If you hear me screaming down the hallway," She pulled a rubber glove on, "You'll know why."

"Night Jessie," Ayla said laughing.

So now it was just me and my girlfriend. She smiled at me so sweetly. Grabbing my hand, with that slender blue leather glove over my purple one, she led me out the hallway into the great giant hall of Fiona Winston's mansion.

"It is an incredible house isn't it?" I asked her.

Ayla looked up, "It's okay. It's not nearly as incredible as you." She smiled.

That just gave my heart a throb. When Ayla and I got into our room, we had a beautiful night of passion and love ahead of us.

"Ayla," I said to her, "Thank you for everything. Thank you for sharing your life with me, your love, your friends. And I guess your trust as well."

Ayla kissed me and stroked my face with her hand, "I love so much Kelsey Greenburg."

I kissed her back, "I love you more than anything Ayla Zhen."

She began to rub my boobs, but I stopped her, "Wait, I thought you were beat?"

"Yeah," Ayla chuckled, "But I'm not gonna turn down sex with my girlfriend."

"Well I'm beat," I told her, "I want to go to bed."

Ayla slowly frowned. She looked sad, "Oh… Okay. I understand."

"I'm totally screwing with you!" I smiled at her.

"Hey!" Ayla laughed, "You're stealing my act!"

We laughed at each other, kissed and let our love melt into the sheets.

Of all the many things I discovered being in The Fiona Five, the greatest treasure I had was my lover. That was worth more than all the money in the world.

THE END

End notes: I just want to give a special thanks to those who helped me write this story: Glee-chan, JaneyE, Someguy Jim and all who reviewed and enjoyed this story. Please read

and review one more time and tell me what you thought of this story.

Thanks again!

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